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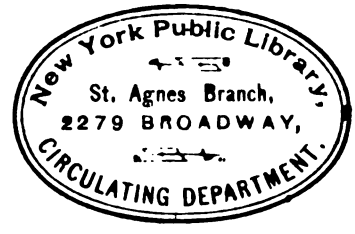
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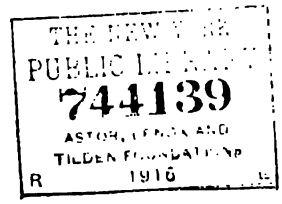
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FREDERIC THE GREAT.



FREDERIC II. (or in the German form Friedrich), King of Prussia, was, says Lord Macaulay, "the greatest king that has, in modern times, succeeded, by right of birth, to a throne." His contemporaries bestowed on him the surname of "the Great," and posterity has confirmed the title. Carlyle has devoted to the record of his life the longest of his works, and presents him as the modern embodiment of the divine right of the able or "cunning" man, the man that can, to be könig or king.

Frederic's father, Frederic William I., was a man of violent temper, whose ruling passion was the love of money, and who did much to promote the prosperity of his country, then the humblest of kingdoms. His wife, Sophia Dorothea, was a daughter of that George who became Elector of Hanover in 1698, and King of England in 1714. Frederic was born in the palace at Berlin, on the 24th of January, 1712, a year before his father succeeded to the throne. Frederic was instructed first by Madame de Roucoulles, a French refugee, who had also instructed his father. His eldest sister, Frederica Sophia Wilhelmina, was educated with him, and a mutual affection and admiration for each other's talents continued unchanged and undiminished till the death of the princess.

Frederic had also as tutor M. Duhan de Jandun, who had fled from France on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and had finished his education at the French college at Berlin. To this course of instruction was due that marked preference for the French language and literature which remained one of Frederic's notable characteristics throughout life. For other accomplishments Frederic was placed under the care of Count Finkenstein and Colonel Kalkstein. In mathematics and fortification he was instructed by Major Schöning, an engineer of great merit.

In youth, Frederic's allowance consisted of but 360 dollars, afterwards increased to 600, a petty income for a crown prince. At the age of fourteen he was pronounced the most amiable prince possible, handsome and well-made. "His intellect was superior to his age; and he possessed all the qualities which can make up a perfect prince." Such merits should have inspired his father with increased affection for him; yet it was just then that he began to show a dislike to his son. This unnatural feeling was occasioned by the mutual dislike of father and son for each other's pursuits, which, as Frederic grew up, became still more marked. Among other causes which roused the father's resentment was the young man's fondness for dress and fine clothes, which, joined to his love of literature, occasioned the old king to say: "He is nothing but a coxcomb and a French wit, who will ruin all that I have done."

When Frederic had reached the age of eighteen, Count Finkenstein and Colonel Kalkstein were dismissed, and Colonel Rocho and Major Keyserling were assigned as his companions. Rocho was a man without talent; but Keyserling, young, thoughtless and inexperienced, yet agreeable and lively, secured Frederic's favor. The prince was entirely attached to his mother, and his devotion to her increased as his father's conduct became more and more severe.

Frederic William's dislike for his son terminated in actual and degrading brutality. Dreadful scenes of violence were enacted by the King, not only on Frederic, but also on his wife and eldest daughter. He now conceived the idea of forcing his eldest son, by a mixture of severities and entrea-

ties, to abandon formally his rights of primogeniture, and to sign an act renouncing his claim to the succession of the Prussian throne in favor of his next brother. To such proposals Frederic would never listen, and when his father urged them, only answered: "Declare my birth illegitimate, and I give up the throne to my brother."

At length, driven almost to despair, young Frederic determined to seek refuge in England, where he hoped to marry the Princess Anne, partly from the persuasions of his mother, and partly from a sort of amorous correspondence which had gone on for some time between them. His sister Frederica, and two of his friends, Lieutenants Katte and Keith, were entrusted with the secret of his intended flight, which was to take place during a journey he was about to undertake with the King to Anspach and Wesel. Katte and Keith were to meet him in his flight, and accompany him to England. Katte is said to have been indiscreet. The arrangement, however, was discovered to Frederic William by a magistrate of Nuremberg, who had opened a letter, containing the whole plan of flight. The King preserved secrecy with regard to the intelligence he had received.

They started on the journey, and Frederic determined to put his design into execution at a small village between Anspach and Frankfort. The King, resolved to catch his son in the very act of flight, set spies to watch his every movement. At midnight the prince arose, left the village and proceeded to a field where horses were to be provided. Before, however, he could mount, he was seized by the patrol and taken back to the village. When taken before the King, a fearful scene ensued. The infuriated father flew at his son's throat and tried to strangle him, and it was with the greatest difficulty that one of his generals prevented him from doing so. He tore handfuls of hair from the prince's head, and struck a blow across his face with a heavy cane, which drew blood. Frederic cried out in all the bitterness of despair: "The face of one of the House of Brandenburg never suffered such an insult before." From this moment the crown prince was treated as a state prisoner; his sword was taken from him, and all his effects were seized by the king's order. He was

taken to Wesel, to which place Frederic William had preceded him and his guards.

On the morning after his arrival, Frederic was again brought into the presence of his father. Another violent scene followed, and the king would have run his sword through his son, had not General Mosel thrown himself before him and cried out: "Sire, you may kill me, but spare your son." The task of guarding Frederic was confided to Colonel Rocho and the Generals Valdo and Dosso. Orders were issued for the arrest of Katte and Keith. Keith managed to escape to England; but Katte was taken and condemned, by an order of the King, to be beheaded. In the meantime Frederic was kept in rigorous confinement at Custrin. Katte was taken thither and beheaded in the courtyard, whilst the unhappy Frederic, attired in a coarse prison dress, was compelled to witness the execution of his friend. Such had been the express orders of the unnatural father. "Pardon me, my dear Katte," cried Frederic to his unfortunate friend, who nobly replied: "Death for so amiable a prince is sweet."

Frederic himself was at the point of death for weeks after. It appears certain that the King had resolved to take away his son's life, and was only prevented by the intercession of Charles VI., Emperor of Austria, and Augustus II., King of Poland. Fifteen months later, the prince, having been released from his strict confinement in the Castle of Custrin, was employed by his father as the youngest member of the Chamber of Domains, but was not permitted to return to court until the marriage of his sister, the Princess Frederica, to the hereditary prince, Frederic of Baireuth. Shortly after this his father obliged him to marry the Princess Elizabeth Christina, daughter of Ferdinand Albrecht, Duke of Brunswick-Bevern. The ceremony took place on the 12th of June, 1733. Frederic's submission in this instance helped to regain for him his father's good will. Frederic William gave the princess the palace of Schönhausen, and to the prince the county of Ruppin, and in 1734, the town of Reinsberg, where his life was peaceful and happy, though he neglected his wife, who strove to please him.

Frederic devoted himself to literary pursuits and to music. Around him were gathered Bielefeld, Fouquet, Knobelsdorf, Keiserling, Jordan and other learned men; likewise the composers Graun and Benda, and the painter Pesne. He carried on an uninterrupted correspondence with foreign literati, especially with Voltaire, whose genius filled him with admiration. During his retirement at Reinsberg, he composed several works, the most noted of which was the "Anti-Machiavel," published at the Hague by the intervention of Voltaire in 1740. It was a refutation of the celebrated treatise of Machiavelli on "The Prince," particularly remarkable as being in direct contradiction to his own practice when he succeeded to the throne.

Frederic William expired on the 31st of May, 1740. Frederic's conduct had been such for some time as to conciliate his father's favor, and to give him hope that the kingdom would not be ruined by his son's accession. Frederic was with his father at the last, and, having received the oaths of allegiance from the garrison of Potsdam, at once proceeded to Berlin. The ministers were the Count de Podevils, who held the office of first minister for foreign affairs; and the Count de Finkenstein, who subsequently succeeded to the place of Podevils. Frederic found a full treasury and a powerful army. His thirst for military glory, which he himself acknowledges, tempted him to embrace any opportunity that might offer. His military force amounted to 76,000 men, of which about 26,000 were foreigners.

On coming to the throne, Frederic discarded the company which had gathered around him at Reinsberg. He made a regular distribution of his time, to which he adhered with the most rigid exactness, and in which he made very few alterations during the forty-six years that he ruled the Prussian nation. He usually rose at 6 A.M., though, by his orders, he was awakened at four o'clock in the first part of his reign. But later he conquered his natural desire for sleep and rose at four o'clock till an advanced period of his life. As king he showed none of his fondness for dress with which his father had reproached him. He wore always the uniform of his guards, with military boots, and in later years was

careless and slovenly in appearance. One valet-de-chambre lit his fire, shaved him, and curled his hair. The King did not indulge in the luxury of slippers or bedgown. As soon as he was dressed he perused his letters. He employed four secretaries; at 8 A.M. one of them entered his chamber and received his orders for the day's work. The King then breakfasted, and at 9, he received his first aide-de-camp, with whom he arranged everything relating to military affairs in all their branches. At 10, Frederic either exercised his own regiment of guards, or some other regiment of the garrison of Potsdam. After this he attended the parade, which occupied his time till noon. Sometimes he devoted this part of the day, however, to his literary pursuits, to music, or to his private correspondence. The dinner hour was precisely at 12, and his guests consisted generally of literary men, of his relations, of a certain number of his courtiers, and of the general officers stationed at Potsdam. This repast was often prolonged until 3 P.M., when, if the weather was fine, the King would take a long walk. At 4, the secretaries of the cabinet brought answered letters for his signature. A concert was held at 6 o'clock, after which he occupied himself until 10, which was supper-time. Frederic always retired not later than 11 P.M.

In September, 1740, Voltaire visited the King, who was ill with an attack of fever, at the Castle of Meuse, between Cleves and Wesel. This was the first meeting of those two celebrated men, whose relations form a remarkable chapter in their lives. The demise of the Emperor Charles VI., which took place on the 20th of October, 1740, changed the destinies of Europe. He left no son, but his daughter was the celebrated Maria Theresa. The Emperor had endeavored to secure and establish his daughter's position as heiress to all his rights and dignities by the Pragmatic Sanction, which, at his request, had been approved by all the sovereigns of Europe, including even Frederic. But the Prussian King now seized the opportunity of asserting the claims of the House of Brandenburg to four principalities in Silesia, the investiture of which his predecessors had not been able to obtain; while he demanded from Queen Maria Theresa the

duchies of Glogau and Sagau, promising on his side to support her against all her enemies, to vote for her husband's elevation to the imperial dignity, and to pay her 2,000,000 dollars. His proposals were summarily rejected. On the 15th of December, 1740, Frederic, though still suffering from the effects of his fever, set out for the conquest of Silesia, at the head of 30,000 well-disciplined troops. As he mounted his horse, he said to the French ambassador, the Marquis de Beauvau: "I am going to play your game; if the aces are dealt to me, we will go halves."

On the 23d of December, the Prussian army crossed the frontier. Two-thirds of the population of the province being Protestants, and having suffered long under the bigotry of their Austrian rulers, were favorable to Frederic on religious grounds. The King blockaded the fortress of Glogau, and left a portion of his troops there under the command of Prince Leopold Anhalt. He himself marched on and took Breslau, the capital of Silesia, on the 1st of January, 1741. Each evening was marked by a ball given by him to the inhabitants, at which he generally opened the festivities with some one either of the most beautiful or of the most noble ladies of the province. From Breslau Frederic marched to Namslau and Ohlau, both of which submitted to him. He was now joined by Marshal Schwerin, who had advanced to Ottmachau, on the Neisse. With their united forces they compelled the garrison in that fortress to surrender. After this Marshal Schwerin obliged the Austrian army, under the command of General Braun (or Brown) to retreat into Moravia. Frederic now returned to Berlin, whilst his army went into winter quarters at the seat of war under the command of Schwerin.

On the 19th of February the King left Berlin and rejoined his troops. On the 9th of March the fortress of Glogau surrendered, and Count Wallis, with a garrison of 800 men, were made prisoners of war. During the winter, the Austrian field-marshal, Count Neipperg, had collected a considerable army in Moravia, and now entered Upper Silesia. The King had encamped with his army at Mollwitz near Brieg. Here a severe battle was fought on the 27th of April, 1741. The Prussian army was drawn out between Hermsdorf and Pam-

pitz. After a vigorous cannonade on both sides, the Austrian hussars succeeded in turning the left of Frederic's army, and pillaged his baggage. Baron de Römer, the Austrian general of cavalry, attacked the right wing of the Prussians. He succeeded in putting their cavalry into disorder, and then penetrated between the two lines of infantry. At this critical moment Frederic was induced to believe the battle lost; and, carried along by his own flying cavalry, he fled to Oppeln. It has been said that he took refuge in a windmill, which led to the bitter remark, that the King of Prussia, at the battle of Mollwitz, "had covered himself with glory and flour." But Carlyle shows that this is a malicious fable. Meanwhile the well-directed fire and perfect discipline of the Prussian infantry had succeeded in beating back the troops of Römer. They retreated with great loss, and their commander was killed. They lost 5,000 men, killed and wounded, 9 cannon and 4 standards. The loss of the Prussians amounted to 4,600 killed and wounded. Frederic confessed after the war that the contest in this campaign between Neipperg and himself, seemed to be which should commit the most faults. By profoundly reflecting on these, and some subsequent errors, the King gained that precise knowledge of the art of war which he afterwards exhibited.

During this winter the Prussian capital was the centre of negotiations. France pressed the King to allow his army to act; England exhorted him to conclude a peace with Austria; Spain solicited his alliance; Denmark, his advice how to change sides; and the German empire, anxious for peace, made the greatest possible endeavors to put an end to the present trouble. The victory of Mollwitz, which nearly decided the fate of Silesia, however, drew out more enemies to Austria. France and Bavaria formed an alliance with Frederic against the young and beautiful queen, Maria Theresa, whilst she still wore mourning for her dead father. Menaced in the German part of her dominions, she hastened to Hungary. At Presburg the unhappy Queen, bearing in her arms her infant but a few weeks old, appealed to the chivalry of the Imperial Diet. Her appeal was received with the thrilling cry which soon rang through Europe,

"Moriamur pro rege nostro, Mariâ Theresâ!" "Let us die for our king, Maria Theresa!" The war of the Austrian Succession began.

On the night of the 16th of May, 1742, Frederic, with part of his troops, marched to Kuttenberg; but hearing that the enemy was in motion, he returned to his camp at Chotusitz. With the dawn of day, Prince Charles of Lorraine was seen before the Prussian intrenchments with the Austrian army. The Prussian army amounted to 24,000 men, whilst the Austrian force consisted of about 30,000. At the commencement of the battle, the Prussian cavalry succeeded in turning the left wing of the Austrians, and threw them into disorder. Upon seeing this, Frederic brought up the infantry of his right wing, and completed the success of that part of the army. The cavalry of the left wing of the Prussians also commenced their part of the contest with the same good fortune; but the Austrians, having reinforced their right wing, rallied and obliged the Prussians to retire as far as Chotusitz, where they pillaged their camp. The Austrian infantry advanced at the same time in that direction, and an obstinate combat commenced. The Prussian right wing, already victorious, decided the fate of the day by attacking the enemy on the flank, while, at the same moment, General Lehwald advanced from Chotusitz, at the head of a fresh body of infantry. The Austrians gave way, and taking the route by Czaslau, fled into Moravia.

Frederic wrote the following characteristic letter to the King of France: "Sire, the Prince Charles has attacked me, and I have beaten him!" By the peace of Breslau, Frederic obtained the full sovereignty of Upper and Lower Silesia, and a portion of the county of Glatz. On his side he renounced all claims to the other Austrian dominions, took upon himself a debt of 1,700,000 dollars, with which Silesia was charged, and promised to respect the rights of the Roman Catholics in Silesia. This peace was concluded on the 28th of July, 1742, at Berlin. Saxony acceded to it, and it was guaranteed by France and England.

Prussia endeavored to profit by the tranquillity she enjoyed to restore her finances, and to augment her army with 18,000

men. The defence of Silesia was intrusted to an army of 35,000 men, who had themselves been the instruments of the conquest of this province. Frederic, however, had the disappointment of seeing the Queen of Hungary's forces become every day more successful. The Bavarian Emperor, whose election he had done so much to procure, was driven from all his territories. The French were obliged by the Prince of Lorraine to retreat with discredit to the western bank of the Rhine. A British army also had crossed the Channel in defence of the young queen. George II., leading the troops in person, the last occasion upon which a sovereign of Britain was under the fire of an enemy, routed a French army near the village of Dettingen on the Maine in the month of June, 1743.

On the death of the last Count of East Friesland, in 1743, Frederic took possession of that country. He sent a detachment of the garrison of Wesel to hold it for him, in spite of the remonstrances of the King of England, and of the Count of Wied; who both laid claim to the succession. The rights of Frederic to the Duchy were, however, incontestable, as they rested upon a treaty of succession made in due form in the year 1694, and sanctioned by the Emperor Leopold.

At the end of the year 1743, Voltaire arrived at Berlin. His visit to that capital was to a certain extent connected with politics, inasmuch as he was charged with the mission of sounding the King of Prussia, and finding out whether he was inclined to unite again with France against the House of Austria. Frederic secretly entered into this alliance in April, 1744, as he feared, from the success of the Austrian arms, that Silesia might be taken from him. He also made an alliance with the Palatinate, and Hesse Cassel on the 22d of May. Frederic was soon ready for open action. On the 10th of August he unexpectedly entered Bohemia and took Prague; but being pressed by the Austrians, under Prince Charles of Lorraine, and the Saxons, their allies, he was obliged to leave Bohemia before the end of the year.

The next year brought great changes among the contending parties. The death of the Emperor Charles VII. on the 18th of January, and the defeat of the Bavarians at Pfaffen-

hofen, induced his son the young Elector, Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria, to make peace at Füssen, with Maria Theresa. The Frankfort union was dissolved, and Hesse Cassel declared itself neutral. On the other hand, England, Austria, the Netherlands, and Saxony, had concluded a strict alliance at Warsaw on the 8th of January, and Saxony had besides entered into a special convention with Austria against Prussia, on the 18th of May. But within three weeks Frederic defeated the Austrians and Saxons, on the 4th of June, at Hohenfriedberg in Silesia. Early in July the King of Prussia entered Bohemia, and gained another victory after a very obstinate combat at Sorr, the 30th of September, 1745. The victory of the Prussians, under Prince Leopold of Dessau, over the Saxons at Kesselsdorf, on the 15th of December, led to the treaty of Dresden, on Christmas Day, 1745, which was concluded on the basis of the treaty of Berlin. Frederic retained Silesia, and acknowledged the husband of Maria Theresa, Francis I., as Emperor, and Saxony engaged to pay to Prussia $1,000,000. Thus ended the second Silesian war.

When the Peace of Dresden was signed and ratified, Frederic commenced the evacuation of Saxony on New Year's Day, 1746, and returned to Berlin. Here he was received with great demonstrations of joy; the streets were strewed with flowers and covered with triumphal arches. Upon the victorious King was bestowed the appellation of Frederic the Great, which he has ever since retained.

Frederic's First Battle—Mollwitz.

Monday morning, 10th April, 1741, the Prussians are up betimes; King Friedrich had hardly slept, such his anxieties. This morning, all is calm, sleeked out into spotless white; Pogarell and the world are wrapt as in a winding-sheet, near two feet of snow on the ground. Air hard and crisp; a hot sun possible about noon season. 'By daybreak' we are all astir, rendezvousing, ranking,—into Four Columns; ready to advance in that fashion for battle, or for deploying into battle, wherever the enemy turn up. The orders were all given overnight, two nights ago; were all understood, too, and known to be rhadamanthine; and, down to

the lowest pioneer, no man is uncertain what to do. If we but knew where the enemy is; on which side of us; what doing, what intending?

At break of day the ranking and arranging began. Pogarell clock is near striking ten, when the last squadron or battalion quits Pogarell; and the Four Columns, punctiliously correct, are all under way. Two on each side of Ohlau Highway; steadily advancing with pioneers ahead to clear any obstacle there may be. Few obstacles; here and there a little ditch, no fences, smooth wide plain, nothing you would even call a knoll in it for many miles ahead and around. Mollwitz is some seven miles north from Pogarell; intermediate lie dusty fractions of villages more than one; two miles or more from Mollwitz we come to Pampitz on our left, the next considerable, if any of them can be counted considerable.

Neipperg, all this while, is much at his ease on this white resting-day. He is just sitting down to dinner at the Dorfschulze's (Village Provost, or miniature Mayor of Mollwitz), a composed man; when—rockets or projectiles, and successive anxious sputterings from the steeple-tops of Brieg, are hastily reported: what can it mean? Mean little perhaps;—Neipperg sends out a Hussar party to ascertain, and composedly sets himself to dine. In a little while his Hussar party will come galloping back, faster than it went; faster and fewer;—and there will be news for Neipperg during dinner! Better have had one idle fellow, one of your 20,000, on the Belfry-top here looking out, though it was a rest-day.

The truth is, the Prussian advance goes on with punctilious exactitude, by no means rapidly. Colonel Count von Rothenburg,—is warily leading the Vanguard of Dragoons; warily, with the Four Columns well to rear of him: the Austrian Hussar party came upon Rothenburg, not two miles from Mollwitz; and suddenly drew bridle. Then Rothenburg tumbles to the right-about, and chases;—finds, on advancing, the Austrian Army totally unaware. It is thought, had Rothenburg dashed forward, and sent word to the rearward to dash forward at their swiftest, the Austrian Army might have been cut in pieces here, and never have got

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together to try battle at all. But Rothenburg had no orders; nay, had orders Not to get into fighting;—nor had Friedrich himself, in this his first Battle, learned that feline or leonine promptitude of spring which he subsequently manifested. Far from it! Indeed this punctilious deliberation and slow exactitude as on the review-ground, is wonderful and noteworthy at the first start of Friedrich;—the faithful apprentice-hand still rigorous to the rules of the old shop. Ten years hence, twenty years hence, had Friedrich found Neipperg in this condition, Neipperg's account had been soon settled!—Rothenburg drove back the Hussars, all manner of successive Hussar parties, and kept steadily ahead of the main battle, as he had been bidden.

Pampitz Village being now passed, and in rear of them to left, the Prussian Columns halt for some instants; burst into field-music; take to deploying themselves into line. There is solemn wheeling, shooting-out to right and left, done with spotless precision: once in line,—in two lines, 'each three deep,' lines many yards apart,—they will advance on Mollwitz; still solemnly, field-music guiding, and banners spread. Which will be a work of time.

Fancy Neipperg's state of mind, busy beginning dinner in the little Schulze's, or Town-Provost's house, when the Hussars dash in at full gallop, shouting "*Der Feind*, The Enemy! All in march there; vanguard this side of Pampitz; killed forty of us!"—Quick, your Plan of Battle, then? Whitherward; How; What? answer or perish! Neipperg was infinitely struck; dropt knife and fork: "Send for Römer, General of the Horse!" Römer did the indispensable: a swift man, not apt to loose his head. Römer's battle-plan, I should hope, is already made; or it will fare ill with Neipperg and him. But beat, ye drummers; gallop, ye aides-de-camp as for life! The first thing is to get our force together; and it lies scattered about in three other Villages besides Mollwitz, miles apart. Neipperg's trumpets clangor, his aides-de-camp gallop: he has his left wing formed, and the other parts in a state of rapid genesis, Horse and Foot pouring in from Laugwitz, Bärzdorf, Grüningen, before the Prussians have quite done deploying themselves, and got

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well within shot of him. Römer, by birth a Saxon gentleman, by all accounts a superior soldier and excellent General of Horse, commands this Austrian left wing; General Göldlein, a Swiss veteran of good parts, presiding over the Infantry in that quarter. Neipperg himself, were he once complete, will command the right wing.

Neipperg is to be in two lines, as the Prussians are, with horse on each wing, which is orthodox military order. His length of front, I should guess, must have been something better than two English miles: a sluggish brook, called of Laugwitz, from the village of that name which lies some way across, is on his right hand; sluggish, boggy; stagnating towards the Oder in those parts:—improved farming has, in our time, mostly dried the strip of bog, and made it into coarse meadow, which is rather a relief amid the dry sandy element. Neipperg's right is covered by that. His left rests on the Hamlet of Grüningen, a mile-and-half north-east of Mollwitz;—meant to have rested on Hermsdorf nearly east, but the Prussians have already taken that up. The sun coming more and more round to west of south (for it is now past noon) shines right in Neipperg's face, and is against him: how the wind is, nobody mentions,—probably there was no wind. His regular cavalry, 8,600, outnumbers twice or more that of the Prussians, not to mention their quality; and he has fewer Infantry, somewhat in proportion;—the entire force on each side is scarcely above 20,000, the Prussians slightly in majority by count. In field-pieces Neipperg is greatly outnumbered; the Prussians having about threescore, he only eighteen. And now here *are* the Prussians, close upon our right wing, not yet in contact with the right,—which in fact is not yet got into existence;—thank Heaven they have not come before our left got into existence, as our right (if you knew it) has not yet quite finished doing!—

The Prussians, though so ready for deploying, have had their own difficulties and delays. Between the boggy brook of Laugwitz on their left, and the village of Hermsdorf, two miles distant, on which their right wing is to lean, there proves not to be room enough; and then owing to mistake of Schulenburg (our old pipe-clay friend, who commands the

right wing of Horse here, and is not up in time), there is too much room. Nor room enough for the Infantry, we say: the last Three Battalions of the front line therefore, the three on the outmost right, wheel round, and stand athwart; *en potence* (as soldiers say), or at right angles to the first line; hanging to it like a kind of lid in that part,—between Schulenburg and them,—had Schulenburg come up. Thus are the three battalions got rid of at least; 'they cap the First Prussian line rectangularly, like a lid,' says my authority,—lid which does not reach to the Second Line by a good way. This accidental arrangement had material effects on the right wing. Unfortunate Schulenburg did at last come up:—had he miscalculated the distances then? Once on the ground, he will find he does not reach to Hermsdorf after all, and that there is now too much room! What his degree of fault was I know not; Friedrich has long been dissatisfied with these dragoons of Schulenburg; "good for nothing, I always told you" (at that skirmish of Baumgarten): and now here is the General himself fallen blundering!—In respect of Horse, the Austrians are more than two to one; to make out our deficiency, the King imitating something he had read about Gustavus Adolphus, intercalates the Horse-Squadrons; on each wing, with two battalions of Grenadiers, and *so* lengthens them; 'a manœuvre not likely to be again imitated,' he admits.

All these movements and arrangements are effected above a mile from Mollwitz, no enemy yet visible. Once effected, we advance again with music sounding, sixty pieces of artillery well in front,—steady, steady!—across the floor of snow which is soon beaten smooth enough, the stage, this day, of a great adventure. And now there is the enemy's left wing, Römer and his Horse; their right wing wider away, and not yet, by a good space, within cannon-range of us. It is towards two of the afternoon; Schulenburg now on his ground, laments that he will not reach to Hermsdorf;—but it may be dangerous now to attempt repairing that error? At two of the clock, being now fairly within distance, we salute Römer and the Austrian left, with all our sixty cannon; and the sound of drums and clarionets is drowned in universal ar-

tillery thunder. Incessant, for they take (by order) to "swift-shooting," which is almost of the swiftness of musketry in our Prussian practice; and from sixty cannon, going at that rate, we may fancy some effect. The Austrian Horse of the left wing do not like it; all the less as the Austrians, rather short of artillery, have nothing yet to reply with.

No Cavalry can stand long there, getting shivered in that way; in such a noise, were there nothing more. "Are we to stand here like milestones, then, and be all shot without a stroke struck?" "Steady!" answers Römer. But nothing can keep them steady: "To be shot like dogs (*wie Hünde*)! For God's sake (*Um Gottes Willen*), lead us forward, then, to have a stroke at them!"—in tones ever more plangent, plaintively indignant; growing ungovernable. And Römer can get no orders; Neipperg is on the extreme right, many things still to settle there; and here is the cannon-thunder going, and soon their very musketry will open. And—and there is Schulenburg, for one thing, stretching himself out eastwards (rightwards) to get hold of Hermsdorf; thinking this an opportunity for the manœuvre. "Forward!" cries Römer; and his Thirty Squadrons, like bottled whirlwind now at last let loose, dash upon Schulenburg's poor Ten (five of them of Schulenburg's own regiment),—who are turned sideways too, trotting towards Hermsdorf, at the wrong moment,—and dash them into wild ruin. That must have been a charge! That was the beginning of hours of chaos, seemingly irretrievable, in the Prussian right wing.

For the Prussian Horse fly wildly; and it is in vain to rally. The King is among them; has come in hot haste, conjuring and commanding: poor Schulenburg addresses his own regiment, "Oh shame, shame! shall it be told, then?" rallies his own regiment, and some others; charges fiercely in with them again; gets a sabre-slash across the face,—does not mind the sabre-slash, small bandaging will do;—gets a bullet through the head (or through the heart, it is not said which); and falls down dead; his regiment going to the winds again, and *his* care of it and of other things concluding in this honorable manner. Nothing can rally that right wing; or the more you rally, the worse it fares: they are clearly no match

for Römer, these Prussian Horse. They fly along the front of their own First Line of Infantry, they fly between the Two Lines; Römer chasing,—till the fire of the Infantry (intolerable to our enemies, and hitting some even of our fugitive friends) repels him. For the notable point in all this was the conduct of the infantry; and how it stood in these wild vortexes of ruin; impregnable, immovable, as if every man of it were stone; and steadily poured out deluges of fire,—'five Prussian shots for two Austrian:'—such is perfect discipline against imperfect; and the iron ramrod against the wooden.

The intolerable fire repels Römer, when he trenches on the Infantry: however, he captures nine of the Prussian sixty guns; has scattered their Horse to the winds; and charges again and again, hoping to break the infantry too,—till a bullet kills him, the gallant Römer; and some other has to charge and try. It is thought, had Göldlein with his Austrian Infantry advanced to support Römer at this juncture, the battle had been gained. Five times before Römer fell and after, the Austrians charged here; tried the Second Line too; tried once to take Prince Leopold in rear there. But Prince Leopold faced round, gave intolerable fire; on one face as on the other, he, or the Prussian Infantry anywhere, is not to be broken. 'Prince Friedrich,' one of the Margraves of Schwedt, King's Cousin, fell in these wild rallyings and wrestlings; 'by a cannon-ball at the King's hand,' not said otherwise where. He had come as Volunteer, few weeks ago, out of Holland, where he was a rising General: he has met his fate here,—and Margraf Karl, his brother, who also gets wounded, will be a mournful man to-night.

The Prussian Horse, this right wing of it, is a ruined body; boiling in wild disorder, flooding rapidly away to rearward,—which is the safest direction to retreat upon. They 'sweep away the King's person with them,' say some cautious people; others say, what is the fact, that Schwerin entreated, and as it were commanded, the King to go; the battle being, to all appearance, irretrievable. Go he did, with small escort, and on a long ride,—to Oppeln, a Prussian post, thirty-five miles rearward, where there is a bridge over the Oder and a safe country beyond. So much is indubitable; and that he dis-

patched an Aide-de-Camp to gallop into Brandenburg, and tell the Old Dessauer, "Bestir yourself! Here all seems lost!"—and vanished from the field, doubtless in very desperate humor. Upon which the extraneous world has babbled a good deal, "Cowardice! Wanted courage: Haha!" in its usual foolish way; not worth answer from him or from us. Friedrich's demeanor, in that disaster of his right wing, was furious despair rather; and neither Schulenburg nor Margraf Friedrich, nor any of the captains, killed or left living, was supposed to have sinned by "cowardice" in a visible degree!—

Indisputable it is, though there is deep mystery upon it, the King vanishes from Mollwitz Field at this point for sixteen hours, into the regions of Myth, "into Fairyland," as would once have been said; but reappears unharmed in to-morrow's daylight.

'Had Göldlein but advanced with his Foot, in support of gallant Römer!' say the Austrian Books. But Göldlein did not advance; nor is it certain he would have found advantage in so doing: Göldlein, where he stands, has difficulty enough to hold his own. For the notable circumstance, miraculous to military men, still is, How the Prussian Foot (men who had never been in fire, but whom Friedrich Wilhelm had drilled for twenty years) stand their ground, in this distraction of the Horse. Not even the two outlying Grenadier Battalions will give away; those poor intercalated Grenadiers, when their Horse fled on the right and on the left, they stand there, like a fixed stone-dam in that wild whirlpool of ruin. They fix bayonets, 'bring their two field-pieces to flank' (Winterfeld was Captain there), and, from small arms and big, deliver such a fire as was very unexpected. Nothing to be made of Winterfeld and them. They invincibly hurl back charge after charge; and, with dogged steadiness, manœuvre themselves into the general Line again; or into contact with the Three superfluous Battalions, arranged *en potence*, whom we heard of. Those Three, ranked athwart in this right wing ('like a lid,' between First Line and second), maintained themselves in like impregnable fashion,—Winterfeld commanding;—and proved unexpectedly, thinks Friedrich, the

saving of the whole. For they also stood their ground immovable, like rocks ; steady spouting fire-torrents. Five successive charges storm upon them, fruitless ; "Steady, *meine Kinder* ; fix bayonets, handle ramrods ! There is the Horse-deluge thundering in upon you ; reserve your fire, till you see the whites of their eyes, and get the word ; then give it them, and again give it them : see whether any man or any horse can stand it !"

Neipperg, soon after Römer fell, had ordered Göldlein forward : Göldlein with his Infantry did advance, gallantly enough ; but to no purpose. Goldlein was soon shot dead ; and his infantry had to fall back again, ineffectual or worse. Iron ramrods against wooden ; five shots to two : what is there but falling back ? Neipperg sent fresh horse from his right wing, with Berlichingen, a new famed General of Horse ; Neipperg is furiously bent to improve his advantage, to break those Prussians, who are mere musketeers left bare, and thinks that will settle the account : but it could in no wise be done. The Austrian Horse, after their fifth trial, renounce charging ; fairly refuse to charge any more ; and withdraw dispirited out of ball-range, or in search of things not impracticable. The Hussar part of them did something of plunder to rearward ;—and, besides an attempt on the Prussian baggage and knapsacks, which proved to be 'too well guarded,'—'burnt the Church of Pampitz,' as some small consolation. The Prussians had stript off their knapsacks, and left them in Pampitz : the Austrians, it was noticed, stript theirs in the field ; built walls of them, and fired behind the same, in the kneeling, more or less protected posture,—which did not avail them much.

In fact, the Austrian infantry too, all Austrians, hour after hour, are getting wearier of it : neither infantry nor cavalry can stand being riddled by swift shot in that manner. In spite of their knapsack walls, various regiments have shrunk out of ball-range ; and several cannot, by any persuasion, be got to come into it again. Others, who do reluctantly advance, —see what a figure they make ; man after man edging away as he can, so that the regiment 'stands forty to eighty men deep, with lanes through it every two or three yards ;'

permeable everywhere to cavalry, if we had them; and turning nothing to the enemy but colour-sergeants and bare poles of a regiment! And Römer is dead, and Göldlein of the infantry is dead. And on their right wing, skirted by that marshy brook of Laugwitz,—Austrian right wing had been weakened by detachments, when Berlichingen rode off to succeed Römer,—the Austrians are suffering: Posadowsky's Horse (among whom is Rothenburg, once vanguard), strengthened by remnants who have rallied here, are at last prospering, after reverses. And the Prussian fire of small arms, at such rate, has lasted now for five hours. The Austrian Army, becoming instead of a web a mere series of flying tatters, forming into stripes or lanes in the way we see, appears to have had about enough.

These symptoms are not hidden from Schwerin. His own ammunition, too, he knows is running scarce, and fighters here and there are searching the slain for cartridges:—Schwerin closes his ranks, trims and tightens himself a little; breaks forth into universal field-music, and with banners spread, starts in mass wholly, "Forwards!" Forwards towards these Austrians and the setting sun.

An intelligent Austrian officer, writing next week from Neisse, confesses he never saw anything more beautiful. "I can well say, I never in my life saw anything more beautiful. They marched with the greatest steadiness, arrow-straight, and their front like a line (*schnurgleich*), as if they had been upon parade. The glitter of their clear arms shone strangely in the setting sun, and the fire from them went on no otherwise than a continued peal of thunder." Grand picture indeed; but not to be enjoyed as a Work of Art, for it is coming upon us! "The spirits of our Army sank altogether," continues he; "the Foot plainly giving way, Horse refusing to come forward, all things wavering towards dissolution:"—so that Neipperg, to avoid worse, gives the word to go;—and they roll off at double-quick time, through Mollwitz, over Laugwitz bridge and brook, towards Grotkau by what routes they can. The sun is just sunk; a quarter to eight, says the intelligent Austrian officer,—while the Austrian Army, much to its amazement, tumbles forth in this bad fashion.

They had lost nine of their own cannon, and all of those Prussian nine which they once had, except one : eight cannon *minus*, in all. Prisoners of them were few, and none of much mark : two Fieldmarshals, Römer and Göldlein, lie among the dead, four more of that rank are wounded. Four standards too are gone ; certain kettledrums and the like trophies, not in great number. Lieutenant-General Browne was of these retreating Austrians ; a little fact worth noting : of his actions this day, or of his thoughts (which latter surely must have been considerable), no hint anywhere. The Austrians were not much chased ; though they might have been, —fresh Cavalry (two Ohlau regiments, drawn hither by the sound) having hung about to rear of them, for some time past ; unable to get into the fight, or to do any good till now. Schwerin, they say, though he had two wounds, was for pursuing vigorously : but Leopold of Anhalt over-persuaded him ; urged the darkness, the uncertainty. Berlichingen, with their own Horse, still partly covered their rear ; and the Prussians, Ohlauers included, were but weak in that branch of the service. Pursuit lasted little more than two miles, and was never hot. The loss of men, on both sides, was not far from equal, and rather in favour of the Austrian side :—Austrians counted in killed, wounded and missing, 4,410 men ; Prussians, 4,613 ;—but the Prussians bivouacked on the ground, or quartered in these villages, with victory to crown them, and the thought that their hard day's-work had been well done. Besides Margraf Friedrich, Volunteer from Holland, there lay among the slain Colonel Count von Finckenstein (Old Tutor's Son), King's friend from boyhood, and much loved.

Such was Mollwitz, the first Battle for Silesia ; which had to cost many battles first and last. Silesia will be gained, we can expect, by fighting of this kind in an honest cause. But here is something already gained, which is considerable, and about which there is no doubt. A new Military Power, it would appear, has come upon the scene ; the Gazetteer-and-Diplomatic world will have to make itself familiar with a name not much heard of hitherto among the Nations. "A Nation which can fight," think the Gazetteers ; "fight almost

as the very Swedes did ; and is led on by its King too,—who may prove, in his way, a very Charles XII., or small Macedonia's Madman, for aught one knows?"

This Mollwitz is a most deliberate, regulated, ponderously impressive (*gravitatisch*) Feat of Arms, as the reader sees ; done all by Regulation methods, with orthodox exactitude ; in a slow, weighty, almost pedantic, but highly irrefragable manner. It is the triumph of Prussian Discipline ; of military orthodoxy well put in practice ; the honest outcome of good natural stuff in those Brandenburgers, and of the supreme virtues of Drill. Neipperg and his Austrians had much despised Prussian soldiering : "Keep our soup hot," cried they, on running out this day to rank themselves ; "hot a little, till we drive these fellows to the Devil !" That was their opinion, about noon this day : but that is an opinion they have renounced for all remaining days and years.—It is a Victory due properly to Friedrich Wilhelm and the Old Dessauer, who are far away from it. Friedrich Wilhelm, though dead, fights here, and the others only do his bidding on this occasion. His son, as yet, adds nothing of his own ; though he will ever henceforth begin largely adding,—right careful withal to lose nothing, for the Friedrich Wilhelm contribution is invaluable, and the basis of everything :—but it is curious to see what contrast this first Battle of Friedrich's is with his latter and last ones.—T. CARLYLE.





DURING the eleven years of peace that followed the Treaty of Dresden, from 1745 to 1756, Frederic devoted himself to the internal administration of his dominions, the organization of the army, and to literary pursuits. Among the great improvements which he contemplated was a reform in the judicial proceedings, with a view to render them more simple and uniform, in all the different provinces of his dominions. Together with his chancellor, Baron Cocceji, a man of integrity and ability, he compiled the "Code Frederic," "a body of laws for the dominions of the King of Prussia, founded on reason and the constitution of the country." The word "constitution" here has no reference to any previous written instrument, but is used vaguely to denote the general character of the people and their existing customs. The merits of the Code Frederic, as compared with the laws which preceded it, were—first, the reducing the whole body of the jurisprudence of the country to one system, agreeing in all its parts; and secondly, the getting rid of the delays and vexatious impediments to justice which previously existed. The new code had also many faults; among which are the obscurity of some of its enactments, and the want of clear order in its provisions. Few despotic sovereigns have ever been more careful than Frederic the Great to prevent injustice or oppression, or more anxious to mitigate punishments. On the petitions which were sent to him against the decision of the judges in civil suits he usually wrote, when he sent them back to be reheard, such

phrases as these: "Do not be so harsh upon the poor;" "I do not choose that the lower orders should be oppressed;" "I will not allow my subjects to be tyrannized over," etc.

It is still more remarkable that Frederic passed at once from the tumult of war to a retired, philosophical life, and gave himself up to poetry, eloquence, and history, without, however, omitting any of the duties of a sovereign. Frederic wrote "The History of My own Time," "Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg," and even a didactic poem, in six books, on the "Art of War," besides others of less importance. His voluminous works would hardly have entitled him to distinction in the literary world had he not been a king. All are written in French, and proud as the Germans are of Frederic, they cannot help regretting his contempt for German literature, to the improvement of which he contributed nothing.

As ruler of a great state, Frederic endeavored to make agriculture, manufactures, and the arts flourish; and encouraged commerce. Though possessing no navy, he insisted on the right of free navigation for his subjects, without molestation from the fleets of belligerents. One grand object was to improve his revenue, a measure necessary for the maintenance of his army, which he had increased to 160,000 men. He expended large sums in gratifying his taste for the arts, by decorating his palaces at Berlin and Potsdam. At the latter place the Palace of Sans Souci ("Free from Care") was erected by him in 1745, and was thereafter almost his constant residence. It stands on a commanding eminence above the town. Here there is a portrait of him painted in his fifty-sixth year, the only one for which he ever sat. Besides his palaces, he erected many splendid edifices, in which, however, there was this incongruity, that the richest architectural decorations were often lavished on the exterior of buildings which were only barracks for the troops.

When the war broke out again in 1756, England concluded a treaty with the king, the chief object being to secure Hanover from invasion. Maria Theresa had, by strenuous effort and by soliciting the aid of Madame Pompadour, enlisted France, Russia and Poland on her behalf. This formidable alliance

was for a time kept secret, but Frederic, being informed of it through the treachery of a clerk in the Saxon chancery, saw that it meant for him the loss of Silesia. Resolving to anticipate his enemies, he commenced operations by invading Saxony on the 24th of August, 1756, thus beginning the third Silesian, or, as it is usually called, "The Seven Years' War." This contest was the most extraordinary and important in modern times, previous to those of the French Revolution. Though Frederic II. is the hero, the history of the war is, in fact, the history of Continental Europe. The king, intending to invade Bohemia, required a passage through Saxony, anticipating which the Elector, the King of Poland, assembled his troops in an intrenched camp at Pirna. Frederic took possession of Dresden on the 10th of September, without any resistance on the part of the Saxons, and immediately secured and published the documents which proved the conspiracy against Prussia. He also blockaded Pirna, but, confiding this investment to the Margrave Charles of Brandenburg, he himself advanced with 24,000 troops across the frontier of Bohemia, to arrest the progress of 20,000 Austrians under Field-marshal Braun, whom he defeated at Lowositz. The loss of the two armies was very nearly equal, that of the Prussians being 3200 killed and wounded, and of the Austrians 3000, hardly any prisoners being taken on either side. By this contest Frederic secured the speedy capitulation of the Saxons at Pirna.

In 1757, he advanced into Bohemia. On the 6th of May, at Prague, he met the forces of the Empress-queen, amounting to about 75,000 men. His own army consisted of about 68,000. Prince Charles of Lorraine commenced the fight, which resulted in a great victory for the Prussians. It, however, cost Frederic above 2000 men killed, 8000 wounded, and 1500 taken prisoners; but a still greater loss is thus recorded by Frederic:—"On our side we had to mourn the death of Marshal Schwerin, whose loss was of more importance to us than that of 10,000 men would have been. His death withered the laurels of a victory bought with such precious blood." Schwerin had fought under Marlborough at Blenheim, and had been with Charles the Twelfth at Bender. At the age of

seventy-two he still preserved the activity and boldness of youth. He was Frederic's tutor in the art of war. In the battle of Prague the Austrians had 4000 killed, 4000 wounded, and nearly 9000 taken prisoners. Marshal Braun also was so severely wounded in the engagement that he shortly afterwards died at Prague.

One portion of the Austrian army fled towards Beneschau; and the other, amounting to 48,000 men, commanded by Prince Charles, hastened to shelter itself within the walls of Prague. Frederic at once invested that city, and in four days the whole town was surrounded with lines and intrenchments, and all external communication thus cut off. On the night of the 23d of May, Prince Charles made a sortie at the head of 12,000 men. He was, however, repulsed with the loss of 1000 men killed and wounded. The Prussians commenced the bombardment of Prague on the 29th of May, and continued it for several days; during which time the town was set on fire in various places with shells and red-hot balls. The population of 80,000 persons subsisted upon scanty supplies of horseflesh. Frederic, taking a force of 12,000 men from the blockading army, marched to join the forces under the Duke of Bevern. This junction was effected, and on the 17th of June the King of Prussia was at the head of his united army of 32,000 men.

The Austrian Count Daun, supported by above 60,000 men, was strongly posted near Kolin, on the heights, and had in his front a rugged ravine, and some large pieces of water. In spite, however, of the enormous superiority in numbers of the Austrians, and of their advantageous position, Frederic resolved upon attacking them, for he knew that the Russians, Swedes, French, and the other allies of the Empire were on the march against him. The battle was a fearful one, and at last Frederic, yielding to the entreaties of his own generals, gave the order to retreat. But the king was equally great in the moment of defeat as in that of victory, and he arranged his retreat so admirably that he carried off all his baggage and the greater part of his artillery. The Prussians lost in the battle of Kolin 11,000 men, killed and wounded. Frederic's magnificent regiment of guards was entirely destroyed. Of

the Austrians there were 9000 men killed and wounded. Count Daun was among the wounded. Frederic retired from the field of battle to Nimbourg, and sent orders to his troops engaged in the blockade of Prague to raise the siege of that city. In the meantime the French defeated the Duke of Cumberland, and compelled him to abandon Hanover, of which they took possession; and about the same time the Russians and Swedes invaded Prussia from the north.

Frederic's affairs were supposed by his enemies, and even by his friends, to be desperate; but he was not dismayed. He boldly attacked the united French and Austrian army, twice as numerous as his own, at Rosbach. The fight lasted only two hours, from 3 P.M. till 5; and never was rout more complete than that of the allies. Thirty thousand French, and twenty thousand imperial troops were seen making a disgraceful and precipitate flight before five battalions and a few squadrons. It is related that Frederic, riding across the battle-field, saw one Frenchman withstanding the attack of three Prussians. He stopped the combat, and addressing the Frenchman said, "Do you think you are invincible?" "I should, sire," replied the soldier, "if I fought under your orders."

Frederic now marched into Silesia, where Breslau had been taken by the Austrians. He encamped on the side of this town, facing Lissa, on the 4th of December, 1757. The next day he found himself in the presence of the Austrian army, consisting of 90,000 men, which had advanced to meet him. Although the army of the King of Prussia did not amount to above 30,000, he determined not to refuse the combat. After a sanguinary encounter, the battle of the plains of Lissa ended in the complete defeat of the Austrians. The Prussians lost upon this occasion 5,000 men killed and wounded, while the enormous losses of the Austrians amounted to 28,703. On the 6th of December, Frederic invested Breslau, and as soon as the heavy artillery arrived from Neisse and Brieg, began to batter the town, regardless of the severity of the season. In the course of the attack, a shell set fire to a magazine of powder under the rampart; a bastion was blown up and filled the ditch; and the commandant, General Sprecher, fearing a general assault, surrendered the town, and himself

and his numerous garrison prisoners of war. This event delivered into the hands of the Prussians thirteen generals, 700 officers, and 17,536 soldiers as prisoners. The Russians and Swedes had retreated from the Prussian territories, and the Hanoverians had assembled a large force under Prince Frederic of Brunswick, to co-operate with the Prussians.

At the close of 1757, Frederic's affairs were so far restored that he might have hoped for success in the next campaign, if he could have kept back the Russians. He remained during the winter at Breslau, which he considered to be the best place for making preparations for the coming contest. The admiration which Frederic's conduct had excited in England, and confidence in his ability, induced the English government to grant him a subsidy of £670,000, which became an annual grant. But the Empress Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great of Russia, was his most inveterate enemy. In the depth of winter, Count Fermor, with an army of 110,000 Russians, invaded Prussia, and obliged the inhabitants to take the oath of allegiance to his Empress. Frederic's great object was to stop the progress of the Russians. On the 24th of August, 1758, the two armies sighted each other. Next day a sanguinary and desperate battle was fought at Zorndorf, ending in the defeat of the Russians. The victory, however, cost the Prussians 10,000 men killed and wounded, and the Russians 18,600. Several minor engagements were fought during this campaign, so that during its continuance the King of Prussia's total losses were about 30,000 men, whilst those of his enemies exceeded 100,000.

In 1759, the Russians advanced to Frankfort-on-the-Oder. On the 12th of August, Frederic commenced to attack them. For six hours did the Prussians, with an incredible bravery, opposed to an enemy greatly superior in numbers, and mowed down in whole ranks by the fire of artillery, keep their ground. Frederic, who was obstinately bent upon wresting the victory from the Russians, led his troops several times in person to the charge. Two horses were killed under him, and his clothes were pierced with balls. At last, the Prussians were forced to retreat, and the king himself had great difficulty in

making his escape from the field. Finally, they rallied about a league from the battle-field, at Goritz, from whence, the next day, they retired to Reitwent. This battle of Frankfort (or Kunersdorf) was by far the most destructive to the Prussians of any they had yet endured. They lost 7,584 killed, besides 11,119 wounded, among whom were almost all the generals and officers of distinction. The loss of the Russians and Austrians, who aided them, amounted to 3,511 killed and 12,260 wounded. Soltikof, the Russian general, wrote to the Empress, when sending the details of the battle: "Your Majesty must not be surprised at the greatness of our loss. It is the custom of the King of Prussia to sell his defeats very dear." At the beginning of the day, the King of Prussia thought himself so sure of the victory that he wrote to the Queen: "Madame, we have driven the Russians from their intrenchments; in two hours expect to hear of a glorious victory." But when obliged to quit the field, he wrote a second letter, desiring her to send away the royal family from Berlin, and to have the archives removed, adding that the city might make terms with the enemy.

Yet Berlin was saved for a time. Frederic's skillful conduct after his defeat induced the Russian general, instead of entering Brandenburg, to join the Austrians in Lusatia; but soon afterwards, General Finck, one of Frederic's best leaders, with 15,000 men, was taken prisoner by the Austrians, and a smaller corps shared the same fate. Frederic, however, received reinforcements, and Marshal Daun was content to occupy the camp at Pirna and cover Dresden. In the following spring, some fruitless negotiations for peace took place. In the campaign the city of Dresden suffered very severely from a bombardment, by which Frederic destroyed the finest part of the city. On the other hand, the Russians and Austrians entered Berlin, which was saved from plunder, but had to pay heavy contributions.

Berlin was soon evacuated, and Frederic, who was hastening to its relief, turned into Saxony, where he was induced, by the desperate condition of his affairs, to venture to attack the Austrians, who were strongly posted at Torgau. On the 3d of November, 1760, he defeated them, after a most obsti-

nate battle, perhaps the bloodiest fought during the whole war. The Austrians retreated; the Russians and Swedes also quitted his dominions, and Frederic was able to recover strength in winter quarters in Saxony.

At the commencement of 1761, it was evident that the King of Prussia's situation was most critical. He confessed himself that after the great losses he had sustained, his army was not equal to what it had formerly been. He accordingly occupied a strong camp in Silesia, where he remained motionless, watching his enemies; but was unable to prevent Marshal Loudon from taking Schweidnitz, and the Russians, Colberg. Frederic's situation was, indeed, so desperate that he is said to have seriously contemplated suicide. At this critical moment occurred, perhaps, the only event which could have saved him. This was the death of the Empress Elizabeth, of Russia, on the 5th of January, 1762, and the accession of Peter III., who, being an enthusiastic admirer of Frederic, immediately concluded a treaty of alliance with him. Peace was also made with the Swedes; and, though Peter was soon deposed, yet Catherine, who succeeded him, observed a strict neutrality during the remainder of the war.

Frederic and his brother, Prince Henry, gained several advantages in 1762 and 1763, and peace having been concluded between Great Britain and France, Austria was left alone. The Empress-Queen was, therefore, obliged to conclude peace with Prussia. The two powers mutually guaranteed the whole of each other's German dominions, Frederic also promising to give his vote to Joseph as King of the Romans. The King of Poland was restored to his dominions without compensation. Thus ended the Seven Years' War, which, after immense sacrifice of human life and treasure, left the political balance of Europe unchanged. Yet the issue of this great contest, in which the genius of Frederic had been so eminently distinguished, secured to him a decisive influence in the affairs, not only of Germany, but of all Europe.

Returning to his capital, after an absence of more than six years, Frederic seriously directed his attention to repair the injuries inflicted on his dominions by the war. He opened his magazines to give his subjects grain, both for food and for

seed. He distributed horses among the farmers; rebuilt, at his own expense, the houses which had been burnt; founded colonies, erected manufactories, and made canals for the convenience of inland trade. Silesia was exempted from the payment of all taxes for six years, and the New Mark and Pomerania for two years. To relieve the nobility in these three provinces, a system of credit was introduced, by which the value of estates was raised and the rate of interest reduced. In 1764, Frederic founded the Bank of Berlin, to which he gave $8,000,000 as its first fund. Though he really desired to promote trade, some of his measures were injudicious, and others decidedly unjust: for instance, the debasement of the current coin. Meantime he continued to maintain a very large army.

In March, 1764, an alliance was concluded with Russia, by which Frederic supported the election of the new King of Poland, Stanislaus Poniatowski, and the cause of the oppressed Dissidents of Poland. In 1772, he agreed to the first partition of Poland, by which he obtained all Polish Prussia, and a part of Great Poland, as far as to the River Netz, but with the exception of Dantzic and Thorn. Frederic the Great has been charged with having first suggested the partition of Poland; but the fact is, that Frederic I. had formed a plan for the partition of Poland, as early as 1710. From that time the kingdom of Prussia was divided into East and West Prussia.

In 1778, on the death of the Elector of Bavaria, without children, Frederic interfered to prevent Austria from partitioning that country. The question, however, terminated without a battle, by the treaty of Teschen, in May, 1779, by which Austria renounced its intentions, and consented to the union of the Franconian principalities with Prussia. In 1785, the Emperor, having formed a plan to obtain Bavaria, in exchange for the Low Countries, Frederic defeated it, in conjunction with Saxony and Hanover, by concluding the alliance between the German princes, called the "Fürstenbund," which has been considered as the masterpiece of his policy. In 1786, Frederic concluded a treaty of amity and commerce with the United States of America.

Though he had long suffered from gout and asthma, which terminated in confirmed dropsy, not a little aggravated by his indulgence in the pleasures of the table, he continued his unremitted attention to public affairs till within two days of his death, the approach of which he contemplated with composure. He died at 2.30 A.M. on the 17th of August, 1786, at his favorite palace of Sans Souci, in the seventy-fifth year of his age and the forty-seventh of his reiga. Being childless, he left to his nephew, Frederic William II., a kingdom enlarged from 2,190 to 3,515 German square miles; above $70,000,000 in the treasury, and an army of 200,000 men.

Frederic was rather below the middle size, somewhat stout in youth, but lean in old age. His intelligent face was lighted up by large, sparkling gray eyes. In old age he wore an old blue uniform with red facings, having its front soiled with Spanish snuff. He was called by the people "Old Fritz," or "Father Fritz."

Frederic the Great, though regarded by some as a champion of Protestantism, had a great contempt for religious institutions, and even for religion itself. He was avowedly an unbeliever in a Divine revelation, regarding it as an invention of the priests. He was, perhaps, driven to this view by reaction from the severe dogmatism of his fanatical father. Frederic, though showing affection for his mother and sisters and a few friends, was deficient in sensibility. Though examples of his clemency and placability are recorded, he was often harsh and cruel, and at times seemed to take malicious pleasure in tormenting others. His conduct was guided by his pleasure and interests, with little regard for the rights of others or for morality. French literature, and especially the writings of Voltaire, inspired his mind, and he was gratified to pay his teacher in his own coin. After all his youthful rebellion against an unreasonable, tyrannical father, he ended by being in many respects like him—a despotic busybody. Although he was long engaged in destructive and costly wars, Frederic contracted no public debt; and, though he exacted from his subjects an enormous revenue, much of it found its way back into their pockets. His appellation of the "Great" was earned on the battle-field; but it is also deserved for his

merits as a legislator and for his firm establishment of Prussia among the Great Powers of Europe, and laid the foundation of a genuinely united Empire.

The Four Battles of 1757.

The scheme for the campaign of 1757 was simple, bold, and judicious. The Duke of Cumberland with an English and Hanoverian army was in Western Germany, and might be able to prevent the French troops from attacking Prussia. The Russians, confined by their snows, would probably not stir till the spring was far advanced. Saxony was prostrated. Sweden could do nothing very important. During a few months Frederic would have to deal with Austria alone. Even thus the odds were against him. But ability and courage have often triumphed against odds still more formidable.

Early in 1757 the Prussian army in Saxony began to move. Through four defiles in the mountains they came pouring into Bohemia. Prague was his first mark; but the ulterior object was probably Vienna. At Prague lay Marshal Brown with one great army. Daun, the most cautious and fortunate of the Austrian captains, was advancing with another. Frederic determined to overwhelm Brown before Daun should arrive. On the sixth of May was fought, under those walls which, a hundred and thirty years before, had witnessed the victory of the Catholic League and the flight of the unhappy Palatine, a battle more bloody than any which Europe saw during the long interval between Malplaquet and Eylau. The king and Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick were distinguished on that day by their valor and exertions. But the chief glory was with Schwerin. When the Prussian infantry wavered, the stout old marshal snatched the colors from an ensign, and, waving them in the air, led back his regiment to the charge. Thus at seventy-two years of age, he fell in the thickest battle, still grasping the standard which bears the black eagle on the field argent. The victory remained with the king, but it had been dearly purchased. Whole columns of his bravest warriors had fallen. He admitted that he had lost eighteen thousand men. Of the

enemy, twenty-four thousand had been killed, wounded, or taken.

Part of the defeated army was shut up in Prague. Part fled to join the troops which, under the command of Daun, were now close at hand. Frederic determined to play over the same game which had succeeded at Lowositz. He left a large force to besiege Prague, and at the head of thirty thousand men he marched against Daun. The cautious marshal, though he had a great superiority in numbers, would risk nothing. He occupied at Kolin a position almost impregnable and awaited the attack of the king.

It was the 18th of June—a day which, if the Greek superstition still retained its influence, would be held sacred to Nemesis—a day on which the two greatest princes and soldiers of modern times were taught, by a terrible experience, that neither skill nor valor can fix the inconstancy of fortune. The battle began before noon; and part of the Prussian army maintained the contest till after the midsummer sun had gone down. But at length the king found that his troops, having been repeatedly driven back with frightful carnage, could no longer be led to the charge. He was with difficulty persuaded to quit the field. The officers of his personal staff were under the necessity of expostulating with him, and one of them took the liberty to say, "Does your majesty mean to storm the batteries alone?" Thirteen thousand of his bravest followers had perished. Nothing remained for him but to retreat in good order, to raise the siege of Prague, and to hurry his army by different routes out of Bohemia.

This stroke seemed to be final. Frederic's situation had at best been such, that only an uninterrupted run of good luck could save him, as it seemed, from ruin. And now, almost in the outset of the contest, he had met with a check which, even in a war between equal powers, would have been felt as serious. He had owed much to the opinion which all Europe entertained of his army. Since his accession, his soldiers had in many successive battles been victorious over the Austrians. But the glory had departed from his arms. All whom his malevolent sarcasms had wounded

made haste to avenge themselves by scoffing at the scoffer. His soldiers had ceased to confide in his star. In every part of his camp his dispositions were severely criticised. Even in his own family he had detractors. His next brother, William, heir-presumptive, or rather, in truth, heir-apparent to the throne, and ancestor of the present sovereign, could not refrain from lamenting his own fate and that of the House of Hohenzollern, once so great and so prosperous, but now, by the rash ambition of its chief, made a byword to all nations. These complaints, and some blunders which William committed during the retreat from Bohemia, called forth the bitter displeasure of the inexorable king. The prince's heart was broken by the cutting reproaches of his brother; he quitted the army, retired to a country seat, and in a short time died of shame and vexation.

It seemed that the king's distress could hardly be increased. Yet at this moment another blow not less terrible than that of Kolin fell upon him. The French under Marshal D'Estrées had invaded Germany. The Duke of Cumberland had given them battle at Hastembeck, and had been defeated. In order to save the Electorate of Hanover from entire subjugation, he had made, at Clostern Severn, an arrangement with the French generals, which left them at liberty to turn their arms against the Prussian dominions.

That nothing might be wanting to Frederic's distress, he lost his mother just at this time; and he appears to have felt the loss more than was to be expected from the hardness and severity of his character. In truth, his misfortunes had now cut to the quick. The mocker, the tyrant, the most rigorous, the most imperious, the most cynical of men, was very unhappy. His face was so haggard and his form so thin, that when on his return from Bohemia he passed through Leipsic, the people hardly knew him again. His sleep was broken; the tears, in spite of himself, often started into his eyes; and the grave began to present itself to his agitated mind as the best refuge from misery and dishonor. His resolution was fixed never to be taken alive, and never to make peace on condition of descending from his place among the powers of Europe. He saw nothing left for him except

to die; and he deliberately chose his mode of death. He always carried about with him a sure and speedy poison in a small glass case; and to the few in whom he placed confidence, he made no mystery of his resolution.

But we should very imperfectly describe the state of Frederic's mind if we left out of view the laughable peculiarities which contrasted so singularly with the gravity, energy, and harshness of his character. It is difficult to say whether the tragic or the comic predominated in the strange scene which was then acted. In the midst of all the great king's calamities, his passion for writing indifferent poetry grew stronger and stronger. Enemies all around him, despair in his heart, pills of corrosive sublimate hidden in his clothes, he poured forth hundreds upon hundreds of lines, hateful to gods and men—the insipid dregs of Voltaire's Hippocrene—the faint echo of the lyre of Chaulieu. It is amusing to compare what he did during the last months of 1757, with what he wrote during the same time. It may be doubted whether any equal portion of the life of Hannibal, of Cæsar, or of Napoleon, will bear a comparison with that short period, the most brilliant in the history of Prussia and of Frederic.

At the beginning of November, the net seemed to have closed completely round him. The Russians were in the field, and were spreading devastation through his eastern provinces. Silesia was overrun by the Austrians. A great French army was advancing from the west under the command of Marshal Soubise, a prince of the great Armorican house of Rohan. Berlin itself had been taken and plundered by the Croatians. Such was the situation from which Frederic extricated himself, with dazzling glory, in the short space of thirty days.

He marched first against Soubise. On the fifth of November the armies met at Rosbach. The French were two to one; but they were ill-disciplined, and their general was a dunce. The tactics of Frederic, and the well-regulated valor of the Prussian troops, obtained a complete victory. Seven thousand of the invaders were made prisoners. Their guns, their colors, their baggage, fell into the hands of the

conquerors. Those who escaped fled as confusedly as a mob scattered by cavalry. Victorious in the west, the king turned his arms toward Silesia. In that quarter everything seemed to be lost. Breslau had fallen; and Charles of Lorraine, with a mighty power, held the whole province. On the fifth of December, exactly one month after the battle of Rosbach, Frederic, with forty thousand men, and Prince Charles, at the head of not less than sixty thousand, met at Leuthen, hard by Breslau. The king, who was, in general, perhaps too much inclined to consider the common soldier as a mere machine, resorted, on this great day, to means resembling those which Bonaparte afterwards employed with such signal success for the purpose of stimulating military enthusiasm. The principal officers were convoked. Frederic addressed them with great force and pathos; and directed them to speak to their men as he had spoken to them. When the armies were set in battle array, the Prussian troops were in a state of fierce excitement, but their excitement showed itself after the fashion of a grave people. The columns advanced to the attack chanting, to the sound of drums and fifes, the rude hymns of the old Saxon Sternholds. They had never fought so well; nor had the genius of their chief ever been so conspicuous. "That battle," said Napoleon, "was a masterpiece. Of itself it is sufficient to entitle Frederic to a place in the first rank among generals." The victory was complete. Twenty-seven thousand Austrians were killed, or wounded, or taken; fifty stand of colors, a hundred guns, four thousand wagons, fell into the hands of the Prussians. Breslau opened its gates; Silesia was reconquered; Charles of Lorraine retired to hide his shame and sorrow at Brussels; and Frederic allowed his troops to take some repose in winter quarters, after a campaign, to the vicissitudes of which it will be difficult to find any parallel in ancient or modern history.

The king's fame filled all the world. He had, during the last year, maintained a contest, on terms of advantage, against three powers, the weakest of which had more than three times his resources. He had fought four great pitched battles against superior forces. Three of these battles he had gained;

and the defeat of Kolin, repaired as it had been, rather raised than lowered his military renown. The victory of Leuthen is, to this day, the proudest on the roll of Prussian fame. Leipsic, indeed, and Waterloo, produced consequences more important to mankind. But the glory of Leipsic must be shared by the Prussians with the Austrians and Russians; and at Waterloo the British infantry bore the burden and heat of the day. The victory of Rosbach was, in a military point of view, less honorable than that of Leuthen, for it was gained over an incapable general and a disorganized army. But the moral effect which it produced was immense. All the preceding triumphs of Frederic had been triumphs over Germans, and could excite no emotions of national pride among the German people. It was impossible that a Hessian or a Hanoverian could feel any patriotic exultation on hearing that Pomeranians slaughtered Moravians, or that Saxon banners had been hung in the churches of Berlin. Indeed, though the military character of the Germans justly stood high throughout the world, they could boast of no great day which belonged to them as a people;—of no Agincourt, of no Bannockburn. Most of their victories had been gained over each other; and their most splendid exploits against foreigners had been achieved under the command of Eugene, who was himself a foreigner.

The news of the battle of Rosbach stirred the blood of the whole of the mighty population from the Alps to the Baltic, and from the borders of Courland to those of Lorraine. Westphalia and Lower Saxony had been deluged by a great host of strangers, whose speech was unintelligible, and whose petulant and licentious manners had excited the strongest feelings of disgust and hatred. That great host had been put to flight by a small band of German warriors, led by a prince of German blood on the side of father and mother, and marked by the fair hair and clear blue eye of Germany. Never since the dissolution of the empire of Charlemagne, had the Teutonic race won such a field against the French. The tidings called forth a general burst of delight and pride from the whole of the great family which spoke the various dialects of the ancient language of Armi-

nius. The fame of Frederic began to supply, in some degree, the place of a common government and of a common capital. It became a rallying point for all true Germans—a subject of mutual congratulation to the Bavarian and the Westphalian, to the citizen of Frankfort and the citizen of Nuremberg. Then first it was manifest that the Germans were truly a nation. Then first was discernible that patriotic spirit which, in 1813, achieved the great deliverance of Central Europe, and which still guards, and long will guard, against foreign ambition, the old freedom of the Rhine.—LORD MACAULAY.

FREDERIC'S LAST BATTLE—TORGAU.

The Hill Siptitz makes a very main figure in the battle now imminent. Siptitz Height is, in fact, Daun's Camp; where he stands intrenched to the utmost, repeatedly changing his position, the better to sustain Friedrich's expected attacks. It is a blunt broad-backed elevation, mostly in a vineyard, perhaps on the average 200 feet above the general level, and of five or six square miles in area: length, east to west, from Grosswig neighborhood to the environs of Torgau, may be about three miles: breadth, south to north, from the Siptitz to the Zinna neighborhoods, above half that distance. The Height is steepish on the southern side, all along to the south-west angle (which was Daun's left flank in the great action coming), but swells up with easier ascent on the west, north and other sides.

Daun stands fronting southward along these Siptitz Heights, looking towards Schilda and his dangerous neighbors; heights, woods, ponds and inaccessibilities environing his position and him. One of the strongest positions imaginable; which, under Prince Henri, proved unexpugnable enough to some of us. A position not to be attacked on that southern front, nor on either of its flanks:—where can it be attacked? Impregnable, under Prince Henri in far inferior force; how will you take it from Daun in decidedly superior? A position not to be attacked at all, most military men would say;—though one military man, in his extreme necessity, must and will find a way into it.

One fault, the unique military man, intensely pondering,

discovers that it has: it is too small for Daun; not area enough for manœuvring 65,000 men in it; who will get into confusion if properly dealt with. A most comfortable light-flash, the *eureka* of this terrible problem. "We will attack it on rear and on front simultaneously; that is the way to handle it!" Yes; simultaneously, though that is difficult, say military judges; perhaps to Prussians it may be possible. It is the opinion of military judges who have studied the matter, that Friedrich's plan, could it have been perfectly executed, might have got not only victory from Daun, but was capable to fling his big army and him pell-mell upon the Elbe bridge, that is to say, in such circumstances, into Elbe river, and swallow him bodily at a frightful rate! That fate was spared poor Daun.

Monday, 3d November, 1760, at half-past six in the morning, Friedrich is on march for this great enterprise. The march goes northward, in three columns, with a fourth of baggage; through the woods, on four different roads. Northward all of it at first; but at a certain point ahead (at crossing of the Eilenburg-Torgau Road, namely), the march is to divide itself in two. Half of the force is to strike off rightward there with Ziethen, and to issue on the south side of Siptitz Hill; other half, under Friedrich himself, to continue northward, long miles farther, and then at last bending round, issue—simultaneously with Ziethen, if possible—upon Siptitz Hill from the north side. We are about 44,000 strong, against Daun, who is 65,000.

Simultaneously with Ziethen, so far as humanly possible; that is the essential point! Friedrich has taken every pains that it shall be correct, in this and all points; and to take double assurance of hiding it from Daun, he yesternight, in dictating his orders on the other heads of method, kept entirely to himself this most important Ziethen portion of the business. And now, at starting, he has taken Ziethen in his carriage with him a few miles, to explain the thing by word of mouth. At the Eilenburg road, or before it, Ziethen thinks he is clear as to everything; dismounts; takes in hand the mass intrusted to him; and strikes off by that rightward course: "Rightward, Herr Ziethen; rightward till you get

to Klitschen, your first considerable island in this sea of wood; at Klitschen strike to the left into the woods again,—your road is called the Butter-Strasse (*Butter-Street*); goes by the northwest sides of Siptitz Height; reach Siptitz by the Butter-Street, and then do your endeavor!"

With the other half of his army, specially with the first column of it, Friedrich proceeds northward on his own part of the adventure. Three columns he has, besides the baggage one: in number about equal to Ziethen's; if perhaps otherwise, rather the chosen half; about 8,000 grenadier and foot-guard people, with Kleist's Hussars, are Friedrich's own column. Friedrich's column marches nearest the Daun positions; the baggage-column farthest; and that latter is to halt, under escort, quite away to left or westward of the disturbance coming; the other two columns, Hülsen's of foot, Holstein's mostly of horse, go through intermediate tracks of wood, by roads more or less parallel; and are all, Friedrich's own column, still more the others, to leave Siptitz several miles to right, and to end, not *at* Siptitz Height, but several miles past it, and then wheeling round, begin business from the northward or rearward side of Daun, while Ziethen attacks or menaces his front,—simultaneously, if possible. Friedrich's march, hidden all by woods, is more than twice as far as Ziethen's—some fourteen or fifteen miles in all: going straight northward ten miles; thence bending eastward, then southward through woods; to emerge about Neiden, there to cross a brook (Striebach), and strike home on the north side of Daun. The track of march is in the shape somewhat of a shepherd's crook; the long *handle* of it, well away from Siptitz reaches up to Neiden, this is the straight or wooden part of said crook; after which comes the bent, catching, or iron part,—intended for Daun and his fierce flock. Ziethen has hardly above six miles; and ought to be deliberate in his woodlands, till the King's party have time to get round.

The morning I find, is wet; fourteen miles of march; fancy such a promenade through the dripping woods; heavy, toilsome, and with such errand ahead! The delays were considerable; some of them accidental. Vigilant Daun has detachments watching in these woods:—a General Ried, who

fires cannon and gets off: then a General St. Ignon and the St. Ignon Regiment of Dragoons; who, being *between* column first and column second, cannot get away; but, after some industry by Kleist and those of column two, are caught and pocketed, St. Ignon himself prisoner among the rest. This delay may perhaps be considered profitable; but there were other delays absolutely without profit. For example, that of having difficulties with your artillery-wagons in the wet miry lanes; that of missing your road, at some turn in the solitary woods; which latter was the sad chance of column third, fatally delaying it for many hours.

Daun, learning by those returned parties from the woods what the Royal intentions on him are, hastily whirls himself round, so as to front north, and there receive Friedrich; best line northward for Friedrich's behoof; rear line or second-best will now receive Ziethen or what may come. Daun's arrangements are admitted to be prompt and excellent. Lacy, with his 20,000—who lay, while Friedrich's attack was expected from south, at Loswig, as advanced guard, east side of the *Grosse Teich* (supreme pond of all, which is a continuation of the Duck-trap, *Entefang*, and hangs like a chief goitre on the goitry neck of Torgau),—Lacy is now to draw himself north and westward, and looking into the Entefang over his left shoulder (so to speak), be rear-guard against any Ziethen or Prussian party that may come. Daun's baggage is all across the Elbe, all in wagons since yesterday; three bridges hanging for Daun and it, in case of adverse accident. Daun likewise brings all or nearly all his cannon to the new front, for Friedrich's behoof: 200 new pieces hither: Archenholtz says 400 in whole; certainly such a weight of artillery as never appeared in battle before. Unless Friedrich's arrangements prove punctual, and his stroke be emphatic, Friedrich may happen to fare badly. On the latter point, of emphasis, there is no dubiety for Friedrich: but on the former,—things are already past doubt, the wrong way! For the last hour or so of Friedrich's march there has been continual storm of cannonade and musketry audible from Ziethen's side:—"Ziethen engaged!" thinks everybody; and quickens step here, under this marching music from the distance.

Which is but a wrong reading or mistake, nothing more; the real phenomenon being as follows: Ziethen punctually got to Klitschen at the due hour; struck into the *Butter-Strasse*, calculating his paces; but, on the edge of the wood found a small Austrian party, like those in Friedrich's route; and, pushing into it, the Austrian party replied with cannon before running. Whereupon Ziethen, not knowing how inconsiderable it was, drew out in battle-order; gave it a salvo or two; drove it back on Lacy, in the Duck-trap direction,—a long way east of Butter-Street, and Ziethen's real place;—unlucky that he followed it so far! Ziethen followed it; and got into some languid dispute with Lacy: dispute quite distant, languid, on both sides, and consisting mainly of cannon; but lasting in this way many precious hours. This is the phenomenon which friends in the distance read to be, "Ziethen engaged!" Engaged, yes, and alas with what? What Ziethen's degree of blame was, I do not know. Friedrich thought it considerable:—"Stupid, stupid, *mein lieber!*" which Ziethen never would admit;—and, beyond question, it was of high detriment to Friedrich this day. Such accidents, say military men, are inherent, not to be avoided, in that double form of attack: which may be true, only that Friedrich had no choice left of forms just now.

About noon Friedrich's Vanguard (Kleist and Hussars), about 1 o'clock Friedrich himself, 7 or 8,000 Grenadiers, emerged from the woods about Neiden. This column, which consists of choice troops, is to be the front line of the attack. But there is yet no second column under Hülsen, still less any third under Holstein, come in sight: and Ziethen's cannonade is but too audible. Friedrich halts; sends Adjutants to hurry on these columns;—and rides out reconnoitring, questioning peasants; earnestly surveying Daun's ground and his own. Daun's now right wing well eastward about Zinna had been Friedrich's intended point of attack; but the ground, out there, proves broken by boggy brooks and remnant stagnancies of the Old Elbe: Friedrich finds he must return into the wood again; and attack Daun's left. Daun's left is carefully drawn down *en potence*, or gallows-shape there; and has, within the wood, carefully built by

Prince Henri last year, an extensive abatis, or complete western wall,—only the north part of which is perhaps now passable, the Austrians having in the cold time used a good deal of it as firewood lately. There, on the northwest corner of Daun, across that weak part of the abatis, must Friedrich's attack lie. But Friedrich's columns are still fatally behind, —Holstein, with all the cavalry we have, so precious at present, is wandering by wrong paths; took the wrong turn at some point, and the Adjutant can hardly find him at all, with his precept of "Haste, Haste!"

We may figure Friedrich's humor under these ill omens. Ziethen's cannonade becomes louder and louder; which Friedrich naturally fancies to be death or life to him,—not to mean almost nothing, as it did. "*Mein Gott*, Ziethen is in action, and I have not my infantry up!" cried he. And at length decided to attack as he was: Grenadiers in front, the chosen of his infantry; Ramin's Brigade for second line; and, except about 800 of Kleist, no cavalry at all. His battalions march out from Neiden, and through difficult brooks, Striebach and the like, by bridges of Austrian build, which the Austrians are obliged to quit in hurry. The Prussians are as yet perpendicular to Daun, but will wheel rightward, into the Domitsch wood again; and then form,—parallel to Daun's northwest shoulder; and to Prince Henri's abatis, which will be their first obstacle in charging. Their obstacles in forming were many and intricate; ground so difficult, for artillery especially: seldom was seen such expertness, such willingness of mind. And seldom lay ahead of men such obstacles *after* forming! Think only of one fact: Daun, on sight of their intentions, has opened 400 pieces of artillery on them, and these go raging and thundering into the hem of the wood, and to whatever issues from it, now and for hours to come, at a rate of deafening uproar and of sheer deadliness, which no observer can find words for.

Archenholtz, a very young officer of fifteen, who came into it perhaps an hour hence, describes it as a thing surpassable only by doomsday: clangorous rage of noise risen to the infinite; the forest, with its echoes, bellowing far and near, and reverbrating in universal death-peal; comparable to the trump

of doom. Friedrich himself, who is an old hand, said to those about him: "What an infernal fire! Did you ever hear such a cannonade before? I never." Friedrich is between the two lines of his Grenadiers, which is his place during the attack: the first line of Grenadiers, behind Prince Henri's abatis, is within 500 yards of Daun; Ramin's brigade is to rear of the second line, as a reserve. Horse they have none, except the 800 Kleist Hussars; who stand to the left, outside the wood, fronted by Austrian horse in hopeless multitude. Artillery they have, in effect, none: their batteries, hardly to be got across these last woody difficulties of trees growing and trees felled, did rank outside the wood, on their left; but could do absolutely nothing (gun-carriages and gunners, officers and men, being alike blown away); and when Tempelhof saw them afterwards, they never had been fired at all. The Grenadiers have their muskets, and their hearts and their right hands.

With amazing intrepidity, they, being at length all ready in rank within 800 yards, rush into the throat of this Fire-volcano; in the way commanded,—which is the alone way: such a problem as human bravery seldom had. The Grenadiers plunge forward upon the throat of Daun; but it is into the throat of his iron engines and his tearing billows of cannon-shot that most of them go. Shorn down by the company, by the regiment, in those terrible 800 yards,—then and afterwards. Regiment *Stutterheim* was nearly all killed and wounded, say the books. You would fancy it was the fewest of them that ever got to the length of selling their lives to Daun, instead of giving them away to his 400 cannon. But it is not so. The Grenadiers, both lines of them, still in quantity, did get into contact with Daun. And sold him their lives, hand to hand, at a rate beyond example in such circumstances;—Daun having to hurry up new force in streams upon them; resolute to purchase, though the price, for a long while, rose higher and higher.

At last the 6,000 Grenadiers, being now reduced to the tenth man, had to fall back. Upon which certain Austrian battalions rushed down in chase, counting it victory come: but were severely admonished of that mistake; and driven

back by Ramin's people, who accompanied them into their ranks, and again gave Daun a great deal of trouble before he could overpower them. This is attack first, issuing in failure first: one of the stiffest bits of fighting ever known. Began about two in the afternoon; ended, I should guess, rather after three.

Daun, by this time, is in considerable disorder of line; though his 400 fire-throats continue belching ruin, and deafening the world, without abatement. Daun himself had got wounded in the foot or leg during this attack, but had no time to mind it: a most busy, strong and resolute Daun; doing his very best. Friedrich, too, was wounded,—nobody will tell me in which of these attacks. What his feelings were, as this Grenadier attack went on,—a struggle so unequal, but not to be helped, from the delays that had risen, —nobody, himself least of all, records for us: only by this little symptom: Two grandsons of the Old Dessauer's are Adjutants of his Majesty, and well loved by him; one of them now at his hand, the other heading his regiment in this charge of Grenadiers. Word comes to Friedrich that this latter one is shot dead. On which Friedrich, turning to the brother, and not hiding his emotion, as was usual in such moments, said: "All goes ill to-day; my friends are quitting me. I have just heard that your brother is killed." Words which the Anhalt kindred, and the Prussian military public, treasured up with a reverence strange to us.

Shortly after three, Hülsen's column did arrive: choice troops these too, the Pomeranian *Manteuffel*, one regiment of them;—young Archenholtz of *Forcade* (first battalion here, second and third with Ziethen, making vain noise) was in this column; came, with the others, winding to the wood's edge, in such circuits, poor young soul; rain pouring, if that had been worth notice; cannon-balls plunging, boughs crashing, such a Doomsday thunder broken loose:—they did emerge steadily, nevertheless, he says, "like sea-billows or flow of tide, under the smoky hurricane." Pretty men are here too, Manteuffel Pommerners; no hearts stouter. With these, and the indignant remnants which waited for them, a new assault upon Daun is set about. And bursts out, on

that same northwest corner of him; say about half-past three. The rain is now done, "blown away by the tremendous artillery," thinks Archenholtz, if that were any matter.

The attack, supported by a few more horse (though column three still fatally lingers), and, I should hope, by some practicable weight of field-batteries, is spurred by a grimmer kind of indignation, and is of fiercer spirit than ever. Think how Manteuffel of Foot will blaze out; and what is the humor of those once overwhelmed remnants, now getting air again! Daun's line is actually broken in this point, his artillery surmounted and become useless; Daun's potence and north front are reeling backwards, Prussians in possession of their ground. "The field to be ours!" thinks Friedrich, for some time. If indeed Ziethen had been seriously busy on the southern side of things, instead of vaguely cannonading in that manner! But resolute Daun, with promptitude, calls in his reserve from Grosswig, calls in whatsover of disposable force he can gather; Daun rallies, rushes again on the Prussians in overpowering number; and, in spite of their most desperate resistance, drives them back, ever back; and recovers his ground.

A very desperate bout, this second one; probably the toughest of the battle: but the result again is Daun's; the Prussians palpably obliged to draw back. Friedrich himself got wounded:—Friedrich's wound was a contusion on the breast; came of some spent bit of case-shot, deadened farther by a famed pelisse he wore,—"which saved my life," he said afterwards to Henri. The King himself little regarded it (mentioning it only to brother Henri, on inquiry and solicitation), during the few weeks it still hung about him. The books intimate that it struck him to the earth, void of consciousness for some time, to the terror of those about him; and that he started up, disregarding it altogether in this press of business, and almost as if ashamed of himself, which imposed silence on people's tongues. In military circles there is still, on this latter point, an anecdote; which I cannot confirm or deny, but will give for the sake of Berenhorst and his famed book on the *Art of War*. Berenhorst—a natural son of the Old Dessauer's, and evidently enough a chip of the old

block, only gone into the articulate-speaking or intellectual form—was, for the present, an Adjutant or Aide-de-camp of Friedrich's; and at this juncture was seen bending over the swooned Friedrich, perhaps with an over-pathos or elaborate something in his expression of countenance: when Friedrich re-opened his indignant eyes: "What have you to do here?" cried Friedrich, "Go and gather runaways" (be of some real use, can't you)!—which unkind cut struck deep into Berenhorst, they say; and could never after be eradicated from his gloomy heart.

This second attack is again a repulse to the indignant Friedrich; though he still persists in fierce effort to recover himself; and indeed Daun's interior, too, it appears, is all in a whirl of confusion; his losses too having been enormous:—when, see, here at length, about half-past four, sun now down, is the tardy Holstein, with his cavalry, emerging from the woods. Comes wending on yonder, half a mile to north of us; straight eastward or Elbe-ward (according to the order of last night), leaving us and our death-struggles unregarded, as a thing that is not on his tablets, and is no concern of Holstein's. Friedrich halts him, not quite too late; organizes a new and third attack. Simultaneous universal effort of foot and horse upon Daun's front; Holstein himself, who is almost at Zinna by this time, to go upon Daun's right wing. This is attack third; and is of sporadic intermittent nature, in the thickening dusk and darkness: part of it is successful, none of it beaten, but nowhere the success complete. Thus, in the extreme west or leftmost of Friedrich's attack, *Spaen* Dragoons,—one of the last horse regiments of Holstein's column,—*Spaen* Dragoons, under their Lieutenant-Colonel Dalwig (a beautiful manœuvrer, who has stormed through many fields, from Mollwitz onwards), cut in, with an admired impetuosity, with an audacious skill, upon the Austrian Infantry Regiments there; broke them to pieces, took two of them in the lump prisoners; bearded whole torrents of Austrian cavalry rushing up to the rescue,—and brought off their mass of prisoner regiments and six cannon;—the Austrian rescuers being charged by some new Prussian party, and hunted home again. "Had these Prussian horse been on

their ground at two o'clock, and done as now, it is very evident," says Tempelhof, "what the Battle of Torgau had by this time been!"

Near by, too, farther rightwards, if in the bewildering indistinctness I might guess where (but the where is not so important to us), Baireuth Dragoons, they of the sixty-seven standards at Striegau long since, plunged into the Austrian Battalions at an unsurpassable rate; tumbled four regiments of them heels over head, and in a few minutes took the most of them prisoners; bringing them home too, like Dalwig, through crowds of rescuers. Eastward, again, or Elbe-ward, Holstein has found such intricacies of ground, such boggy depths and rough steeps, his cavalry could come to no decisive sabering with the Austrian; but stood exchanging shot;—nothing to be done on that right wing of Daun.

Daun's left flank, however, does appear, after three such attacks, to be at last pretty well ruined: Tempelhof says, "Daun's whole front line was tumbled to pieces; disorder had, sympathetically, gone rearward, even in those eastern parts; and on the western and northwestern the Prussian horse regiments were now standing in its place." But, indeed, such charging and recharging, pulsing and repulsing, has there been hereabouts for hours past, the rival hosts have got completely interpenetrated; Austrian parties, or whole regiments, are to rear of those Prussians who stand ranked here, and in victorious posture, as the night sinks. Night is now sinking on this murderous day: "Nothing more to be made of it; try it again to-morrow!" thinks the King; gives Hülsen charge of bivouacking and re-arranging these scattered people; and rides with escort northwestward to Elsnig, north of Neiden, well to rear of this bloody arena,—in a mood of mind which may be figured as gloomy enough.

Daun, too, is home to Torgau,—I think, a little earlier,—to have his wound dressed, now that the day seems to him secure. Buccow, Daun's second, is killed; Daun's third is an Irish Graf O'Donnell, memorable only on this one occasion; to this O'Donnell, and to Lacy, who is firm on his ground yonder, untouched all day, the charge of matters is left. Which cannot be a difficult one, hopes Daun. Daun, while

his wound is dressing, speeds off a courier to Vienna. Courier did enter duly there, with glorious trumpeting postilions, and universal hep-hep-hurrah; kindling that ardently loyal city into infinite triumph and illumination,—for the space of certain hours following.

Hülsen meanwhile has been doing his best to get into proper bivouac for the morrow; has drawn back those eastward horse regiments, drawn forward the infantry battalions; forward, I think, and well rightward, where, in the daytime, Daun's left flank was. On the whole, it is northwestward that the general Prussian bivouac for this night is; the extremest *south*westernmost portion of it is Infantry, under General Lestwitz; a gallant useful man, who little dreams of becoming famous this dreary uncertain night.

It is six o'clock. Damp dusk has thickened down into utter darkness, on these terms:—when, lo, cannonade and musketade from the south, audible in the Lestwitz-Hülsen quarters: seriously loud; red glow of conflagration visible withal,—some unfortunate village going up ("Village of Siptitz think you?"); and need of Hülsen at his fastest! Hülsen, with some readiest foot regiments, circling round, makes thitherward; Lestwitz in the van. Let us precede him thither, and explain a little what it was.

Ziethen, who had stood all day making idle noises,—of what a fatal quality we know, if Ziethen did not,—waiting for the King's appearance, must have been considerably displeased with himself at nightfall, when the King's fire gradually died out farther and farther north, giving rise to the saddest surmises. Ziethen's Generals, Saldern and Möllendorf, are full of gloomy impatience, urgent on him to try something. "Push westward, nearer the King? Some stroke at the enemy on their south or southwestern side, where we have not molested them all day? No getting across the Röhrgraben on them, says your Excellenz? Siptitz village, and their battery there, is on *our* side of the Röhrgraben: —*um Gottes Willen*, something, Herr General!" Ziethen does finally assent: draws leftward, westward; unbuckles Saldern's people upon Siptitz; who go like sharp hounds from the slip; fasten on Siptitz and the Austrians there, with a

will; wrench these out, force them to abandon their battery, and to set Siptitz on fire, while they run out of it. Comfortable bit of success, so far,—were not Siptitz burning, so that we cannot get through. "Through, no; and were we through, is not there the Röhrgraben?" thinks Ziethen, not seeing his way.

How lucky that, at this moment, Möllendorf comes in, with a discovery to westward; discovery of our old friend "the Butter-Street,"—it is nothing more,—where Ziethen should have marched this morning: there would he have found a solid road across the Röhrgraben, free passage by a bridge between two bits of ponds, at the *Schäferei* (Sheep-Farm) of Siptitz yonder. "There still," reports Möllendorf, "the solid road is; unbeset hitherto, except by me Möllendorf!" Thitherward all do now hasten, Austrians, Prussians: but the Prussians are beforehand; Möllendorf is master of the Pass, deploying himself on the other side of it, and Ziethen and everybody hastening through to support him there, and the Austrians making fierce fight in vain. The sound of which has reached Hülsen, and set Lestwitz and him in motion thither.

For the thing is vital, if we knew it. Close ahead of Möllendorf, when he is through this pass, close on Möllendorf's left, as he wheels round on the attacking Austrians, is the southwest corner of Siptitz Height. Southwest corner, highest point of it; summit and key of all that battle area; rules it all, if you get cannon thither. It hangs steepish on the southern side, over the Röhrgraben, where this Möllendorf-Austrian fight begins; but it is beautifully accessible, if you bear round to the west side,—a fine saddle-shaped bit of clear ground there, in shape like the outside or seat of a saddle; Domitsch Wood the crupper part; summit of this Height the pommel, only nothing like so steep:—it is here (on the southern saddle-flap, so to speak), gradually mounting westward to the crupper-and-pommel part, that the agony now is.

And here, in utter darkness, illuminated only by the musketry and cannon blazes, there ensued two hours of stiff wrestling in its kind: not the fiercest spasm of all, but the final which decided all. Lestwitz, Hülsen, come sweeping on, led

by the sound and the fire; "beating the Prussian march, they," sharply on all their drums,—Prussian march, rat-tat-tan, sharply through the gloom of chaos in that manner; and join themselves, with no mistake made, to Möllendorf's, to Ziethen's left and the saddle-flap there, and fall on. The night is pitch dark, says Archenholtz; you cannot see your hand before you. Old Hülsen's bridle-horses were all shot away, when he heard this alarm, far off: no horse left; and he is old, and has his own bruises. He seated himself on a cannon; and so rides, and arrives; right welcome the sight of him, doubt not! And the fight rages still for an hour or more.

About nine at night, all the Austrians are rolling off, eastward, eastward. Prussians goading them forward what they could (firing not quite done till ten); and that all-important pommel of the saddle is indisputably won. The Austrians settled themselves, in a kind of half-moon shape, close on the suburbs of Torgau; the Prussians in a parallel half-moon posture, some furlongs behind them. The Austrians sat but a short time; not a moment longer than was indispensable. Daun perceives that the key of his ground is gone from him; that he will have to send a second courier to Vienna. And, above all things, that he must forthwith get across the Elbe and away. Lucky for him that he has three bridges (or four, including the town bridge), and that his baggage is already all across and standing on wheels. With excellent dispatch and order Daun winds himself across,—all of him that is still coherent; and indeed, in the distant parts of the battle-field, wandering Austrian parties were admonished hitherward by the river's voice in the great darkness,—and Daun's loss in prisoners, though great, was less than could have been expected: 8,000 in all.

Till towards one in the morning, the Prussians, in their half-moon, had not learned what he was doing. About one they pushed into Torgau, and across the town bridge; found twenty-six pontoons,—all the rest packed off except these twenty-six; —and did not follow further. Lacy retreated by the other or left bank of the river, to guard against attempts from that side. Next day there was pursuit of Lacy; some

prisoners and furnitures got from him, but nothing of moment: Daun and Lacy joined at Dresden; took post, as usual, behind their inaccessible Plauen Chasms. Sat there, in view of the chasing Prussians, without farther loss than this of Torgau, and of a campaign gone to water again. What an issue, for the third time!—

On Torgau-field, behind that final Prussian half-moon, there reigned, all night, a confusion which no tongue can express. Poor wounded men by the hundred and the thousand, weltering in their blood, on the cold wet ground; not surgeons or nurses, but merciless predatory sutlers, equal to murder if necessary, waiting on them and on the happier that were dead. "Unutterable!" says Archenholtz; who, though wounded, had crawled or got carried to some village near. The living wandered about in gloom and uncertainty; lucky he whose haversack was still his, and a crust of bread in it: water was a priceless luxury, almost nowhere discoverable. Prussian Generals roved about with their staff-officers, seeking to reform their battalions; to little purpose. They had grown indignant, in some instances, and were vociferously imperative and minatory; but in the dark who need mind them? —they went raving elsewhere, and, for the first time, Prussian word of command saw itself futile. Pitch darkness, bitter cold, ground trampled into mire. On Siptitz Hill there is nothing that will burn: farther back, in the Domitsch Woods, are numerous fine fires, to which Austrians and Prussians alike gather: "Peace and truce between us; to-morrow morning we will see which are prisoners, which are captors." So pass the wild hours, all hearts longing for the dawn, and what decision it will bring.

Friedrich, at Elsnig, found every hut full of wounded, and their surgeries, and miseries silent or loud. He himself took shelter in the little church; passed the night there. Busy about many things;—"using the altar," it seems, "by way of writing-table [self or secretaries kneeling, shall we fancy, on these new terms?], and the stairs of it as seat." Of the final Ziethen-Lestwitz effort he would scarcely hear the musketry or cannonade, being so far away from it. At what hour, or from whom first, he learned that the battle of Torgau had

become victory in the night-time, I know not: the anecdote books send him out in his cloak, wandering up and down before day-break; standing by the soldiers' fires; and at length, among the woods, in the faint incipiency of dawn, meeting a shadow which proves to be Ziethen himself in the body, with embraces and congratulations:—evidently mythical, though dramatic. Reach him the news soon did; and surely none could be welcomer. Headquarters change from the altar-steps in Elsnig Church to secular rooms at Torgau. Ziethen has already sped forth on the skirts of Lacy; whole army follows next day; and, on the war-theatre it is, on the sudden, a total change of scene. Conceivable to readers without the details.

Hopes there were of getting back Dresden itself; but that, on closer view, proved unattemptable. Daun kept his Plauen Chasm, his few square miles of ground beyond; the rest of Saxony was Friedrich's, as heretofore. Loudon had tried hard on Kosel for a week; storming once, and a second time, very fiercely, Goltz being now near; but could make nothing of it; and, on wind of Goltz, went his way. The Russians, on sound of Torgau, shouldered arms, and made for Poland. Daun, for his own share, went to Vienna this winter; in need of surgery, and other things. The population there is rather disposed to be grumbly on its once heroic Fabius; wishes the Fabius were a little less cunctatory. But Imperial Majesty herself, one is proud to relate, drove out, in old Roman spirit, some miles, to meet him, her defeated, over-honored Daun, and to inquire graciously about his health, which is so important to the State.

Torgau was Daun's last battle: Daun's last battle; and, what is more, was Friedrich's last.—T. CARLYLE.



THE GREAT ELECTOR.



FREDERIC WILLIAM, surnamed "The Great Elector," was the prince to whom the House of Hohenzollern owes its primary importance. He laid the foundation on which in the next century Frederic the Great built. "His success," says Carlyle, "if we look where he started and where he ended, was beyond that of any other man in his day. He found Brandenburg annihilated, and he left Brandenburg sound and flourishing." This Friedrich Wilhelm, to use his exact German name, was born in Berlin in 1620 and was a son of the Elector George Wilhelm, a feeble and vascillating ruler. He succeeded his father in 1640, when for many years Brandenburg had been overrun and devastated by the opposing armies of the Thirty Years' War. Three times Brandenburg fell to be the principal theatre of conflict, "where all forms of the dismal were at their height." In the emphatic language of Carlyle, "Political significance Brandenburg had none—a mere Protestant appendage dragged about by a Papist Kaiser."

The Thirty Years' War continued many years after the accession of Frederic William to this feeble electorate, and his first efforts were directed to removing and keeping out of his territories the devastating foreign armies. By prudent and patient efforts and skillful diplomacy, he contrived to

extricate himself from his fatal position and to deliver his country. He had great military ability, but he had the greater moral courage to refrain from war when his country was unable to bear its burdens. He therefore preferred to manœuvre and negotiate, which he did in an adroit and masterly manner. Meantime by degrees he collected an army of about 25,000 men, fit to be reckoned among the best troops then in being.

In religion Frederic William was a decided Protestant. His first wife was Louisa, Princess of Orange, an excellent and wise woman, who was the aunt of William III. of England. When the Peace of Westphalia (1648) terminated the Thirty Years' War, Frederick William obtained the secularized bishoprics of Magdeburg, Halberstadt and Minden with part of Pomerania. He claimed all Pomerania, as heir of the dukes whose line became extinct in 1637, but the Swedes possessed it and kept the greater part. The Elector's ability was shown in organizing and regulating his dominions ; he drained bogs and settled colonies in the waste places. From the Oder to the Spree, fifteen English miles, he cut a canal, which still bears his name.

After seven years of peaceful industry, war broke out between Charles Gustavus of Sweden and the king of Poland, and Frederic William was compelled to join his army to the Swedish army. They defeated the King of Poland at the battle of Warsaw, July, 1656. In the next year Friedric William changed sides and formed an alliance with King John Casimir, who recognized the independence of East Prussia, or in the words of Carlyle, "agreed to give up the 'Homage of Preussen' for this service; a grand prize for Friedrich Wilhelm." East Prussia, which formerly belonged to Poland, was then annexed to Brandenburg. The king of Sweden threatened vengeance, but his death prevented the execution of these threats. The annexed states, however, were slow in recognizing the Elector as their legitimate ruler, but a judicious mixture of kindness and severity brought them around.

As the ally of the Emperor, Frederic William took the field against Louis XIV of France in 1672. While he was

fighting in Alsace in 1674, the Swedes, instigated by Louis XIV., made war on him and invaded Brandenburg with about 16,000 men. As the Elector could not be spared by the Emperor, the Swedes met little resistance in the first campaign. After resting several months in winter-quarters, he marched rapidly to Magdeburg, where he learned that the Swedes were divided into three parties, the middle one being forty miles distant. With his cavalry and part of his infantry he hastened to the attack, and completely defeated this body at Fehrbellin, on the 18th of June, 1675. This victory ended the domination of the Swedes south of the Baltic. It was called the Marathon of Brandenburg, and was the Elector's first famous exploit.

Four years later came his second exploit. The Swedes again as allies of Louis XIV., invaded Prussia in the winter of 1678–1679, doing sad havoc there, and menacing Königsberg. Frederic William started from Berlin with the opening year, on his long march. In January it was necessary that he should cross rapidly from Carwe on the shore of the Frische Haf to Gilge on the Curische Haf, where the Swedes were. The distance, in a direct line across the frozen waters, was about one hundred miles. Hastily gathering all the sledges and all the horses of the district, he mounted about 4,000 men on sledges, which were drawn across the ice and snow. "The Swedes were beaten here," says Carlyle, "on Friedrich Wilhelm's rapid arrival; were driven into disastrous rapid retreat northward, which they executed in hunger and cold, fighting continually like northern bears under the grim sky." Frederic William gained possession of Pomerania by conquest, but when the war was terminated by the treaty of St. Germain in 1679, Louis XIV insisted that Sweden should retain Pomerania, and the Elector reluctantly gave it back.

When in 1685 the Edict of Nantes was revoked by the King of France, some 20,000 French Protestants took refuge in Brandenburg, and were munificently welcomed by the Elector, who showed a noble piety and humane pity as well as excellent judgment. These refugees established in Berlin the industries for which they had been distinguished in their native land.

Frederic William's first wife, Louise Henrietta, was a woman of such clear and penetrating understanding that he engaged in no important enterprise without consulting her. After her death he married a lady named Dorothea, who was a faithful wife, and by whom he had thirteen children. "With or without his will, he was in all the great wars of his time—the time of Louis XIV., who kindled Europe four times over." He died April 29, 1688, and was succeeded by his son Frederic.

The Emergence of Brandenburg.

On his return to his hereditary dominions in Brandenburg at the death of his father, Frederick William found them laid waste and utterly powerless, the several provinces disunited, and totally wanting in any sound line of policy. The country was a constant and easy prey to the violence of all the belligerent powers.

"On one hand," says the Elector, in a treatise written by him during the early years of his reign, and which is still extant,—"on one hand I have the King of Sweden, on the other the Emperor: here I stand between the two, awaiting that which they will do unto me—whether they will leave me mine own, or whether they will take it away." When he read the Bible—and this was the only history which was then strongly impressed upon the minds of men—he almost doubted whether any prince had ever been placed in such sore necessity as he then was: neither David nor Solomon, he thought, had ever found it so hard to discover what they ought to do.

He had a strong feeling that he ought not to separate from the Emperor lightly; but it would have been wilful self-deception to imagine that he should receive any effectual assistance from that quarter. He beheld his real position with perfect clearness. "Of what use," exclaimed he, "could such princes be to the Emperor as would suffer themselves to be driven away from their possessions and their people?"

Above all, it was necessary first to make himself master of the March, where his father's minister, Count Schwarzenberg,

had taken up an almost independent position, and was determined to pursue his old line of policy, with the assistance of the generals of the army which had been levied under the Emperor's name and authority. It is impossible to read, without astonishment and interest, how Frederick William burst his bonds, brought into subjection those imperial leaders who held possession of the various fortresses in his dominions, and finally got rid of them. We are reminded of the bold and happy stratagems of Italian party warfare, with this difference, that, in the Elector's case, talent was enlisted in the service of the righteous cause. Frederick William was compelled to employ a union of force and cunning in order to obtain possession of the fortresses built by his forefathers, and of his own hereditary dominions. There was no need of proceeding to acts of violence against his father's minister, as has long been supposed. This man's end affords a remarkable study of human nature. Schwarzenberg was in an excited state, varying between sickness and health, when it happened one day that the officers of one of the regiments devoted to the Emperor demanded of him, in violent terms, the payment of their arrears. He was forced to satisfy them out of his private purse. Immediately after he heard, indirectly it is true, but with indubitable certainty, that his new master did not look upon him with favor. We cannot take upon ourselves to say that his conscience smote him, but he must have been well aware how heavy was the guilt which the Elector ascribed to him. At that very moment he was seized with a fever which in a few days put an end to his life. The elements which he had struggled to hold together were now for ever disunited: he felt himself open to attack on both sides; and the destruction of the policy which he had pursued put an end to his existence.

Now that Frederick William was no longer fettered by his connection with the Emperor, he could venture to make some advances to the Swedes. It was only after a tedious and difficult negotiation that he at last succeeded in inducing the Swedes to evacuate those places in the March which they still held. The Hessians likewise quitted the western districts of Cleves, and the Elector could now breathe more freely. At

length he was enabled to arm a small body of troops—a right which had been contested, but upon which everything depended. This procured for him a certain consideration, as well as some sort of security against the fluctuating masses of troops by which he was surrounded. He needed this force to support him in the negotiations which had been set on foot in the meantime, but which were interrupted at every step by fresh hostile outbreaks, and were on the whole most effectively forwarded by formidable warlike manifestations.

The Elector was determined not to give up his intention of obtaining possession of those additions to his territories, the prospect of which had called forth such violent opposition from his rivals. In the year 1647 Frederick William concluded an agreement with Pfalz Neuburg, by which, after mature consideration, he recognized the outline which had been drawn up for the partition of the succession of Cleves, effacing, however, from the former treaty, several clauses disadvantageous to himself. He likewise secured to himself the possession of two countships, one of which, the March, was at that time nearly the most considerable in the Empire, as well as of the old duchy of Cleves—all situate on the western frontier of the Empire. Both princes agreed to lay their treaty before the Emperor for approbation, but to observe the terms of it even should the Emperor withhold his sanction. They likewise agreed to make common cause in defending both their dominions against all other powers. It was a matter of considerable importance that in the treaty of Osnabrück these resolutions were tacitly adopted, or, at any rate, that the claims formerly made by other princes were not insisted upon. The times, indeed, were past when the Order of Teutonic Knights could entertain any hopes of regaining possession of the Duchy of Prussia; nor would any attempt to alter the internal condition of the March of Brandenburg have been at all more feasible. The German hierarchy was then occupied with far different matters than the recovery by the Church of those possessions which had become secular fiefs.

Of all the former possessions of the house of Brandenburg, one only was now wanting—the duchy of Jägerndorf, which

the Emperor had seized and bestowed upon some one else. A special discussion took place upon this subject; but in the general negotiations another territory was the subject of continual discussion; this was the Duchy of Pomerania, the cession of which involved questions of as much importance to the Empire at large as to Brandenburg. At length the Emperor and the imperial council recognized the just claims of the House of Brandenburg, but at the same time declared themselves unable to assist the Elector in supporting them.

Frederick William replied that Pomerania was a province which God had given to his ancestors and to himself, and that he wished for nothing but to be left in quiet possession of it; that he had no mind to offer it for sale, but, if he was to lose it, or any part thereof, he demanded such compensation for his loss as might satisfy him.

Here, however, he encountered great difficulties. He complains that those among his neighbors who most strenuously insisted upon the cession of the province, now most violently opposed his receiving any compensation. But Frederick William was already too powerful for the Emperor to risk driving him, by a refusal, to take part with the French or the Swedes. It was therefore determined to take a momentous step in the history of the Empire—to secularize the sees of Halberstadt, Minden, and Magdeburg in his favor, in consideration of the loss of Vorpommern. The rest of Pomerania, with Camin, remained in his possession. In later times this compensation has been considered as disproportionately large, but such was not the view taken of it then. At all events, it is manifest that Frederick William himself was by no means satisfied. Of all the princes of the House of Brandenburg, he is the only one who ever showed a strong predilection for maritime life and maritime power. It was the dream of his youth that he would one day sail, along shores obedient to his will, all the way from Cüstrin, out by the mouths of the Oder, across to the coast of Prussia. His sojourn in the Netherlands had strengthened, though it had not inspired, his love of the sea.

Thus then, without having made any conquests, the House of Brandenburg came out of this war with far more extensive

possessions than it had held on first taking part in it. But by the mere acquisition of a certain number of provinces nothing was done towards the development of Germany or of Europe. It yet remained to be seen whether the prince who had been so successful in maintaining his own rights would now embrace that line of policy which the state of public affairs required.

In this he was powerfully assisted by the present security of the independence of the territorial powers, combined as it was with the Protestant form of worship, which had been established by the treaty of peace. Beyond a doubt, then, what was most needed was strength enough to maintain this independence. Experience had already shown the evil resulting to Germany from the want of vigor and power of resistance in the governments of the various states. If two opposing religious systems were henceforth to exist in the Empire, it was essential that each should afford a sufficient counterpoise to the other, so that neither need constantly fly to some foreign power for assistance against every danger that threatened it.

Alliances had been formerly made for this object, but these had invariably been forcibly broken up, or had split upon some internal dissension. It was therefore of immense advantage for German Protestantism that a power should arise which should be able to defend itself unaided, and effectually to resist all foreign interference.

But this was far from being all that was required. It might safely be assumed that Sweden would always afford protection to the religious element; but this was not consistent with the German idea of Protestantism, which had never separated itself from the Emperor and the Empire. A most dangerous influence upon the internal relations of the German commonwealth would be thus given to a line of policy necessarily directed towards entirely foreign interests. During the course of the wars, the two powers which had been introduced into Germany had, by dint of intolerable violence and oppression, extorted important cessions of territory. The time was now come for endeavoring to regain that which had been thus lost. The honor of the German name had to be supported, or rather to be restored. Thus it happened that

the interest of Protestantism and of individual territorial princes was bound up with a common national interest, tempering the acerbity of the former. Constituted as the German Empire then was, it was possible for a prince to conceive and pursue both these principles simultaneously. All that was needed was that he should be in a position to do so on the strength of his own unaided authority.

In order to attain to this position it was absolutely essential to the House of Brandenburg that the provinces united under its rule should no longer be dependent upon foreign powers, which was especially the case so long as the Duchy of Prussia formed a province of Poland.

In the year 1654, when the Swedes, who had not as yet been checked by any great reverses, began the war afresh against the King of Poland—at first with irresistible success—Frederick William found himself in much the same position on his eastern frontier as that in which he had been ten years before in Germany itself.

It would carry us far beyond our present limits were we to enter upon a minute investigation of the line of policy which Frederick William pursued in these eventful times;—how at first he hoped and intended to maintain a neutral position, but soon found himself compelled to make common cause with the Swedes; how after awhile he forsook their alliance, and entered into negotiations with the King of Poland. The most important result was that during this campaign he formed an army which, by its glorious deeds, gave fresh lustre to the long-tarnished military fame of Brandenburg, and that he put an end to the irksome subjection in which he had stood to the crown of Poland. When he joined the Poles, they could not refuse to grant him the same terms which the Swedes had offered. In November, 1657, at a solemn meeting at Bromberg, beneath the vault of heaven, the King and the Elector ratified by oath a treaty releasing the Duchy of Prussia from its former allegiance to the crown of Poland, and declaring it a sovereign state. The results of subsequent wars and the treaties of 1660 recognized and confirmed this newly-acquired independence.—L. VON RANKE.

The Battle of Fehrbellin.

In 1675 the Swedes, under the celebrated Wrangel, now old and infirm, were commanded to threaten the Electorate; and this quickly brought back Frederick William, by the most flying marches, from the Rhine to his capital. The Elector's was comparatively a weak army when contrasted with that of Sweden, under the nominal command of Wrangel, then long accustomed to success; and Frederick William found many of the strong places in Brandenburg reduced before he could arrive to the relief of his distressed subjects. However, the presence of the Sovereign and the fidelity of his people, aided by the active energy of the Elector, soon regained the ascendancy, and he resolved to confound and chastise the insolence of his enemy. Having quitted Franconia he reached Magdeburg on the 10th of June, and crossed the Elbe the same night, and at the head of his cavalry he reached Rathenau the night following. General Dorfling led the advance; and hearing that the garrison of the town, under Wangelin the Governor, were indulging in a debauch, and knowing the advantage of prompt action under such a circumstance, he collected some boats on the banks of the Harel, and crossing that river (although his force was entirely horse), succeeded in getting the gates forced and entering the town while all the officers within were sleeping themselves sober. They awoke only to find themselves prisoners of war to a prince they had thought far away in Rhineland.

The Elector, however, would not halt, but pushed on with his cavalry to Nauen. Here he had hoped to cut off the two principal bodies of Swedes, who occupied Havelburg and Brandenburg; but they had been warned of his approach, and, as he heard, were on their march to their rendezvous at the bridge of Fehrbellin. Frederick William was unable to come up with them until, on the 18th, he reached that post, and found the Swedish troops collected and formed up in a strong camp between Halkelberg and Tornow, having the bridge of Fehrbellin under their right flank, while their left leaned against a gentle rising ground that commanded the marshy bank of the little river Rein. The enemy's force

was 7,000 infantry, 800 dragoons and 10 guns, advantageously posted; and the Elector had only 5,000 weary horsemen to oppose them, for his infantry was still in the rear.

The Swedish army was nominally under the command of the celebrated Karl Gustaf Wrangel; but he was unable from his infirmities to mount a horse, and was carried hither and thither in a litter; so that he was utterly unequal to the direction of the troops. Under such circumstances of their leader, it was no discredit to them that they should have been surprised, for the sight of the Prussians in their front was scarcely believed; indeed, they thought that Frederick William was far off, still near the banks of the Rhine. The Elector's infantry, counting 11,000 men, was in fact not come up, but was many miles in the rear. Time was, however, so precious, that he resolved upon an immediate attack with his cavalry alone.

It is recorded that, on this occasion, when the Great Elector found himself in the presence of the foe, and under the necessity of adopting this resolution, standing in the presence of his horsemen, he took a pistol from the holster of his saddle, and fired it in the air, exclaiming as he turned his eyes up to heaven, "'Tis to Thy glory, Great God, that I discharge my arms. Defend my cause, for Thou knowest it to be just. Punish my enemies, for Thou knowest them to be unrelenting." Then throwing away the discharged weapon, and drawing his sword, he turned to his soldiers, and said, "Comrades! I desire no other defence, nor any other weapon, but the protection of God, your courage, and my sword. Follow me, therefore, my friends: do as I do, and be assured of victory."

The Prince of the House of Homberg was directed to take 1,600 horse to reconnoitre the enemy, but not to engage. However, the Prince did not exactly obey orders, and somewhat hastened the crisis. Nevertheless, the circumstances of the case were so urgent, that the Elector determined to attack. The Swedes opened their guns upon the advance of the Brandenburg cavalry; but Frederick William's eye discerned a sandy eminence unoccupied by the Swedes, which he at once secured, and there placed his thirteen guns, under

the fire of which he took up a position at the head of his horse, and fell upon the enemy's right wing, which was occupied by the cavalry regiment of Ostrogothia. He succeeded in routing these, who fell back and disordered the infantry formation, that broke and fled in precipitation to the bridge, which broke down under them. The Swedish infantry, seeing the necessity of retreat, fell back with their accustomed discipline, in good order; but they lost 3,000 men in action, with their guns, and many standards. The want of infantry prevented Frederick William from forcing the possession of Fehrbellin; so that the Swedes were enabled to repair the bridge, and thus escaped total annihilation.

The little town was hurriedly protected by abattis and trenches and other means of barricade, which effectually prevented an immediate attack with cavalry. As soon, however, as the Brandenburg infantry, 11,000 in number, came up, General Dorflinger was directed to force Fehrbellin the next morning; but the Swedes at once crossed the bridge, and burnt it, and had already made good their retreat before the passage of the little river Rein could be accomplished. The Brandenburgers at length got into pursuit, and captured and plundered much baggage; but the Swedes, reduced to 4,000 men, made the best of their way by Wittstock to Mecklenburg.

This cavalry affair has been dignified by universal history as a great battle. It had all the merit of dashing enterprise, a judicious plan, and a resolute execution; but it was the political influences which followed it that justified its renown.

—Sir E. Cust.



HENRY THE FOWLER.



HENRY I. of Germany is a prominent figure in mediæval history. By uniting the five great dukedoms, he did much to make Germany a nation. He regained Lotharingia, or Lorraine, which remained attached to Germany for eight centuries. He strengthened the country, built walled towns and fortresses, and disciplined the armies.

Henry was born in the year 876, being the son of Otto or Otho, the Illustrious, Duke of Saxony, who had refused the regal dignity. His mother was the daughter of the Emperor Arnulph. In 912, his father died, after having appointed him Duke of Saxony, and also Lord of Thuringia and part of Franconia. Henry showed great activity in public affairs. The Emperor Conrad I., who had opposed many of Henry's efforts, yet acknowledged his ability, and, when on his death-bed, sent the insignia of the imperial dignity to him, as the most suitable successor. When the messenger arrived, he found Henry in the Hartz Mountains, engaged in field sport, with his falcon on his wrist. From this circumstance he obtained the surname of "the Fowler." An assembly of the principal nobles confirmed him as King of the Romans in 919. The Archbishop of Mainz (Mayence) offered to anoint him; but Henry declared it was sufficient that he was called to rule over Germany by

God's grace and the choice of the people, and entreated the Archbishop to reserve the oil for some more pious monarch.

His first care was to restore concord among the princes of Germany, in which he was successful. He sought to retain them in their allegiance by permitting them to form alliances with members of his own family. He placed in every dukedom, as governor of those lands which belonged immediately to the crown, a Count Palatine, who was invested with the authority of imperial judge within his district.

Having thus restored to the crown the rights of which it had been deprived through the weakness of former sovereigns, Henry proceeded to take measures for resisting the fierce Hungarians, who had long harassed the German territories. But the military affairs of the empire had been so miserably neglected during the disputes of the nobles, that Henry, after gaining a victory in 922, was pleased to release the captured chief to the Hungarians, on their pledging themselves not to disturb Germany for nine years, provided a tribute of gold was annually sent them. He now marched against the Vandals, drove them out of Saxony, and exterminated the whole nation on the shores of the Baltic. He was victorious over the Danes, Sclavonians, and took prisoner Wenceslaus, the King of Bohemia, whom, after a long captivity, he restored to his throne.

In the treaty which he entered into at Bonn, in 922, with Charles the Simple, King of France, Henry set aside the pretensions of Charles I. to the empire. When that prince was deposed by his nobles, Henry espoused his cause. The chief purpose of his interference, however, was to seize Lorraine from Raoul, Duke of Burgundy. In the end, he was content to receive homage from the Duke of that province. The Emperor was diligently employed in extending his dominions, in regulating their defences, and in propagating the Christian religion among the neighboring heathen tribes. That Henry's renown had spread far beyond the confines of his own land is proved by the alacrity with which King Athelstan, of England, entered into his proposal of an alliance by marriage. Henry sought a bride for his son Otto, and asked for the sister of the English king. Athelstan sent, not

one, but two of his sisters, and Edith, the elder of the princesses who had come for inspection, was chosen by Otto.

The nine years of truce agreed on with the Hungarians were spent by Henry in the most active preparations to meet the enemy on equal terms. He caused numerous fortresses to be built, which he strongly garrisoned. The bands of outlaws which had infested the country were formed into regular companies to defend it. Henry now found himself able to bid defiance to the Hungarians, and, when the truce expired, he is said to have sent them a mangy dog, as the only tribute he thenceforward intended to pay. In the next year, 933, they entered Germany with two armies, one of which was defeated by the Saxons, near Sondershausen: the other was met by the king in person at Keuschberg, on the Saale. The Hungarians, who had learned of the defeat of their brethren, made fire-signals on the hills to draw the rest of their hordes together. Henry, having addressed his men in a spirited and encouraging harangue, unfurled before them the banner of the Archangel Michael, and charged the Hungarians with the cry of "Lord have mercy!" which was echoed back by the fearful "Hui! Hui!" of the barbarians. After a sanguinary conflict, the whole army of the enemy was either slain or put to flight.

Peace and good order having been restored through all parts of his dominions, he resolved to comply with the Pope's invitation to receive from him the imperial crown in Rome. He set out for Italy at the head of an army; but, being attacked with a fit of apoplexy on the road, he returned to Memleben, where he died, in 936, at the age of sixty, having reigned eighteen years.

Henry the Fowler was distinguished for excellent qualities of body and mind. He was energetic and wise, his naturally clear understanding overcoming his defects of learning. He was a terror to his enemies, but mild and just to his friends and subjects. He has been reproached for his love of show and the impetuosity of his temper. His encouragement of municipal life gave a new aspect to Germany, and his valiant repulse of invaders established its position in mediæval history.

Carlyle calls Henry the Fowler "the Father of whatever good has since been in Germany," and thus concludes his characteristic brief sketch:—"Hail, brave Henry: across the nine dim centuries, we salute thee, still visible as a valiant Son of Cosmos and Son of Heaven, beneficently sent us; as a man who did in grim earnest 'serve God' in his day, and whose works accordingly bear fruit to our day, and to all days!"

THE GERMAN'S FATHERLAND.

Which is the German's Fatherland?
Is't Prussia's or Swabia's land?
Is't where the Rhine's rich vintage streams?
Or where the Northern sea-gull screams?—
Ah, no, no, no!
His Fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's Fatherland?
Bavaria's or Styria's land?
Is't where the Marsian ox unbends?
Or where the Marksman iron rends?—
Ah, no, no, no!
His Fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's Fatherland?
Pomerania's or Westphalia's land?
Is't where sweep the Dunian waves?
Or where the thundering Danube raves?—
Ah, no, no, no!
His Fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's Fatherland?
O, tell me now the famous land!
Is't Tyrol, or the land of Tell?
Such lands and people please me well.—
Ah, no, no, no!
His Fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's Fatherland?
Come tell me now the famous land.
Doubtless, it is the Austrian State,

In honors and in triumphs great.—
Ah, no, no, no!
His Fatherland's not bounded so!
Which is the German's Fatherland?
So tell me now the famous land!
Is't what the princes won by sleight
From the Emperor's and Empire's right?—
Ah, no, no, no!
His Fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's Fatherland?
So tell me now at last the land!—
As far's the German accent rings
And hymns to God in heaven sings,—
That is the land,—
There, brother, is thy Fatherland!

There is the German's Fatherland,
Where oaths attest the grasped hand,—
Where truth beams from the sparkling eyes,
And in the heart love warmly lies;—
That is the land,—
There, brother, is thy Fatherland!

That is the German's Fatherland,
Where wrath pursues the foreign band,—
Where every Frank is held a foe,
And Germans all as brothers glow;—
That is the land,—
All Germany's thy Fatherland!—E. M. ARNDT.



HENRY IV. OF GERMANY.



HENRY IV., of Germany, was born in 1050; and was the son of the Emperor, Henry III., surnamed the "Black." When but four years old, this prince was crowned King of the Romans, and two years after, on the death of his father, the child succeeded to the imperial dignity. The regency was committed to his mother, the Empress Agnes. But the strong hand and will of his father were wanting, and the great nobles sought to recover their independence. The Empress was deprived of her office in 1062, and the tuition of the young Emperor was committed to Anno, Archbishop of Cologne, a harsh and bigoted prelate, who incurred his pupil's bitter dislike. Then Adalbert, Archbishop of Bremen, succeeded to his place, and, being gay and worldly, allowed, and even encouraged, Henry in every species of licentious indulgence in order to obtain an influence over him, and to exercise the royal power in his name. Henry became extravagant and careless of all but his own pleasure; yet he early displayed his courage in the tumults of the times.

In his twenty-first year Henry took up his residence at Goslar, in Saxony, with the purpose of quelling the lawless proceedings which had long prevailed in the country. A temporary agreement followed; but the misconduct of the emperor, who gave his confidence to persons of vicious principles, threw him into fresh difficulties. At the suggestion of Anno, who had regained his place through the efforts of

the nobles, Henry had married Bertha, daughter of Otho, Marquess of Italy. Finding her an obstacle to his licentious mode of living, he tried to obtain a divorce; but her virtue baffled his evil designs. His headstrong willfulness deprived him of the attachment of his friends, and the princes of the empire actually assembled to consider his deposition; but his promises of amendment appeased their displeasure. The revolt of Otto of Nordheim, Duke of Bavaria, was quickly subdued; a second revolt soon followed, in which Henry was obliged to grant the demands of his enemies. But on a third rising, Henry in person gave the rebels a bloody defeat at Hohenburg in 1075, and making himself master of the whole country, reduced them to beg for peace.

In the meantime, the formidable Hildebrand, who had been the active counsellor of preceding Popes, was himself elevated to the Popedom, as Gregory VII. Though the emperor testified his dissatisfaction at not having been consulted in the election, he was induced by Gregory's request to confirm it. Mutual causes of dissension, however, soon arose in Gregory's efforts to free the Church from abuses, especially from its absolute dependence on the temporal power. The struggle culminated in the deposition of the Pope by Henry's partisans, and the excommunication of Henry by the Pope. Upon the promulgation of the Pope's sentence, the emperor was deserted even by his own partisans, and was reduced to such extremities that humiliation was his only resource. Henry, in the depth of winter, crossed the Alps with his wife and child, arriving at Canossa, in the Apennines, where, at the suggestion of Matilda, of Tuscany, the Pope had retired in January, 1077.

Before Gregory was persuaded to admit the emperor to his presence, Henry had passed through a scene of extreme degradation. Upon his arrival at the outer gate of the fortress, he was required to dismiss all his attendants, and enter alone; at the next gate to divest himself of the ensigns of royalty, and to put on a coarse woollen tunic, in which dress, and barefooted, he was suffered to stand three whole days at a third gate, exposed to the severity of the weather, fasting from morning till night, and imploring the mercy of God and the Pope. At length, Matilda and other persons of

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distinction who were with Gregory, began to complain of the severity. These murmurings being reported to Gregory, he thought proper that Henry should be admitted on the fourth day. At that meeting the Pontiff granted the Emperor absolution, after he had subscribed to very humiliating terms, among others that he would submit to the judgment which the Pope, at a time and place appointed, should give upon the accusations made against him; and that in the meantime he should not assume the title of king, or wear the ornaments or exercise the functions of royalty.

The emperor soon after departing showed bitter resentment and thus renewed Gregory's hostility. The princes of the empire who had already practically deposed Henry as emperor, then elected in his place Rudolph, Duke of Swabia. The Pope sent him a crown, and placed Henry anew under the ban of the Church. Henry, who lacked neither vigor nor courage in the field, levied an army, gave Rudolph two defeats, and conquered the whole Duchy of Swabia. In answer to Gregory's second excommunication, the Emperor Henry held a national council of his German and Italian prelates at Brixen, which pronounced the deposition of Gregory and elected a new Pope, under the name of Clement III. This step was followed by the utter defeat of Rudolph, who fell mortally wounded on October 15th, 1080. The famous Godfrey of Bouillon had struck the fatal blow. Henry entered Italy with an army, besieged Rome, forced Gregory to take refuge in the Castle of St. Angelo, and then had himself and wife crowned by Clement in 1084.

During the absence of Henry in Italy, his enemies in Germany recovered strength, and, in 1085, elected Count Herman of Luxemburg King of the Romans. Henry's return put an end to the competition by the defeat of his rival; and he had equal success against another competitor, Ecbert, Marquis of Thuringia. Meantime the Romans, regarding Clement as an anti-pope, placed in the chair of St. Peter Victor III.; and after his death, Urban II. The Countess Matilda, of Tuscany, and the Normans assisted the Church, and Henry once more marched into Italy to support his declining interest. He was successful in the field, till his

oldest son, Conrad, was induced to join the adverse party in conjunction with the emperor's new wife, Adelaide of Brandenburg, whom his ill usage had rendered his enemy. Conrad was elected King of the Romans, and his father was obliged to give way to his influence, and returned to Germany, where he caused Conrad to be put under the ban of the empire and procured, at a Diet held at Aix-la-Chapelle, the election of his second son, Henry, to the dignity of King of the Romans. Pope Urban II., the anti-pope Clement, and Henry's son, Conrad, all died within two years.

Henry might now, probably, have passed his days in tolerable tranquillity, had not his difference with the Church of Rome been irreconcilable. Persisting in his claim of confirming all elections to the Holy See, he continued to nominate successive anti-popes, and refused to acknowledge Paschal II., who had succeeded Urban. That Pontiff, therefore, used all his influence to raise enemies against the emperor in Germany; and even induced his own son, Henry, under pretext of zeal for religion, to take arms against him. The prince was at first successful in seizing the imperial treasures at Spires; but finding afterwards that his father was likely to prove the strongest, he perfidiously affected remorse, threw himself at the emperor's feet, obtained forgiveness, and then persuaded him to disband his army. When this was done, he made his father a prisoner, and repairing to a Diet convoked at Mentz, in 1106, assisted in his solemn deposition.

The Archbishops of Mentz and Cologne were sent to inform him of this act, and to demand the crown and other regalia. Henry, having in vain remonstrated, put on his royal ornaments, and seating himself in a chair of state, addressed the prelates to this effect: "Here are the ensigns of that royalty with which we were invested by God and the princes of the empire: if you disregard the wrath of Heaven and the everlasting reproach of mankind so much as to lay violent hands on your sovereign, and strip us of them by force, we are not in a condition to defend ourselves from such an outrage." This expostulation had no effect; the archbishops snatched the crown from Henry's head, and, drag-

ging him from his seat, pulled off the imperial robes by force. The aged sovereign, with tears trickling down his cheeks, cried out: "Great God! Thou art the God of vengeance! I have sinned, I confess, and merited this shame by the follies of my youth; but Thou wilt not fail to punish these traitors for their perjury and ingratitude." So completely, however, was his heart crushed, that he afterwards made a voluntary resignation of his crown in favor of his son, and threw himself at the feet of the Pope's legate, beseeching absolution from the sentence of excommunication, which it was not in the power of the legate to grant.

It is to the eternal disgrace of his son that the emperor was suffered to want even the common necessaries of life. When he applied to the Bishop of Spires to grant him for subsistence a canon's chair in his cathedral, which he himself had liberally endowed, his request was refused. "Pity me, my dear friends," said the emperor, with a deep sigh, upon this repulse, "for I am touched by the hand of the Lord." After undergoing great suffering for some time in the Castle of Burghenheim, where his unnatural son had confined him, he managed to escape and fled to Cologne, where he was received with joy and acknowledged as lawful emperor. Troops were raised for him in the Low Countries, and fortune seemed once again disposed to smile upon him. Before, however, any further step could be taken on his behalf, he was seized with an illness which terminated fatally on August 7th, 1106. The Bishop of Liége conducted the funeral service with a splendor befitting his position, but the body was laid in an unconsecrated chapel at Spires, and remained five years without proper interment, until the ban of the Church under which he rested had been removed.

Henry IV. was a man of great personal courage, and possessed some eminent qualifications as a ruler; but his attachment to licentious pleasures led to various unjust and shameful actions, and laid a foundation for the unparalleled misfortunes and disgraces of his reign. His failure in his contest with the spiritual power proved anew the absolute strength of righteousness and the inherent weakness of vice.

HENRY IV. AT ROME.

Henry, in the spring of 1081, once more descended into Italy. He came, not as formerly, a pilgrim and an exile, but at the head of an army devoted to his person, and defying all carnal enemies and all spiritual censures. He came to encounter Hildebrand, destitute of all Transalpine alliances, and supported even in Italy by no power but that of the Countess Matilda; for the Norman Duke of Apulia was far away, attempting the conquest of the Eastern capital and empire. But Henry left in his rear the invincible Saxons and the hero who commanded them. To prevent a diversion in that quarter, the emperor proposed to abdicate his dominion in Saxony in favor of Conrad, his son. But Otho (a merry talker, as his annalist informs us) rejected the project with the remark that "the calf of a vicious bull usually proved vicious." Leaving, therefore, this implacable enemy to his machinations, the emperor pressed forward, and before the summer the citizens of Rome saw from their walls the German standards in hostile array in the Campagna.

In the presence of such dangers the gallant spirit of the aged Pope once more rose and exulted. He convened a synod to attest his last defiance of his formidable enemy. He exhorted the German princes to elect a successor to Rudolf. In letters of impassioned eloquence he again maintained his supremacy over all the kings and rulers of mankind. He welcomed persecution as the badge of his holy calling, and while the besiegers were at the gates he disposed (at least in words) of royal crowns and distant provinces. Matilda supplied him with money, which for a while tranquillized the Roman populace. He himself, as we are assured, wrought miracles to extinguish conflagrations kindled by their treachery. In language such as martyrs use, he consoled the partners of his sufferings. In language such as heroes breathe, he animated the defenders of the city. The siege or blockade continued for three years uninterruptedly, except when Henry's troops were driven, by the deadly heats of autumn, to the neighboring hills.

Distress, and it is alleged bribery, at length subdued the

courage of the garrison. On every side clamors were heard for peace, for Henry demanded, as the terms of peace, nothing more than the recognition of his imperial title, and his coronation by the hands of Gregory. The conscience, perhaps the pride, of Gregory revolted against this proposal. His invincible will opposed and silenced the outcries of the famished multitudes; nor could their entreaties or their threats extort from him more than a promise that, in the approaching winter, he would propose the question to a pontifical synod. It met, by the permission of Henry, on the 30th of November, 1083. It was the latest council of Gregory's pontificate. A few bishops, faithful to their chief and to his cause, now occupied the seats so often occupied by mitred churchmen. Every pallid cheek and anxious eye was turned to him who occupied the loftier throne in the centre of that agitated assembly. He rose, and the half-uttered suggestions of fear and human policy were hushed into deep stillness as he spoke. He spoke of the glorious example, of the light affliction, and of the eternal reward of martyrs for the faith. He spoke as dying fathers speak to their children, of peace, and hope, and of consolation. But he spoke also as inspired prophets spake of yore to the kings of Israel, denouncing the swift vengeance of Heaven against his oppressor. The enraptured audience exclaimed that they had heard the voice of an angel, not of a man. Gregory dismissed the assembly, and calmly prepared for whatever extremity of distress might await him.

It did not linger. In the spring of 1084 the garrison was overpowered, the gates were thrown open to the besiegers, and Gregory sought a precarious refuge in the Castle of St. Angelo. He left the great Church of the Lateran as a theatre for the triumph of his antagonist and his rival. Seated on the Apostolic throne, Guibert, the anti-pope of Brixen, was consecrated there by the title of Clement III., and then, as the successor of Peter, he placed the crown of Germany and of Italy on the brows of Henry and Bertha, as they knelt before him.

And now Henry had, or seemed to have, in his grasp the author of the shame of Canossa, of the anathemas of the

Lateran, and of the civil wars and rebellions of the empire. The base populace of Rome were already anticipating with sanguinary joy the humiliation, perhaps the death, of the noblest spirit who had reigned there since the slaughter of Julius. The approaching catastrophe, whatever might be its form, Gregory was prepared to meet with a serene confidence in God, and a haughty defiance of man. A few hours more, and the Castle of St. Angelo must have yielded to famine or to assault; when the aged Pope, in the very agony of his fate, gathered the reward of the policy with which he had cemented the alliance between the Papacy and the Norman conquerors of the South and of Italy. Robert Guiscard, returning from Constantinople, flew to the rescue of his suzerain.

Scouts announced to Henry the approach of a Norman host, in which the Norman battle-axe and the cross were strangely united with the Saracenic cimeter and the crescent. A precipitate retreat scarcely rescued his enfeebled troops from the impending danger. He abandoned his prey in a fever of disappointment. Unable to slake his thirst for vengeance, he might perhaps allay it by surprising the Great Countess, and overwhelming her forces, still in arms in the Modenese. But he was himself surprised in the attempt by her superior skill and vigilance. Shouts for St. Peter and Matilda roused the retreating Imperialists by night, near the castle of Sorbaria. They retired across the Alps with such a loss of men, of officers, and of treasure, as disabled them from any further enterprises.—SIR J. STEPHEN.



GREGORY VII.



AT the beginning of the eleventh century, in the general low condition of society, the Church was not free from the prevalent spirit of ignorance, sensuality and avarice : it was, in fact, deeply tainted with the rot of corrupt worldliness. And this degeneracy showed itself most markedly in three principal evils : simony, lay investitures, and incontinence. Bishoprics and other ecclesiastical offices were openly bought and sold. The appointment to such offices lay quite in the hands of kings and princes, even the Pope being in a great measure thus subject to the power of noble laymen.

In the midst of this general and extreme laxity in the government of the Church there came forward one who, called the "immovable pillar of the Holy See" by Peter Damian, became the leading figure in the contest which ensued between spiritual and temporal authority, resulting in the triumph of the former. And more than that, his principles have survived him, leaving the papacy still potent on earth in spite of all adverse agencies.

Hildebrand was born about 1020, at Soano or Saono, a small town of Tuscany, as the son of a carpenter. His name is suggestive of German extraction, but of his ancestry prac-

tically nothing is recorded. His youth was passed in the monastery of St. Mary on the Aventine, in Rome, whence, it appears, he went to pass some years at the great Burgundian cloister of Cluny, then under the charge of Odillon. Here was completed his education, and the asceticism, devotion and self-sacrifice which he there learned to practice, had a formative influence in the life of the young monk, who thus acquired habits of austerity which characterized him ever after. "Small, delicate, and unimposing in appearance," says an American writer, "his wonderful eye often terrified the beholder."

From the first, Hildebrand comprehended wherein lay the only salvation of the Church. Perhaps his motives were at least mixed; the extremists on both sides of the question have characterized him variously as saint and as tyrant, but he was undoubtedly, as Von Sybel says, "one of the most remarkable men of any age," and many will endorse Montalembert when he calls Hildebrand "greatest of monks and greatest of popes," or conservative John Lord's characterization, "Hildebrand, the greatest hero of the Roman Church," famous "for the grandeur of his character, the heroism of his struggles, and the posthumous influence of his deeds." Milman, too, considered him one to be contemplated, notwithstanding some great drawbacks, as a benefactor of mankind.

Hildebrand was essentially a diplomatist, a statesman, and man of decisive action; such qualifications made him specially fitted for the important and responsible missions with which he was early entrusted. It appears that he more than once visited the imperial court for the transaction of business, and in 1046, on his return from such a visit to the court of Henry III, he became chaplain of Pope Gregory VI, on whose death he returned again to Cluny.

His activity as a reformer of the evils which were undermining the power of the church began early. Perhaps his first notable blow at the ascendancy of the lay authority over that of the papacy was to induce Bruno, Bishop of Toul, when appointed pope (as Leo IX) by the emperor of Germany, to lay aside his pontifical vestments and refuse to enter upon his office until regularly elected in Rome. Moreover, this

young man continued to exercise a notable influence over Leo IX, as he did also over the popes who followed him,—Victor II, Stephen IX, Nicholas II (by whose election, in 1055, the intruder Benedict X was ousted), and Alexander II. During their short pontificates, he inspired their government and prepared the way for a full development of his principles, of those temporal claims of the mediæval papacy of which he is the historical representative.

Thus was Hildebrand long content to be the virtual ruler, though occupying a subordinate position, while continuing to fill missions of great importance and to play a prominent part in the councils of the church. Among others, he attended the important council at Tours, in which the case of Berengar was judged. On the death of Leo IX in 1054 it was desired that Hildebrand should succeed him ; he declined the honor, but was a controlling element in the negotiations ensuing with the emperor in regard to the choice of a successor. Gebhard of Eichstadt was elected as Victor II (1055), and though a relative of the emperor, and hitherto decidedly anti-papal, he now came as much under the influence of Hildebrand as his predecessor had been. Hildebrand also labored successfully for the election of the following popes, and finally, in 1073, on the death of Alexander II, was himself unanimously chosen at Rome, much against his will, to fill the vacant chair. He decided, however, to await the sanction of the German emperor, Henry IV, which was granted despite the opposition of the German bishops.

As pope Gregory VII, Hildebrand now strove all the more earnestly to carry into effect the two principal ideas by which he was actuated: "the establishment of the supremacy of the papacy within the church, and the effective assertion of the supremacy of the church over the state." Against the secularized condition of the church his first vigorous measures were directed ; a synod held at Rome in March, 1074, condemned the simony then prevalent, and also ordered the enforcement of the old strict laws of celibacy. The decrees of this synod were confirmed at a second one held at Rome in February, 1075, which also passed the first acts against lay investitures. In the same year, a revolt was organized in

Rome by Cencius, who seized Gregory while he was celebrating mass in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, but was soon compelled by the populace to release him. If Gregory's decrees branding the married priests had already aroused the resentment of the latter, his uncompromising warfare on lay investitures was sure to encounter the violent opposition of the nobility, especially in Germany, for it meant to them the loss of a lucrative source of profit in the sale of clerical offices.

In 1075, Henry IV was cited to appear at Rome and answer for his conduct; the emperor's reply was to have Gregory deposed by a diet held at Worms, January 24th. But the pope now used his most powerful weapon in defence; the anathema of Rome, dreaded excommunication, was hurled against Henry, whose subjects were thereby absolved from their oath of allegiance. The effect was overwhelming; the powerful emperor found himself abandoned, and had to seek the forgiveness of his enemy in abject submission. In midwinter he crossed the Alps, almost alone, and in January, 1077, after a miserable and perilous journey, reached Canossa, whither the Pope had retired. Here Henry IV clad in the garb of a pilgrim, stood bareheaded and barefooted in the snow for three days before the Castle of Canossa, (the stronghold of Gregory's friend, the Count Matilda), a suppliant for absolution. But the relentless old pontiff granted it only on the merciful interference of the Countess Matilda, that remarkable woman who labored and lived for Gregory, to whom she offered an untiring and unflagging devotion.

Hardly was the interview between these two remarkable men over, however, when Henry recovered from his weakness and plotted vengeance for the humiliation he had endured. But what was done could not be undone: the success which the Emperor's arms now secured could not weaken the immense moral victory attained by the wily pontiff. The supremacy of the church over the state had been successfully asserted. The excommunication against the emperor was renewed in November, 1078, and Rudolph of Suabia was elected in his stead. A terrible war ensued in Germany. Rudolph died in 1080, and in the same year the emperor, with

a powerful army, escorted Guibert, archbishop of Ravenna, who had been chosen Gregory's successsor, into Italy. Siege was laid to the Holy City, which made a bold defence, and held out for three years. When the city fell, Gregory retreated to the Castle of St. Angelo, and Henry had Guibert consecrated as Clement III. But now came help for Gregory: Robert Guiscard, the Norman, at the head of a powerful force, made himself master of Rome and reinstated the Pope. The army sacked the city, however, and Gregory withdrew to Salerno, where he died May 25, 1085, after having once more pronounced excommunication against Henry and the antipope Clement III.

His last words are said to have been: "I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity, and therefore I die in exile." But he had left a legacy to his successors—the idea of the supremacy of the Church of Rome—which formed the bulwark of a power that endured despite all adverse conditions. "Its full development," says Eugene Lawrence, "is chiefly to be traced in the character of Innocent III. Of all the Bishops of Rome, Innocent approached nearest to the completion of Gregory's grand idea. He was the true Universal Bishop, . . . the incarnation of spiritual despotism and pride."

Gregory's great and lasting services to the church have been graphically described by Sir James Stephen, who said:

"He found the papacy dependent on the Emperor, he sustained it by alliances almost commensurate with the Italian peninsula. He found the papacy electoral by the Roman people and clergy; he left it electoral by papal nomination. He found the emperor the virtual patron of the Roman See; he wrested that power from his hands. He found the secular clergy the allies and dependents of the secular power; he converted them into inalienable auxiliaries of his own. He found the patronage of the Church the desecrated spoil and merchandise of princes; he reduced it to his own dominion. He is celebrated as the reformer of the impure and profane abuses of his age; he is more justly entitled to the praise of having left the impress of his own gigantic character on all the ages which have succeeded him."

TRIBUR AND CANOSSA.

(NOTE.—Some expressions in this Extract have been modified.)

In the autumn of 1076 there appeared from Rome a rescript which, in the event of Henry's continued resistance to the sentence of the last papal council, required the German princes and prelates, counts and barons, to elect a new emperor, and assured them of the Apostolic confirmation of any choice which should be worthily made. These were no idle words. The death-struggle could no longer be postponed. Legates arrived from Rome to guide the proceedings of the diet to be convened for this momentous deliberation. It met during the autumn at Tribur.

The annals of mankind scarcely record so solemn or so dispassionate an act of national justice. Some princely banner waved over every adjacent height, and groups of unarmed soldiers might be traced along the furthest windings of the neighboring Rhine, joining in the pleasant toils, and swelling the gay carols, of the mature vintage. In the centre, and under the defence of that vast encampment, rose a pavilion, within which were collected all whose dignity entitled them to a voice in that high debate. Stationed on the opposite bank of the river, Henry received quick intelligence of the progress and tendency of the discussion. The prospect darkened hourly. Soldiers had already been dispatched to secure him, and his person was in danger of unknightly indignities, which might for ever have estranged the reverence borne to him by the ruder multitude, when he attempted to avert the impending sentence of deposition by an offer to abdicate all the powers of government to his greater feudatories, stipulating for himself only that he should retain his imperial title as the nominal head of the Teutonic empire.

For seven successive days speech answered speech on this proposal; and when men could neither speak nor listen more, the project of a nominal reign, shorn of all substantial authority, was adopted by the diet, but (in modern phrase) with amendments obviously imposed by the representatives of the sacerdotal power. The Pope was to be invited to hold

a diet at Augsburg, in the ensuing spring. He was, meanwhile, to decide whether Henry should be restored to the bosom of the Church. If so restored, he was at once to resume all his imperial rights. But if the sun should go down on him still an excommunicate person on the 23d of February, 1077, his crown was to be transferred to another. Till then he was to dwell at Spires, with the title of emperor, but without a court, an army, or a place of public worship.

The theocratic theory, hitherto regarded as a mere Utopian extravagance, had thus passed into a practical and sacred reality. The fisherman of Galilee had triumphed over the conqueror of Pharsalia. The vassal of Otho had reduced Otho's successor to vassalage. The universal monarchy which heathen Rome had wrung from a bleeding world had been extorted by Christian Rome from the superstition or the reverence of mankind.

Henry had scarcely completed his twenty-sixth year. Degraded, if not finally deposed, hated and reviled, abandoned by man and compelled by conscience to anticipate his abandonment by God, he yet, in the depths of his misery, retained the remembrance and the hope of dominion. The future was still bright with the anticipations of youth. He might yet retrieve his reputation, resume the blessings he had squandered, and take a signal vengeance on his great antagonist. And, amidst the otherwise universal desertion, there remained one faithful bosom on which to repose his own aching heart. Bertha, his wife, who had retained her purity unsullied amidst the license of his court, now retained her fidelity unshaken amidst the falsehood of his adherents. Her wrongs had been such as to render a deep resentment nothing less than a duty. Her happiness and her honor had been basely assailed by the selfish profligate to whom the most solemn vows had in vain united her. But to her those vows were a bond stronger than death, and indissoluble by all the confederate powers of earth and hell.

In her society, though an exile from every other, Henry wore away two months at Spires in a fruitless solicitation to the Pope to receive him in Italy as a penitent suitor for recon-

cilement with the Church. December had now arrived, and in less than ten weeks would be fulfilled the term when, if still excommunicate, he must, according to the sentence of Tribur, finally resign, not the prerogatives alone, but with them the title and rank of head of the empire. No sacrifices seemed too great to avert this danger; and history tells of none more singular than those to which the heir of the Franconian dynasty was constrained to submit. In the garb of a pilgrim, and in a season so severe as during more than four months to have converted the Rhine into a solid mass or ice, Henry and his faithful Bertha, carrying in her arms theif infant child, undertook to cross the Alps, with no escort but such menial servants as it was yet in his power to hire for that desperate enterprise. Among the courtiers who had so lately thronged his palace, not one would become the companion of his toil and dangers Among the neighboring princes who had so lately solicited his alliance, not one would grant him the poor boon of a safe conduct and a free passage through their states. Even his wife's mother exacted from him large territorial cessions, as the price of allowing him and her own daughter to scale one of the Alpine passes, apparently that of the Great St. Bernard. Day by day peasants cut out an upward path through the long windings of the mountain. In the descent from the highest summit, when thus at length gained, Henry had to encounter fatigues and dangers from which the chamois hunter would have turned aside. Vast trackless wastes of snow were traversed, sometimes by mere crawling, at other times by the aid of rope-ladders or still ruder contrivances, and not seldom by a sheer plunge along the inclined steep; the Empress and her child being enveloped on those occasions in the raw skins of beasts slaughtered on the march.

The transition from these dangers to security, from the pine forests, glaciers, and precipices of the Alps to the sunny plains of Italy, was not so grateful to the wearied travelers as the change from the gloom of Spires to the rapturous greetings which hailed their advance along the course of the Po. A splendid court, a numerous army, and an exulting populace, once more attested the majesty of the

emperor; nor was the welcome of his Italian subjects destitute of a deeper significance than usually belongs to the pæans of the worshipers of kings. They dreamed of the haughty Pontiff humbled, of the See of Ambrose exalted to civil and ecclesiastical supremacy, and of the German yoke lifted from their necks. Doomed as were these soaring hopes to an early disappointment, the enthusiasm of Henry's partisans justified those more sober expectations which had prompted his perilous journey across the Alps. He could now prosecute his suit to the Pope with the countenance and in the vicinity of those zealous adherents, and at a secure distance from the enemies toward whom Hildebrand was already advancing, to hold the contemplated Diet of Augsburg.

In the personal command of a military escort, Matilda attended the papal progress, and was even pointing out to her guards their line of march through the snowy peaks which closed in her northern horizon, when tidings of the rapid march of the emperor at the head of a formidable force induced her to retreat to the fortress at Canossa. There, in the bosom of the Apennines, her sacred charge would be secure from any sudden assault; nor had she anything to dread from the regular leaguer of such powers as could, in that age, have been brought to the siege of it. Canossa was the cradle and the original seat of her ancient race. It was also the favorite residence of the Great Countess, and when Gregory found shelter within her halls, they were crowded with guests of the highest eminence in social and in literary rank. Thither came a long line of mitred penitents from Germany, whom the severe Hildebrand consigned on their arrival to solitary cells, with bread and water for their fare; and there also appeared the German emperor himself, not the leader of the rumored host of Lombard invaders, but surrounded by a small and unarmed retinue—mean in their apparel, and contrite in outward aspect, a humble suppliant for pardon and acceptance to the communion of the faithful. He well knew that to break the alliance of patriotism, cupidity and superstition, which had degraded him at Tribur, it was necessary to rescue himself from the anathema which he had but too justly incurred, and that his crown must be

redeemed, not by force, but by submission to his formidable antagonist.

It was towards the end of January. The earth was covered with snow, and the mountain streams were arrested by the keen frost of the Apennines, when, clad in a thin penitential garment of white linen, and bare of foot, Henry, the descendant of so many kings, and the ruler of so many nations, ascended slowly and alone the rocky path which led to the outer gate of the fortress of Canossa. With strange emotions of pity, of wonder, and of scorn, the assembled crowd gazed on his majestic form and noble features, as, passing through the first and the second gateway, he stood in the posture of humiliation before the third, which remained inexorably closed against his further progress. The rising sun found him there fasting; and there the setting sun left him, stiff with cold, faint with hunger, and devoured by ill-suppressed resentment. A second day dawned, and wore tardily away, and closed, in a continuance of the same indignities. A third day came, and, still irreverently trampling on the hereditary lord of the fairer half of the civilized world, Hildebrand once more compelled him to prolong till nightfall this dreadful penance.

It was the fourth day on which Henry had borne the humiliating garb of an affected penitent, and in that sordid raiment he drew near on his bare feet to the more than imperial majesty of the Church, and prostrated himself, in more than servile deference, before the diminutive and emaciated old man, "from the terrible glance of whose countenance," we are told, "the eye of every beholder recoiled as from the lightning." Hunger, cold, nakedness, and shame had, for the moment, crushed the gallant spirit of the sufferer. He wept and cried for mercy, again and again renewing his entreaties, until he had reached the lowest level of abasement to which his own enfeebled heart, or the haughtiness of his great antagonist, could depress him. Then, and not till then, did the Pope condescend to revoke the anathema of the Vatican.

The price of pardon was a promise to submit himself to the future judgment of the Apostolic See; to resign his crown

if that judgment should be unfavorable to him; to abstain meanwhile from the enjoyment of any of his royal prerogatives or revenues; to acknowledge that his subjects had been lawfully released from their allegiance; to banish his former friends and advisers; to govern his states, should he regain them, in obedience to the papal counsels; to enforce all papal decrees; and never to revenge his present humiliation. To the observance of the terms thus dictated by the conqueror the oaths of Henry himself, and of several prelates and princes as his sponsors, were pledged; and then, in the name of Him who had declared that His kingdom was not of this world, the solemn words of pontifical absolution rescued the degraded emperor from the forfeit to which he had been conditionally sentenced by the confederates at Tribur.

Another expiation was yet to be made to the injured majesty of the tiara. Holding in his hand the seeming bread, which (as he believed) words of far more than miraculous power had just transmuted into the very Body which died and was entombed at Calvary, "Behold!" exclaimed the Pontiff, fixing his keen and flashing eye on the jaded countenance of the unhappy monarch, "behold the Body of the Lord! Be it this day the witness of my innocence. May the Almighty God now free me from the suspicion of the guilt of which I have been accused by thee and thine, if I be really innocent! May He this very day smite me with a sudden death, if I be really guilty!" Amidst the acclamations of the bystanders, he then looked up to heaven, and broke and ate the consecrated element. "And now," he exclaimed, turning once more on the awe-stricken Henry that eye which neither age could dim nor pity soften, "if thou art conscious of thine innocence, and assured that the charges brought against thee by thine own opponents are false and calumnious, free the Church of God from scandal, and thyself from suspicion, and take as an appeal to Heaven this Body of the Lord!"

That, in open contradiction to his own recent prayers and penances, the penitent should have accepted this awful challenge, was obviously impossible. He trembled, and evaded it. At length, when his wounded spirit and half-

lifeless frame could endure no more, a banquet was served, where, suppressing the agonies of shame and rage with which his bosom was to heave from that moment to his last, he closed this scene of wretchedness by accepting the hospitalities, sharing in the familiar discourse, and submitting to the benedictions of the man who had in his person given proofs, till then unimagined, of the depths of ignominy to which the Temporal Chief of Christendom might be depressed by the powers of her Ecclesiastical Head.

The Lombard lords, who had hailed the arrival of their sovereign in Italy, had gradually overtaken his rapid advance to Canossa. There, marshalled in the adjacent valleys, they anxiously awaited, from day to day, intelligence of what might be passing within the fortress, when at length the gates were thrown open, and, attended only by the usual episcopal retinue, a bishop was seen to descend from the steep path which led to their encampment. He announced that Henry had committed himself to the present discipline and to the future guidance of the Pope, and had received his ghostly absolution; and that on the same terms, his Holiness was ready to bestow the same grace on his less guilty followers. As the tidings of this papal victory flew from rank to rank, the mountains echoed with one protracted shout of indignation and defiance. The Lombards spurned the pardon of Hildebrand.

In the midst of this military tumult the gates of Canossa were again thrown open, and Henry himself was seen descending to the camp, his noble figure bowed down and his lordly countenance overcast with unwonted emotions. As he passed along the Lombard lines, every eye expressed contempt, and derision was on every tongue. But the Italian was not the German spirit. They could at once despise and obey. Following the standard of their degraded monarch, they conducted him to Reggio, where, in a conclave of ecclesiastics, he instantly proceeded to concert schemes for their deliverance and for his own revenge.—SIR J. STEPHEN.

St. Gregory, Monk and Pope.

In the eyes of the men of the Middle Ages, the two powers, though distinct in their object, their limits, and, above all, in their exercise, had one origin and one sanction—the Divine institution. The Church and society formed but one and the same body, governed by two different forces, of which one was, by its nature, essentially inferior to the other.

It is thus that the subordination of all Christians, not excepting crowned heads, to the pontifical authority, led, in certain extreme cases, to the subordination of the Crown itself. Nobody, indeed, being able to deny to the Church the right of directing consciences in temporal matters, of determining the nature of sin, of defining the limits of good and evil, it was concluded that to her should belong the right of settling those questions of conscience which were connected with the government of society. To provoke the Church, as did in succession nearly all the nations of Christendom—to exercise the functions of arbitrator between subjects and kings—and to employ against the crimes or abuses of sovereignty that penal system which entered into every medieval constitution,—was to extend the authority of that Church beyond the bounds indispensable to its existence, but was not, as has been said, to bridge a gulf: it was believed then that the pastoral authority to which the right had been given, according to the apostle, to judge angels, to bind and loose in heaven, must have the right to judge, as a last resort, in terrestrial causes; and no one was surprised to find that the Church, which had received from God full power to procure the salvation of souls, should also have that of saving society and repressing the excesses of those by whom it was disturbed. . . .

Before taking action against King Henry with that rigor which was justified by the law of the Church, and called for by the complaints of the oppressed Saxons, Gregory cited Henry, as Alexander II. had already done, to appear at Rome to defend himself. Henry, misled by a fatal pride, and feeling himself sure of the majority of an episcopate corrupted by

simony, replied to this summons by a crime unheard of in the records of Christendom,—by deposing, in a council of twenty-six bishops, the Pope, the father and judge of all Christendom, against whom not a shadow of canonical reproach existed.

The deposition of Henry IV. by Gregory has been the subject of unceasing discussion; but few remember that Henry himself began by deposing Gregory in the Assembly at Worms—a ludicrous sentence, equally without pretext and without antecedent, which was notified to him in language which no one had ever before addressed to the Vicar of Christ. Here are some fragments of this strange document:

"To Hildebrand, no longer a Pope, but a false monk—I, Henry, King by the merciful ordination of God, deprive thee of the right of being Pope, which thou seemest to possess, and command thee to descend from the See of that city, the pontificate of which belongs to me by the grace of God and the oath of the Romans, for thou art condemned by the anathema and judgment of all our bishops, and by ours; come down, therefore, and abandon the Apostolic See, which we take from thee. Let another ascend the throne of Peter, and teach true doctrine. I, Henry, King by the grace of God, with all our bishops—I say to thee, Come down! come down!"

It was only in answer to this odious and unheard-of act that Gregory, yielding to the unanimous exhortations of a hundred and ten bishops, assembled in council at Rome, and in presence of the Empress Agnes, Henry's own mother, gave the first sentence of excommunication against the Emperor, freed his subjects from their oaths of fidelity, and took from him the government of Germany and Italy. Even this sentence was only to be definitive if the prince should refuse to seek absolution before the expiration of the year. When the German princes assembled at Tribur, to proceed on their side to the deposition of Henry, Gregory again interceded with them to calm their exasperation against the tyrant, whose heart he hoped might be touched by repentance. "As it is neither pride nor greed," he wrote to them, "which has moved us against Henry IV., but zeal for the discipline of the Church, we implore you in our Lord Jesus, and as our beloved

brethren, to receive him with kindness, if, with all his heart, he turn from his evil ways. Display towards him, not only that justice which might cut short his reign, but also that mercy which covers many sins. Remember the frailty of man, which is common to us all; do not forget the noble and pious memory of his father and mother; pour the oil of pity on his wounds."

Elsewhere, giving an account of his conduct to the princes and people of Germany, he says: "If the king would accept our decrees, and reform his life, we take God to witness the joy which his salvation and his glory would inspire in us, and the good-will with which we should open to him the doors of Holy Church as to one who, appointed prince of the people and master of the fairest of kingdoms, ought to be the defender of justice and of the peace of Catholics. . . . If, by the inspiration of God, he will repent, whatever may have been his attempts against us, he shall find us always ready to receive him into the holy communion."

After the absolution of Canossa, Gregory adopted the line of conduct best fitted to recall Henry permanently to the path of order and justice. While he acknowledged the insurgent nations as sharers in his perils, and allies in the struggle of right against wrong, he did not approve the precipitate election of Rudolph of Suabia to the throne of which Henry IV. had been declared by the princes to be unworthy; and, although, at the Diet of Forchheim, where the election was made, the independence of the Church and the freedom of episcopal elections had been formally granted, he preserved for three years a strict neutrality between the two kings. "We have not pledged ourselves," he wrote to the Germans, "either to one or other of the kings, to lend them an unjust support; for we would rather die, if need were, than suffer ourselves be drawn by our own inclination to do what would trouble the Church of God. We are well aware that we are ordained and placed in the Apostolic See, not to seek there our own profit, but that of Jesus Christ, and to pursue our way through a thousand labors, following the footsteps of our fathers, to the eternal rest of the future."

This extreme moderation offended the Saxons and all those

who had shaken off Henry's yoke. Not understanding the motives which led the Pope to hope, in spite of all, that Henry's conduct would be affected by the absolution of Canossa, they suspected the Pontiff of a base connivance with their tyrant, and wrote to him the most indignant appeals, complaining that he had abandoned them, and was temporizing with the common enemy at the price of their blood, and imploring him, in the name of Christ, to recall his courage, and to strike the wolves which devoured the flock of believers. . . .

As for Gregory, nothing shook the calm and moderation of his soul; to the remonstrances and injurious suspicions of the partisans of the Church of Germany, he replied: "Do not doubt me, my dearest brothers; do not think that I shall ever, knowingly, favor the party which is in the wrong; I would rather die for your salvation than gain all the glory of the world by your destruction. If, by false letters or false reports, you are told to the contrary, do not believe it. I fear God, and every day I suffer for love of Him; but I have little fear of the pride or seductions of the world, awaiting with certainty the consolations of that God whose mercy exceeds our hopes and our merits." And in another place: "I hear that some of you distrust me, and accuse me of worldly inconstancy in the midst of my dangers. . . . The Italians, on the other hand, reproach me with too great sternness towards Henry. For me, my conscience tells me that I have always acted towards the one party and towards the other according to justice and equity. Be certain that, through the guidance of God, no man, either by love or fear, or any other human passion, has ever been able, or will ever be able, to turn me from the straight path of justice."

But when the time for patience was over, the measure of Henry's crimes full, and his bad faith indisputably proved; when it was seen that the King had swept away—to use the words of a contemporary—like spiders' webs, all the conditions which the forbearance of the Pontiff had imposed upon him at Canossa,—with what vigor and majesty did Gregory, launching against Henry his second and final sentence, proclaim Rudolph as King! Let us recall here, that all lovers

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of courage and justice may profit by them, the Pontiff's immortal words: "Blessed Peter, prince of the Apostles, and thou, Paul, teacher of nations, deign, I implore you, to bend your ears to me, and hear me in your clemency; you who are the disciples and lovers of the truth, help me to make known this truth, and to dissipate that error which you hate, so that my brethren may understand me better, and may know that it is owing to your support, after that of the Lord and of His mother Mary, always a virgin, that I resist the wicked, and am able to bring you help in all your calamities." Then, after having given an account of his whole life, his struggles, the first repentance of Henry, followed by new crimes, he ends thus: "For these reasons, trusting in the justice and mercy of God, and of His most pious mother Mary, always a virgin, and armed with your authority, I excommunicate the before-named Henry, called king; I bind him with the bonds of anathema; in the name of Almighty God, and in your names, I deprive him once more of the kingdoms of Germany and Italy; I take from him all power and all royal dignity; I forbid all Christians to obey him as king, and I release from their oath all who have sworn, or who shall in future swear, fidelity to him as his subjects. . . . Let, then, the kings and all the princes of this age learn what you are, and how great is your power, and let them fear to despise the commands of your Church; exercise your justice against King Henry so promptly that all may see that his fall comes not by chance, but by your power. . . . And may it please God that his confusion lead him to penitence, so that his soul may be saved in the day of the Lord!"

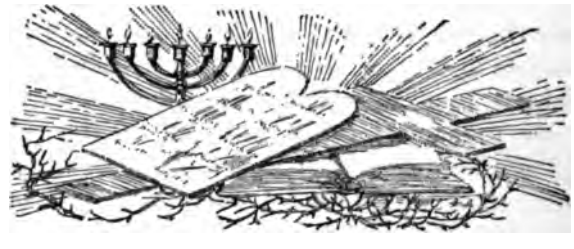
No human consideration dictated to Gregory this final judgment; for the affairs of his partisans in Germany were then in an almost desperate condition; and soon afterwards Rudolph, that King of blessed memory, died, like another Maccabeus, in the arms of victory, saying, "Living or dying, I accept gladly what God wills."

After this catastrophe, events followed each other fast. Guibert, Archbishop of Ravenna, was elected Pope by the imperialist prelates of Germany and Lombardy. Henry IV., victorious, then passed into Italy, where the Countess Ma-

tilda alone dared to resist him. Gregory was three times besieged in Rome, shut up in the Castle of St. Angelo, betrayed by the cowardice and avarice of the Romans; his annual councils were deserted by most of the bishops; and the Anti-pope and Henry crowned each other in St. Peter's. But it was when Gregory had reached the depths of adversity, in the midst of this desertion and danger, that the nobleness and purity of his soul assumed a character still more sublime; it was then that he appeared even greater than when, at Canossa, the son of emperors was seen kneeling humbly at his feet. In vain Henry, victor and Master of Rome, offered peace to the Pontiff, on the sole condition of being crowned by him; Gregory, without soldiers, without treasure, reduced to the Castle of St. Angelo as his last refuge, demanded in his turn from the king, as an imperative condition, that repentance which the pride of the schismatics refused. Not a shadow of fear or of regret now interferes to obscure the brightness of that noble mind; we find no longer any trace of that hesitation or want of decision for which he had been so much blamed, and which had been inspired by generosity, at a time when his enemy was subdued and despoiled! From the moment when that enemy triumphed, a calm and indomitable firmness animated all the Pontiff's words and actions; in the midst of a prolonged and terrible crisis, he continued, as before, his correspondence with the princes and bishops of all Christian countries; he watched over all the interests of the universal Church, and only spoke of himself to promise the faithful that he would not betray their cause or that of Christ. "We know," he wrote, "that our brethren are wearied by the length of the struggle; but there is nothing nobler than to fight long for the liberty of Holy Church. Let others submit to a miserable and diabolical serfdom; let others seek to subject the unfortunate to the rule of the demon; Christians are called upon to deliver from this rule the unfortunates who are placed under it." And in another place: "Up to this time few of us have resisted the wicked to the shedding of blood, and very few have died for Christ. Think, my beloved, think how many every day expose their lives for profane masters for the sake of vile wages. But we,

what sufferings do we encounter, what work are we doing for the Supreme King, who promises us eternal glory? What shame and what mockery would be yours, if, while these men face death for a miserable reward, you are seen flying from that persecution which would purchase for you the treasure of celestial blessedness! . . . Keep, then, your eyes always fixed upon the banner of your Leader, who is the eternal King; and to overcome the old enemy, learn not only how to brave persecution and death, but even to seek them for the love of God and the defence of your religion."

Never losing sight of the purely spiritual character of the contest which exposed him to such dangers, and regarding the winning of souls as the highest victory, Gregory at once exhorted the faithful to immovable firmness in resistance, and recommended to them an active care for the salvation of their adversaries. "We all wish with one accord," he said, "that God may be glorified in us, and that He may deign to admit us, with our brethren, even with those who persecute us, to eternal life. . . . Multiply, therefore, your alms and your prayers; and seek by all possible means to prevail with your Redeemer that your enemies, whom, by His precept, you are bound to love, may return to the standard of Holy Church, that bride for whom He deigned to die; for, again I say it, we seek the destruction of no man, but the salvation of all in Christ."—COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT.



URBAN II.

GREGORY VII. on his death-bed, named four monks as his possible successors on the pontifical throne: Didier, Abbot of Monte Cassino; Hugh, Abbot of Cluny; Odo, Cardinal-Bishop of Ostia; and Anselm, Bishop of Lucca. Didier was elected, much against his will, under the name of Victor III., but soon died; whereupon, in March, 1088, Odo became Pope under the name of Urban II.

This monk, Odo, was born as the son of the Seigneur of Lagery (near Chatillon-sur-Marne). After having been under the instruction of St. Bruno at Rheims, he entered the Benedictine cloister at Cluny, and thence was summoned (1078) to the court of Gregory VII. by whom he was made Cardinal-Bishop of Ostia. On his election as Pope, Urban, always a prominent supporter of Hildebrandism, at once continued the policy of his great predecessor, Gregory, with the same energy and with more craftiness and diplomacy. But his power was at first much weakened by the formidable influence of the Anti-pope Guibert (Clement III.) and his powerful protector, Henry IV. Emperor of Germany (by whom Urban had been made a prisoner, when legate to Germany, in 1084).

The temporary ascendancy of the Anti-pope forced Urban to leave Rome for some time; but the tide soon began to turn in his favor. Much of this success was the result of policy: the famous Countess Matilda of Tuscany, a strong and devoted supporter of Urban, as of Gregory before him, married Guelph of Bavaria, who carried on a war against Henry IV.;

the Pope renewed his predecessor's declarations against simony, clerical marriages, and the acceptance, by priests, of ecclesiastical offices from laymen. Prince Conrad, son of the Emperor, was aided in his rebellion against his father. Finally, the Empress Adelaide (or Praxedis) roused indignation by her charge against Henry IV. her husband, of most disgraceful and outrageous conduct. The Empress repeated her denunciations before the great General Council convoked by the Pope at Placentia in 1095, and her husband was laid anew under the ban of excommunication, which had also been launched against King Philip I. of France, for bigamy. A noteworthy occurrence at this meeting was the appearance of envoys from the Byzantine Emperor Alexios Comnenos, come to plead for aid against the Moslems menacing Constantinople. The assembled multitude (about 4,000 ecclesiastics and some 30,000 laymen) were deeply moved by the reports of these ambassadors, and when the Council of Clermont met, in November of the same year, the time was ripe for the inauguration of the Crusades.

The hermit-monk, Peter of Amiens, full of burning zeal at recollection of the odious oppression of the Christians in the Holy City by the infidels, had fanned the smouldering feeling of the people into a high flame of fervent enthusiasm. And now Urban, at Clermont, in France, set the seal of papal authority and sanction upon this desire to free the Holy City from the hands of the Mohammedans. In graphic language he described the tyranny and sacrileges of the Turks, exhorting his hearers to deliver the Holy Land from the yoke of Islam, and thus make atonement for their own sins.

"They who die," said he, "will enter the mansions of heaven, while the living shall behold the sepulchre of their Lord. Blessed are they who, taking this vow upon them, shall inherit such a recompense: happy are they who are led to such a conflict, that they may share in such rewards." The multitude, thus encouraged in their own enthusiasm, broke in with the passionate cry "God wills it!" "Let those words be your war-cry," replied the Pope, adding: "You are soldiers of the cross: then wear the blood-red sign of Him who died for the salvation of your souls. Wear it as a token

that His help will never fail you; wear it as the pledge of a vow which can never be recalled." Thus was inaugurated that great movement which several predecessors of Urban—notably Gregory VII.—had desired, but for which they had not yet found the time propitious, and which they had therefore not been able to organize.

In the remaining years of Urban's pontificate, Henry IV. was finally driven out of Italy. Another event of importance was the holding of a council at Bari in 1098, attended by many Greek bishops.

Urban's connection with the Crusade must be regarded as the most important episode in his pontificate; it marks an epoch in the history of Latin Christianity, resulting in the strengthening of the papal power. Urban died when not yet sixty years of age, on the 29th of July, 1099, fourteen days after the capture of Jerusalem, but, of course, before the news of that great victory had reached Italy.

The Council of Clermont.

By the eloquent soul-stirring preaching of Peter the Hermit, Western Christendom, particularly France, was prepared for the outburst of militant religion. Nothing was wanting but a plan, leaders, and organization. Such was the state of things when Pope Urban presented himself to the Council of Clermont, in Auvergne.

Where all the motives which stir the mind and heart, the most impulsive passion and the profoundest policy, conspire together, it is impossible to discover which has the dominant influence in guiding to a certain course of action. Urban, no doubt, with his strong religiousness of character, was not superior to the enthusiasm of his times; to him the Crusade was the cause of God. This is manifest from the earnest simplicity of his memorable speech in the council. No one not fully possessed by the frenzy could have communicated it. At the same time, no event could be more favorable or more opportune for the advancement of the acknowledged supremacy over Latin Christendom, or for the elevation of Urban himself over the rival Pope and the temporal sovereigns, his enemies . . . . The author of the Crusades was too holy a per-

son, too manifest a vicegerent of Christ Himself, for men either to question his title or circumscribe his authority.

Never, perhaps, did a single speech of man work such extraordinary and lasting results as that of Urban II. at the Council of Clermont. He dwelt on the sanctity, on the wonders of the land of promise; the land chosen of God, to whom all the earth belonged as His own inheritance; the land of which the history has been recorded both in the Old and New Testament; of this land the foul infidels were now the lords: of the Holy City itself, hallowed by the life and death of the Saviour. Whose soul melted not within? Whose bowels were not stirred with shame and sorrow? The Holy Temple has become not only a den of thieves, but the dwelling-place of devils. The churches, even that of the Holy Sepulchre itself, had become stalls for cattle, and Christian men were massacred . . . within the holy precincts. The heavenly fire had ceased to descend; the Lord would not visit His defiled sanctuary. While Christians were shedding Christian blood, they were sinfully abandoning this sacred field for their valor, and yielding up their brethren in Christ to the yoke, to the sword of the Unbeliever; they were warring on each other, when they ought to be soldiers of Christ. He assured them that the Saviour Himself, the God of armies, would be their leader and their guide in battle. There was no passion which he left unstirred. "The wealth of your enemies shall be yours; ye shall plunder their treasures. Ye serve a Commander who will not permit His soldiers to want bread, or a just reward for their services." He offered absolution for all sins (there was no crime—murder, adultery, robbery, arson—which might not be redeemed by this act of obedience to God), absolution without penance to all who would take up arms in this sacred cause. It is better to fall in battle than not to march to the aid of the Brethren: he promised eternal life to all who should suffer the glorious calamity of death in the Holy Land, or even on the way to it. The Crusader passed at once into Paradise. For himself, he must remain aloof; but, like a second Moses, while they were slaughtering the Amalekites, he would be perpetually engaged in fervent and prevailing prayer for their success.

The Pontiff could scarcely conclude his speech; he was interrupted by ill-suppressed murmurs of grief and indignation. At its close one loud and simultaneous cry broke forth, "It is the will of God! It is the will of God!" All ranks, all classes, were seized with the contagious passion; the assembly declared itself the army of God. Not content with his immediate success, the Pope enjoined on all the bishops to preach instantly, unremittingly, in every diocese, the imperative duty of taking up arms to redeem the Holy Sepulchre. The epidemic madness spread with a rapidity inconceivable, except from the knowledge how fully the mind and heart of man were prepared to imbibe the infection. France, including both its Frank and Norman population, took the lead; Germany, of colder temperament, and distracted by its own civil contentions—the imperialist faction, from hatred of the Pope—moved more tardily and reluctantly; in Italy it was chiefly the adventurous Normans who crowded to the war; in England the Normans were too much occupied in securing their vast possessions, the Anglo-Saxon population too much depressed to send large numbers of soldiers. All Europe, however, including the northern nations, except Spain, occupied with her own crusade in her own realm, sent their contingent either to the wild multitudes who swarmed forth under Walter the Pennyless, or the more regular army under Godfrey of Boulogne. The Crusade was no national war of Italy, France, or Germany against the Egyptian empire of the Fatimites, or the Seljukian Sultan of Iconium: it was a war of Christendom against Mahommedanism. No government hired the soldiers, unless so far as the feudal chief summoned his vassals to accompany him; nor provided transports and the artillery and implements of war, or organized a commissariat, or nominated to the chief command. Each was a volunteer, and brought his own horse, arms, accoutrements, provisions. In the first disastrous expeditions, under Peter the Hermit and Walter the Pennyless, the leaders were designated by popular acclamation or by bold and confident self-election. The general deference and respect for his admired character and qualifications invested Godfrey of Boulogne with the command of the first regular army.

It was fortunate, perhaps, that none of the great sovereigns of Europe joined the first Crusade. The Emperor and the King of France were under excommunication; Conrad, King of Italy, too necessary to the Pope to be spared from Italy; in William Rufus was wanting the great impulse, religious faith. The ill success of the later Crusades undertaken by Emperors and Kings, their frequent want of ability for supreme command when alone, their jealousies when allied, show that a league of princes of the second rank, though not without their intrigues and separate interests, was better suited by this kind of expedition.

Urban II. lived to hear hardly more than the disasters and miseries of his own work. His faith had the severe trial of receiving the sad intelligence of the total destruction of the myriads who marched into Hungary and perished on the way, by what was unjustly considered the cruelty of the Hungarians and treachery of the Greeks; hardly one of these ever reached the borders of the Holy Land. His depression may have been allayed by the successes of the army under Godfrey of Boulogne: he heard of the capture of Antioch, but died before the tidings of the capture of Jerusalem, on the 15th of July, 1099. could reach Rome.—H. H. MILMAN.



PETER THE HERMIT.



PETER THE HERMIT is known to posterity through the single great effort of his life: the preaching of the Crusade. Born at Amiens in Picardy, about 1050, he had laid aside the accoutrements of war to strive for perfection in the solitude of a hermit's life. Like others, he made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and was stirred to wrath at sight of the indignities suffered by the pilgrims and the Christian inhabitants of the city at the hands of the infidels. When he visited Simeon, the Greek Patriarch of the Holy City, that venerable man who had suffered from the persecutions of the Turks, deplored the weakness of the Byzantine Empire, which prevented it from protecting the Christians in Syria. Peter rebuked his despondency, and promised him the aid of Western Christendom. Then entering the Temple, he heard, as he believed, the voice of the Lord: "Rise, Peter, go forth to make known the tribulations of my people. The hour is come for the delivery of my servants, for the recovery of the Holy Places."

Peter returned to Europe, fully persuaded of his divine commission, and devoted with self-sacrificing enthusiasm to the task of delivering the Holy City from the hateful and oppressive rule of the Mohammedans. He gained an interview

with Pope Urban II., to whom he delivered letters from the patriarch Simeon, and whom he moved by his eloquent and pathetic account of the humiliation of the church in the Holy City. With the sanction of the Pope, Peter set out in 1094, to prepare the way for the great enterprise and rouse Christendom to a high pitch of enthusiasm. Unprepossessing in appearance, poorly clad, this fervent enthusiast imparted his stirring earnestness to those to whom he preached: high and low, rich and poor, all were aroused, both by his fiery appeals and his earnest piety and sympathetic uprightness. When, in November, 1095, the Pope met at Clermont, an immense assemblage of church dignitaries, he found the time propitious, and with earnest eloquence urged his hearers, already inflamed by the preaching of Peter, to undertake the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre, evoking from them the passionate cry "It is the will of God," and bidding them as soldiers of the cross to wear the blood-red sign of the Son of God.

Thus was inaugurated, in a torrent of enthusiasm, that great movement which, projected under so pure and noble a motive, was destined to cost so many lives, and which, holding out the promise of salvation to all who should take part in the redemption of the Holy Land, enlisted in its service a large element with sordid, purely selfish, and unworthy motives. The very beginning was unpropitious, for, while prudence dictated the forming of armies under practical guidance, an impatient rabble started out prematurely under the command of Peter the Hermit and Walter the Pennyless.

This motley crew of men and women was followed by other large and equally disorderly hordes, under the leadership of the monk Gotschalk and others, who soon rushed into excesses, slaughtered the Jews, and by their plundering and other outrages roused the enmity of the inhabitants of the countries—more especially Hungary and Bulgaria,—through which they passed. The undisciplined throng became scattered and entirely disorganized, Peter being for a time a lonely fugitive. When the remnants of the host reached Constantinople, the Emperor Alexios, desirous of ridding himself of the lawless band, persuaded them to cross the

Bosphorus. But once on Asiatic soil, they were entrapped and crushed by the Seljukian Sultan Kilidje Arslan; it is said that, in all, some 300,000 people perished in this ill-advised and disorderly movement.

Peter, with the remnant of his crowd, effected a junction with Godfrey of Bouillon's grand army of Crusaders, which had in the meantime been organized and sent out under more auspicious circumstances, and he finally won the reward for his labors and his disappointments, by entering Jerusalem with the victorious army in 1099.

Before that happy consummation of his efforts, however, Peter, like his great Apostolic namesake, had a severe hour of trial. This intrepid and dauntless man, simple and earnest in his faith, which had seemed invincible, wavered in an hour of weakness. During the long and wearisome siege, aggravated by the pangs of hunger and thirst, he deserted with the doughty Count William of Melun; but they were overtaken and captured by Tancred. Peter's backsliding was forgotten when the Christian army had entered the Holy City as conquerors, and the throng fell down at his feet with thanks to God. When he was able to preach upon the Mount of Olives, the scene must truly have been one of joyful triumph to him; it was the closing incident of his life-work. His task was done; the first Crusade had come to a successful termination.

Peter returned to Europe and founded the Abbey of Neufmoustier at Huy in the diocese of Liége, of which he was the first prior. There the monk whose great work it had been first to unite and set in motion the nations of Western Christendom for aggressive warfare against the fanatical followers of Mohammed, died peacefully on the 7th of July, 1115.

The Crusades.

The Crusades, if we should calculate the incalculable waste of human life from first to last (a waste without achieving any enduring result), and all the human misery which is implied in that loss of life, may seem the most wonderful frenzy which ever possessed mankind. But from a less ideal point of view—a view of human affairs as they have actually evolved under the laws or guidance of Divine Providence,

considerations suggest themselves which mitigate or altogether avert this contemptuous or condemnatory sentence.

. . . The Crusades consummated, and the Christian Church solemnly blessed and ratified the unnatural, it might be, but perhaps necessary and inevitable, union between Christianity and the Teutonic military spirit. What but Christian warlike fanaticism could cope with the warlike Mahommedan fanaticism which had now revived by the invasion of the Turks, a race more rude and habitually predatory and conquering than the Arabs of the Prophet, and apparently more incapable of yielding to those genial influences of civilization which had gradually softened down the Caliphs of Damascus, Bagdad, Cairo, and Cordova to splendid and peaceful monarchs? Few minds were, perhaps, far-seeing enough to contemplate the Crusades, as they have been viewed by modern history, as a blow struck at the heart of the Mahommedan power, as a politic diversion of the tide of war from the frontiers of the European kingdoms to Asia. Yet neither can this removal of the war to a more remote battle-field, nor the establishment of the principle that all Christian powers were natural allies against Mahommedan powers (though this principle, at a later period, gave way before European animosities and enmities), have been without important influence on the course of human affairs.

The effects of these expeditions to the Holy Land may further be considered under four heads.

I.—The first and more immediate result of the Crusades was directly the opposite to that which had been promised, and no doubt expected, by the advisers of these expeditions.

The security of the Eastern Christian empire, and its consequent closer alliance with Latin Christendom, though not the primary, was at least a secondary object. But instead of the reconciliation of the Byzantine empire with the West, the Crusade led to a more total estrangement; instead of blending the Churches into one, the hostility became more strong and obstinate.

The Emperors of the East found their friends not less dangerous and destructive than their enemies could have been. Vast hordes of disorderly and undisciplined fanatics

came swarming across the frontiers, trampling down everything in their way, and spreading desolation through the more peaceful and flourishing provinces. The leaders of the Crusade, the Hermit himself, and a soldier of fortune, Walter, who went by the name of Pennyless, were altogether without authority, and had taken no steps to organize or to provide food for this immense population which they had set in motion. This army consisted mainly of the poorer classes, whose arms, such as they were, were their only possession. The more enthusiastic, no doubt, vaguely trusted to the protection of Providence; God would not allow the soldiers of His Blessed Son to perish with want. The more thoughtful calculated on the hospitality of their Christian brethren. The pilgrims of old had found hospitals and caravanseries established for their reception; they had been fed by the inexhaustible bounty of the devout. But it had occurred to none that, however friendly, the inhabitants of Hungary and the provinces of the Byzantine empire through which they passed could not, without miracles, feed the swelling and, it seemed, never-ending swarm of strangers. Hunger led to plunder, plunder to hostility, hostility hardened and inflamed to the most bitter mutual antipathy. Europe rang with denunciations of the inhospitality, the barbarity of these more than unbelievers, who were accused of secret intelligence and confederacy with the Mahommedans against the cause of Christ.

The conduct of the more regular army, which took another and less destructive course, was restrained by some discipline, and maintained at first some courtesy, yet widened rather than closed this irreparable breach. The Emperor of the East found that his Western allies conquered not for him, but for themselves. Instead of considering Syria and Palestine as parts of the Eastern empire, they created their own independent principalities, and owned no sovereignty in him who claimed to be the legitimate lord of those territories. There was a singular sort of feudal title made out to Palestine. God was the Sovereign owner. Through the Virgin—of royal descent from the house of David—it descended to our Lord. At a later period, the contempt of the Franks reached its

height in their conquest of Constantinople, and the establishment of a Latin dynasty on the throne of the Eastern emperors; contempt which was amply repaid by the hatred of the Greeks, who, when they recovered the empire, were only driven by hard necessity to cultivate any friendly alliance with the West.

II.—The Pope, the clergy, the monastic institutions, derived a vast accession of power, influence and wealth from the Crusades. Already Urban, by placing himself at the head of the great movement, had enshrined himself in the general reverence; and to the Pope reverence was power and riches. He bequeathed this great legacy of pre-eminence to his successors. The Pope was general-in-chief of the armies of the faith. He assumed from the commencement, and maintained to the end of the Crusades an enormous dispensing authority, to which no one ventured or was disposed to raise any objection; not a dispensing authority only from the penalties of sin in this world or the next, a mitigation of the pains of purgatory, or a remittal of those acts of penance which the Church commuted at her will; the taking the Cross absolved, by his authority, from all temporal, civil and social obligation. It substituted a new and permanent principle of obedience for feudal subordination. The Pope became the liege lord of mankind.

The prince who took the Cross left his dominions under the protection of the Holy See; but as the more ambitious, rapacious and irreligious of the neighboring sovereigns were those who remained behind, this security was extremely precarious. But the noble became really exempt from most feudal claims; he could not be summoned to the banner of his lord: even the bonds of the villein, the serf and the slave were broken or enfeebled; they were free if they could extricate themselves from a power which, in the eye of the Church, as interfering with the discharge of a higher duty, was lawless, to follow the Cross. Even the creditor could not arrest the debtor. The crusader was the soldier of the Church, and this was his first allegiance, which released him from all other.

The hold on the human mind which, directly or indirectly, accrued to the Pope in Europe from this right of levying war

throughout Christendom against the Unbeliever, of summoning, or at least enlisting, all mankind under the banner of the Cross, could not but increase in its growth as long as the crusading frenzy maintained its power.

To take the Cross was the high price which might obtain absolution for the most enormous offence; and, therefore, if the Pope so willed, he would be satisfied with nothing less. There were few sovereigns so cautious, or so superior to the dominant superstition, as not, in some period of enthusiasm or disaster, of ambition or affliction, either from the worldly desire of propitiating the favor of the Pope, or under the pangs of wounded conscience, to entangle themselves with this irrevocable vow; that vow, at least, which could only be annulled by the Pope, who was in general little disposed to relax his hold on his self-fettered subject. The inexorable taskmaster, to whom the king or prince had sold himself in the hour of need, either demanded the immediate service, or held the mandate in terror over his head to keep him under subjection.

The legatine authority of the Pope expanded to a great extent in consequence of the Crusades. Before this period, an ecclesiastic, usually of high rank or fame, had been occasionally commissioned by the Pope to preside in local councils, to determine controversies, to investigate causes, to negotiate with sovereigns. As acting in the Pope's person, he assumed or exercised the right of superseding all ordinary jurisdiction—that of the bishops, and even of the metropolitans. The Crusades gave an opportunity of sending legates into every country in Latin Christendom, in order to preach and to recruit for the Crusades, to urge the laity who did not take up the Cross in person to contribute to the expenses of the war, to authorize or to exact the subsidies of the clergy. The public mind became more and more habituated to the presence, as it were, of the Pope, by his representative, to the superseding of all authority in his name.

Not only the secular clergy, but the monasteries, were bound to assign part of their revenues for the conquest of the Holy Land; but the vast increase in their wealth and territorial possessions more than compensated for this, at first,

light taxation. There may have been few, but doubtless there were some, of all ranks up to princedoms, who, in their reckless enthusiasm, stripped themselves of all their goods, abandoned their lands and possessions, and reserved nothing but their sword, their horse, and a trifling sum for their maintenance, determined to seek either new possessions or a glorious and saintly grave in the Holy Land. But all were suddenly called upon for a large expenditure, to meet which they had made no provision. The private adventurer had to purchase his arms, his Milan or Damascus steel, his means of transport and provision; the nobles and the princes, in proportion to their rank and territory, to raise, arm and maintain their vassals. Multitudes were thus compelled to pledge or to alienate their property. Here and there, prudent nobles, or even kings, might watch this favorable opening, when estates were thrown so prodigally and abundantly on the market. So William Rufus bought his elder brother's dukedom of Normandy.

But there was one wealthy body alone which was not deeply embarked in these costly undertakings—the Church. The bishops who took up the Cross might possibly burthen, they could not alienate, their estates. On the other hand, the clergy and the monasteries were everywhere on the spot to avail themselves of the embarrassments and difficulties of their neighbors. Godfrey of Boulogne alienated part of his estates to the Bishop of Verdun; he pledged another part to the Bishop of Liége. For at least two centuries this traffic went silently on, the Church always receiving, rarely alienating. Whoever, during the whole period of the Crusades, sought to whom he might entrust his lands as guardian, or in perpetuity, if he should find his grave or richer possessions in the Holy Land, turned to the Church, by whose prayers he might win success, by whose masses the sin which clung to the soul even of the soldier of the Cross might be purged away. If he returned, he returned often a disappointed and melancholy man, took refuge from his despondent religious feelings in the cloister, and made over his remaining rights to his brethren. If he returned no more, the Church was in possession. Thus in every way the all-absorbing Church was

still gathering in wealth, encircling new lands within her hallowed pale, the one steady merchant who, in this vast traffic and sale of personal and of landed property, never made a losing venture, but went on accumulating and still accumulating, and for the most part withdrawing the largest portion of the land in every kingdom into a separate estate, which claimed exemption from all burthens of the realm, until the realm was compelled to take measures, violent often, and iniquitous in the mode, but still inevitable. The Church which had thus peaceably despoiled the world was in her turn unscrupulously despoiled.

III.—The Crusades established in the Christian mind the justice and the piety of religious wars.

The first Crusades might be in some degree vindicated as defensive. In the long and implacable contest, the Mahommedan had, no doubt, been the aggressor: Islam first declared general and irreconcilable war against all hostile forms of belief; the propagation of faith in the Koran was the avowed aim of its conquests.

Neither the secure possession of their vast Asiatic dominions of Egypt, Africa and Spain, nor their great defeat by Charles Martel, quelled their aggressive ambition. They were constantly renewing hostilities in every accessible part of the East and West, threatening, or still further driving in, the frontier of the Byzantine empire, covering the Mediterranean with their fleets, subduing Sicily, and making dangerous inroads and settlements in Italy. New nations or tribes from the remoter East, with all the warlike propensities of the Arabs, but with the fresh and impetuous valor of young proselytes to the Koran, were constantly pouring forth from the steppes of Tartary, the mountain glens of the Caucasus or the Himalaya, and infusing new life into Mahommedanism. The Turks had fully embraced its doctrines of war to all of hostile faith in their fiercest intolerance; they might seem imperiously to demand a general confederacy of Christendom against this declared enemy. Even the oppressions of their Christian brethren, oppressions avowedly made more cruel on account of their religion, within the dominions of the Mahommedans, might perhaps justify an armed interference.

The indignities and persecutions to which the pilgrims, who had been respected up to this period, were exposed, the wanton and insulting desecration of the holy places, were a kind of declaration of war against everything Christian. But it is more easy in theory than in fact to draw the line between wars for the defence and for the propagation of the faith. Religious war is too impetuous and eager not to become a fanaticism. From this period it was an inveterate, almost uncontested, tenet, that wars for religion were not merely justifiable, but holy and Christian, and, if holy and Christian, glorious above all other wars. The unbeliever was the natural enemy of Christ and of His Church; if not to be converted, to be punished for the crime of unbelief, to be massacred, exterminated by the righteous sword. . . .

IV.—A fourth result of the Crusades, if in its origin less completely so, and more transitory and unreal, yet in its remote influence felt and actually living in the social manners of our own time, was Chivalry, or at least the religious tone which Chivalry assumed in all its acts, language, and ceremonial. The Crusades swept away, as it were, the last impediment to the wedlock of religion with the warlike propensities of the age. All the noble sentiments which, blended together, are Chivalry—the high sense of honor, the disdain or passion for danger, the love of adventure, compassion for the weak or the oppressed, generosity, self-sacrifice, self-devotion for others—found in the Crusades their animating principle, perpetual occasion for their amplest exercise, their perfection and consummation. How could the noble Christian knight endure the insults to his Saviour and to his God, the galling shame that the place of his Redeemer's birth and death should be trampled by the scoffer, the denier of His Divinity? Where were adventures to be sought so stirring as in the distant, gorgeous, mysterious East, the land of fabled wealth, the birthplace of wisdom, of all the religions of the world; a land only to be approached by that which was then thought a long and perilous voyage along the Mediterranean Sea, or by land through kingdoms inhabited by unknown nations and people of strange languages; through Constantinople, the traditions of whose wealth and magnificence pre-

vailed throughout the West? For whom was the lofty mind to feel compassion, if not for the down-trodden victim of Pagan mockery and oppression, his brother-worshiper of the Cross, who for that worship was suffering cruel persecution? To what uses could wealth be so fitly or lavishly devoted as to the rescue of Christ's Sepulchre from the Infidel? To what more splendid martyrdom could the valiant man aspire than to death in the fields which Christ had watered with His own blood? What sacrifice could be too great? Not even the absolute abnegation of home, kindred, the proud castle, the host of retainers, the sumptuous fare, for the tent on the desert, the scanty subsistence, it might be (though this they would disdain to contemplate) the dungeon, the bondage in remote Syria.

Lastly, and above all, where would be found braver or more worthy antagonists than among the Knights of the Crescent, the invaders—too often, it could not be denied, the conquerors—of the Christian world? Hence it was that France and Spain were pre-eminently the crusading kingdoms of Europe, and, as it were, the birthplace of Chivalry: Spain, as waging her unintermitting crusade against the Saracens of Granada and Cordova; France, as furnishing by far the most numerous and, it may be said, with the Normans, the most distinguished leaders of the Crusades, from Godfrey of Boulogne down to St. Louis; so that the name of Frank and of Christian became almost equivalent in the East.—H. H. MILMAN.

GODFREY OF BOUILLON.

THE crowning-point of Godfrey of Bouillon's career, the one action with which he has become almost entirely identified, was the recovery of Jerusalem from Moslem domination. Peter the Hermit formed the fermenting element to rouse the people to the religious enthusiasm which Pope Urban II. officially sanctioned and raised to the highest pitch by his eloquence. But in the great movement which ensued, the First Crusade, Godfrey was the central actuating figure, and despite dissensions and jealousies in his camp, to him was finally offered the highest honor that the Crusaders had to bestow,—the crown of Jerusalem.

Godfrey was born in 1061, as the oldest son of Count Eustache II. of Boulogne. His first appearance in history occurs in connection with his valiant espousal of the cause of Henry IV. against the Pope. He planted the imperial standard within the walls of Rome, and secured the crown to Henry. But when he was attacked by illness soon after, it was but natural for the devout to see in this a judgment from God for his sacrilegious conduct in opposing a successor of St. Peter. Perhaps Godfrey himself saw in the Crusade an opportunity to gain atonement; at any rate, he sounded a call to arms.

Godfrey, who was known as a brave, wise and upright man, soon had a large and orderly force under his command (80,000 foot-soldiers and 10,000 cavalry, it is said), among his officers being his brother Eustace and his half-brother Baldwin. The troops marched in good order, plundering being prohibited. This latter rule, however, was purposely broken in order to bring the Greek Emperor Alexios to terms,

especially on his refusal to liberate Hugh, Count of Vermandois, brother of the French king, and again when he forbade his subjects to sell provisions to the envoys of Godfrey. The treacherous emperor planned a night attack on the Crusaders, which was unsuccessful. A peace was finally patched up, and a compact made by which Alexios agreed to supply food to the Crusaders, and the chiefs of the latter acknowledged him as their liege lord while they were within the borders of his land. He went through the ceremony of adopting Godfrey, who thus became his vassal and protector of the empire. But we may well believe that he did not feel at ease until Godfrey's army, as well as those of Bohemond, Tancred, and Raymond of Toulouse, following after, had crossed the Bosphorus. These combined forces formed an enormous host, the horsemen alone being reckoned at 100,000.

After some sharp encounters with the Seljukian Sultan Kilidje Arslan, Nice (or Nicæa) was the first place to be besieged; but when the prize was almost within their grasp, the banner of the Greek Empire was seen floating on the walls: the city had submitted to the envoys of Alexios. Though incensed at this selfish action of the distrustful and intriguing emperor, the Crusaders did not interfere, but resumed their march. A day later (July 4, 1097), Kilidje Arslan attacked the Christian army, and was routed after a fierce conflict; but the Turks managed to ravage the land in advance of the Crusaders, so that the march of the latter through Phrygia was attended by terrible suffering. Dissensions arose among the warriors of the cross; Baldwin quarreled with Tancred, and, pursuing his own advancement, hastened to aid the Greek or Armenian tyrant of Edessa, who adopted him as his son. By the beginning of October, the main army lay before Antioch on the Orontes, the capital of Syria; but Godfrey had fallen ill, a spirit of lawlessness was beginning to pervade the ranks (there were even some desertions, as those of the Count de Melun and later of Stephen de Blois), and the machinery of war at their command was quite inadequate. Thus much time was wasted, and with the winter season came hunger and disease. The siege was carried on with persistence, however, and the city

was finally betrayed into the hands of the crusading army by Phirouz, a renegade Christian, whose aid Bohemond had secured. Some of the Christians mounted the walls at night, opened the gate, their companions rushed in, and Antioch was taken with great and savage carnage.

The joy of the Crusaders at this achievement did not last long, for they were speedily hemmed in by the hosts of Kerboga, Prince of Mosul, and famine once more stared them in the face. Despair seized upon the soldiers, and the bands of discipline became loosened; while in this dark hour there were also not wanting those who saw visions promising succor. Finally Peter Barthelemy, chaplain of Raymond of Toulouse, roused religious fervor by announcing that St. Andrew had revealed to him the fact that in the Church of St. Peter was hidden the Roman spear which pierced the Saviour's side. A search was instituted, a day spent in digging, and a weapon finally found, which was borne by Adhemar, Bishop of Puy, when the crusaders sallied forth to meet the besieging army. This was on June 28, 1098; and though Kerboga's vast host gave him a temporary advantage, yet the tide of battle was turned by one of those supposedly supernatural events which so frequently fired the courage of the Crusaders. White figures, mounted, were seen on the neighboring mountains; "The saints are coming to your aid," shouted the Bishop of Puy, and the soldiers, uttering their war-cry "God wills it," rushed with irresistible force upon their enemies, whom they routed completely.

After this victory, the army returned to Antioch: the severe heat of summer, which would be even harder to bear on the arid and barren roads to Jerusalem, made a season of rest appear necessary. Hugh of Vermandois and Baldwin of Hainault were sent to Alexios to remonstrate with him for withholding his promised aid. But Baldwin fell into the hands of the Turks, and Hugh, after having met the emperor, returned to Europe. Meanwhile there were bickerings and quarrels among the crusading chiefs, a feeling of discouragement was spreading through the army, and a plague broke out, which claimed many noble victims, among whom was the Bishop of Puy.

Finally, after taking Marra with great slaughter, the army set out for Jerusalem, in May, 1099, reaching the goal of their long pilgrimage early in June. As their eyes rested upon the hallowed spot for which they had endured so much misery, a transport of ecstatic joy seized upon them : they approached the city in solemn awe. An ill-timed though impetuous attack resulted in a repulse for the Crusaders, and they now began a siege which was again marked by great suffering from hunger and thirst. Adequate engines of war were constructed, and on July 14, 1099, the final attack began. All day long it raged, and on the morrow the battle was resumed. Once again did a vision serve to rouse the flagging zeal of the Crusaders : a knight in shining array was seen on Mount Olivet, apparently urging on the Christians to new efforts. "It is St. George," cried Godfrey, and his men, thus made confident of success, returned to the charge with renewed vigor. In the afternoon, the conquest of Jerusalem was finally achieved, Lutold of Tournay being the first one to stand on the walls of the city, closely followed by his brother Engelbert, Godfrey, and others. Slaughter without mercy now ensued : full retribution was meted out to the Moslems for their former cruelties, oppression and insults. When this dreadful carnage was over, the crusaders turned to thoughts of devotion, giving reverent thanks to God for this victory vouchsafed to the armies of Christendom.

The business of conquest having been attended to, measures were taken to secure a stable government, and Godfrey was chosen king, a title which he declined to assume, preferring to bear that of Defender and Baron of the Holy Sepulchre. His reign lasted hardly a year; but during this short period, a code of laws, known as the Assizes of Jerusalem, is said to have been compiled; but some authorities assign this code to a later century, though it may have embodied some laws promulgated by Godfrey. It is also worthy of note that under him the Knights Hospitallers, devoted to the care of the sick and the poor, came into existence, eventually to become a famous order. But he could not give undivided attention to these works of peace. He had to march against the forces of the Caliph of Egypt, who were attacking Ascalon, and

whom he completely routed. On a later occasion, in the summer of 1100, when returning to the city from an expedition, he was seized with a fever, to which he soon succumbed, on July 18th, in the prime of manhood.

If some of his actions seem hardly in accordance with the nobility of character generally ascribed to him, we must not forget the manners and morals of his time, and the men he had to deal with. Judging him from this point of view, and relatively, Foulcher's characterization does not appear overdrawn when he speaks of the "excellence of his nobility, his valor as a knight, his gentleness of manner, modest patience, and admirable morals." He was worthy to be taken as the hero of the Christian Iliad, Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata.*

The Siege of Jerusalem.

It was a beautiful summer morning in the month of June, and ere the great body of the Crusade had proceeded many miles the day broke in all the majesty of Eastern light. They had just reached the summit of a gentle hill, when, starting up with the rapidity which characterizes the dawn of Syria, the sun rushed forth, and they beheld in the distance a rocky steep, crowned with towers, and walls, and domes, and minarets. "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" became the cry throughout the army, as the object of all their toil, and labor, and strife, and suffering appeared before their eyes. All that they had endured up to that moment,—weariness, thirst, famine, pestilence, and the sword,—were forgotten in exceeding great joy, or only remembered to render that joy more ecstatic and overpowering. The effect could scarcely be borne: some laughed, some wept, some shouted "Hierosolyma!" some cast themselves on the ground, some fainted, and some died upon the spot.

The more devout of the pilgrims pulled off their shoes, and approached the scene of our redemption barefoot; but the general feeling which succeeded to the emotions produced by the first sight of the city was wrath at seeing it in the hands of the Infidel. The soldiery advanced with a strong determination of spending the last drop of their blood to free

the Redeemer's tomb from the power of the Mussulman; and after a skirmish, in which some Saracens, who had come forth to reconnoitre, were driven in, the barbicans were carried by Godfrey, Tancred, and others, the wall itself was reached, and the assault commenced with mattocks, axes, and whatever other instruments could be procured. Some short ladders enabled the Crusaders to climb up the wall, so as to urge the strife with the enemy upon the battlements; but those machines were not sufficiently tall or numerous to afford any prospect of success. The Saracens assailed the Christians, as they approached, with stones, arrows, and Greek fire; and as night advanced it was found necessary to withdraw the troops of the Crusade, and to delay any farther attack till catapults, mangonels, and the usual implements of war had been provided. Wood for the construction of these machines was procured from Sichon; some Genoese seamen, who had landed at Jaffa, and who were famous for their skill in mechanics, aided greatly in preparing the artillery afterwards used: but still much time was occupied in this task; and in the meanwhile a precaution taken by the commander of the Egyptians, named Iftikhur-eddaulé ("the Glory of the Empire") operated terribly against the Christians. In the hottest and most arid part of the year, he had filled up all the wells, and the streams had been dried by the sun: such was the drought in the Christian camp, that a drop of liquid was not to be procured for a piece of gold. Springs, however, were at length discovered at a considerable distance from the city; but the service of procuring water was a very dangerous one, as the Mussulman forces invested the whole of the surrounding country, and cut off any small bodies which strayed from the Christian camp.

The modern city comprised within its fortifications four of the mountains, or rather hills, on which the capital of the Hebrews was anciently seated. These were Moria, Golgotha, Bezetha, and Acra; Mount Sion had been left out in the circuit of the walls, though it would appear that they extended some way up the rise of that hill. On three sides the place was defended by deep valleys; the Valley of Josaphat on the east, that of Ennom on the south, and a lateral branch of the

same valley on the west: on the north the approach was open. A narrow valley also divided the old town into two parts, the largest of which was Mount Moria.

The camp of the Crusaders, as at first marked out, extended from the north-eastern angle to the most western gate of the city; Godfrey himself with his troops ending the line towards the east, and the Count of St. Giles towards the west. But shortly after the various posts had been assigned, the Provençal leader, finding that the deep valley between him and the walls must prove a continual obstacle to his operations, removed with a part of his troops to the rise of Mount Sion, notwithstanding the strenuous opposition of the other leaders, who were greatly offended by this proceeding, and refused to give him any assistance in defending his new camp. He contrived, nevertheless, to seduce a number of the soldiery from the quarters of his neighbors; and thus the dissensions, as well as the vices, of the Crusaders were renewed under the walls of Jerusalem, and seem not to have been less than at Antioch or Marrah.

The construction of the machines went on, however, from day to day, and a period was fixed for the recommencement of the attack. The importance of the undertaking, the probable death of many there present, the revival of hopes and expectations caused by preparations for the last grand effort, at length re-awakened in the bosoms of the Crusaders the finer and higher feelings which had at one time entirely possessed them. The princes met together and consulted; the clergy interposed, and represented how unfit were men soiled with vices, and heated with contention amongst themselves, to fight for the deliverance of the Sepulchre of Christ, and attempt the recovery of the City of God. The hearts of the hearers were melted, and setting an example to the whole host, Tancred offered to be reconciled to his enemy the Count of Toulouse, and embraced him in the face of the army. All the other quarrels and dissensions ceased at the same time. The princes and the soldiery were exhorted to repent by Peter the Hermit, who had now recovered a considerable portion of his influence; and a solemn procession round the walls took place to the sounds of psalms and hymns, while the priests, barefooted,

bore the symbols of salvation, and the warriors followed, repeating aloud, "God wills it! God wills it!" Various acts of devotion and penance were performed; and the excitement of men's minds caused the enthusiastic to see visions and hear prophecies, and the credulous to believe them. But as the hour approached, hope and expectation were raised as well as superstition, and one of the military proceedings of Godfrey, which had something marvellous in its character, increased the confidence of the people.

Various warlike machines, of great power and immense bulk, had been constructed opposite those points in the fortifications which the leaders intended to attack; but the Duke of Lorraine had remarked that where he, the Count of Flanders, and Robert of Normandy had set down, the Saracens had never ceased to strengthen their defences. The walls, also, were there extremely high, the ditch deep, and the valley rugged, and, not long before the assault took place, Godfrey formed the sudden determination of moving the immense tower, and all the other large engines which he had constructed, as well as his camp itself, to a spot between the gate of St. Stephen and the valley of Josaphat, nearly a mile from his former position. The ground there was more even, and the Saracens, not expecting attack upon that side, had made no addition to the defences, so that a fairer prospect of success was to be found in that quarter. In the course of one night the whole of this operation was completed, the engines were taken down, carried piece by piece to the spot selected, and then reconstructed; and when day dawned on the following morning, the Christians and the Saracens were both astonished to behold the camp of Godfrey pitched opposite the weakest point of the city. Some time was still occupied in filling up a part of the ditch so as to enable the machines to be brought close to the walls; but at length all was completed, and on the morning of Thursday, the 14th of July, 1099, the attack commenced. The soldiers of the Crusade took their places in the movable towers, which were raised to such a height as to overtop the walls; the catapults were pushed forward to batter the defences, and the sow was dragged along to sap the foundations, while the mangonels and ballista were brought as

near as possible, to cast masses of stone and darts with the greatest possible effect.

As soon as the Saracens beheld the Christian army in motion, showers of arrows and javelins were poured forth from the battlements, and when the towers and the instruments for the sap came near, immense pieces of rock, beams of wood, balls of flame, and torrents of the unextinguishable Greek fire, were cast down upon the heads of the Crusaders. Still, however, they rushed on, undaunted and unchecked: the knights of the highest reputation occupying the upper storeys of the towers, while Godfrey himself was seen armed with a bow, and exposed to all the shafts of the enemy, sending death around him with an unerring hand.

In the meanwhile a great number of the soldiers were busily employed in working the machines, while others covered the operations of those who had approached close to the wall by incessant flights of arrows. The Saracens, however, opposed them with the energy of men fighting for their hearths and homes, and the valor of the Crusaders themselves was only equal to the determined courage of the defenders of Jerusalem. From morning till nightfall the combat continued; but at length darkness fell over the earth, and the city was not yet taken. The walls of Jerusalem were much injured, as were also the military engines of the besiegers; but during the night both hosts labored diligently, and the damage done was repaired before the morning.

The fifteenth of the month dawned at length, and found the Crusaders in no degree discouraged by their previous want of success. On the contrary, the strife of the preceding day seemed but to have added fierceness and vehemence to their valor, and the assault recommenced with the same activity as on the first day. All the strong and active men in the army were engaged in the attack. Those whom the military machines could not contain were occupied in plying the mangonels and battering-rams. The old and the feeble, too, busied themselves in bringing up missiles and assisting the wounded; and the women mingled with the soldiers, bearing to them needful supplies of water and provisions. Thus lasted the fight through the greater part of Friday, and vic-

tory seemed as far off as ever. A great deal of confusion and disarray existed in the ranks of the Crusaders; many were slain, many more were wounded, and scarcely any progress had been made in battering the walls or breaking down the gates. The shower of arrows and other missiles from the battlements was as fierce as ever; and several of the Christian soldiery were seen withdrawing from the ranks, when suddenly, on a conspicuous part of Mount Olivet, a knight in shining armour was beheld waving on the dismayed Crusaders to return to the attack. A cry spread through the army that St. George had come down from heaven to help them. All eyes beheld the figure of him on whom this designation was bestowed; and with renewed courage they rushed again to the assault.

As usually happens on such occasions, two or three advantages were gained at different points, nearly at the same moment. The gate of St. Stephen shook under the blows of Tancred, Robert of Normandy, and the Count of Flanders. An immense gabion of straw and cotton, which had been let down to protect the walls from the blows of a battering-ram placed near Godfrey of Bouillon himself, was set on fire and destroyed. The flames, which for a moment were very violent, drove the defenders from that part of the battlements; the movable tower of the Duke was pushed up close to the wall, and one side of the highest stage being, as usual, constructed so as to let down and form a sort of bridge, was suffered to descend. A knight of Tournay, called Lutold, at that moment set the example to the whole host, and sprang from the platform upon the rampart of the besieged city. Another followed, and then Godfrey, Baldwin de Bourg, and Eustace, the brother of the Duke, one after the other, leaped down to the support of Lutold.

At that moment the standard of the Cross was seen floating over the walls of Jerusalem, and with loud shouts the whole crusading army pressed forward to assail the city with furious energy. An instant after, the gate of St. Stephen gave way, and Tancred and the two Roberts rushed in, followed by the troops of Normandy, Flanders and Otranto. By this time a breach had been effected in another part of the

wall; and there, too, the German soldiers were entering in crowds, while numbers of the most resolute and gallant soldiers in the army poured down from the tower, to support Godfrey and his companions in possession of the wall.

The news soon reached the Count of Toulouse on the other side of the city that his companions were within the gates; and emulous of their achievement, he abandoned the efforts he was making from his movable tower, caused scaling-ladders to be brought, and effected an entrance by escalade.

Despair took possession of the Mahommedan population; but it was not a cowardly despair, and they protracted the struggle in the streets for a considerable time. Some of the Crusaders gave themselves up to plunder; but Godfrey and the great mass of the Christian force thought of nothing but slaughter. They recollected all the barbarous cruelties which had been exercised during several centuries upon the faithful; they recollected that but a few days before they had seen the men with whom they now fought hand to hand, raising the symbol of Christ's suffering upon the walls of the very city where He suffered, and casting filth and ordure upon the sign of our salvation. They drove them through the streets, they followed them into the houses, they slaughtered them in the temples. For many hours no mercy was shown; and in one day, the fierce sword of enthusiastic intolerance did more than avenge the wrongs of four hundred years.

The most terrible slaughter that took place was in the mosque of Omar, where an immense body of the Mussulman population had taken refuge, and in which they made a furious and determined resistance. It was some time before the Crusaders could force their way in; but when they had done so, the massacre was awful. The blood poured from the temple in streams, and we are assured that in the court the flood of gore, before it could escape, rose to the knees of the mounted knights and the bridles of the horses. Ten thousand men were slain therein, and several thousand took refuge on the roof of the temple, and prepared to defend themselves to the last.

The day was now too far spent for the Crusaders to attack them in this last stronghold, and as the fierceness of strife was

now beginning to subside, the thirst for infidel blood was well nigh sated. Even on that first day a great number were spared; and on the second, the only farther slaughter that took place occurred at the fatal mosque of Omar. It would appear, from the account of Robert, that the conquerors offered their lives to the Saracen soldiery if they would surrender: but the Moslems, well knowing that slavery was to be their destiny if they submitted, made up their minds to death. The passage to the top of the temple was forced by the Christians, and many of the Saracens were slaughtered on the roof, many cast themselves down and were dashed to pieces.

As soon as the capture of Jerusalem was complete, and the great work for which they had come so many miles, and endured so many evils, was accomplished, the leaders of the Crusade threw off the panoply of war, and putting on the vestments of penitents, proceeded from one holy place to another to offer up their adorations with prayers and tears. The places of peculiar sanctity were purified and washed from the blood with which they were stained, and the grand consideration then became, how the Christian dominion, which it had cost so much to re-establish in the East, could be best maintained, surrounded as it was on every side by infidel enemies, whom every principle of policy should have taught to unite for the purpose of crushing the small body of inveterate foes which had succeeded in planting the banner of the Cross where the standard of Islam had so long stood unassailed.

Some time before the capture of the city of Jerusalem, the difficulties and dangers which surrounded the Crusaders had called forth a proposal which no one had dreamed of at the commencement of the Crusade. A part of the troops clamored loudly for the election of a King: and the dissensions which had taken place amongst the leaders, with the general want of unity in object, and in action, which had been conspicuous in all their proceedings since the siege of Antioch, certainly showed, in a manner likely to convince the blindest, that a leader was wanting, endowed with greater powers than those which the princes of the Crusade had conferred upon Godfrey. So general was this feeling that, at the end of eight

days, the principal chiefs met together to elect a King of Jerusalem.

"By the common decree of all," says Robert the Monk, "by universal wish, and general assent, the Duke Godfrey was elected, on the eighth day after the capture of the city; and well did they all concur in such a choice, for he showed himself such in his government, that he did more honor to the royal dignity than that dignity conferred on him. This honor did not make him illustrious, but the glory of the honor was multiplied by him. He showed himself so superior and excellent in royal majesty, that if it had been possible to bring all the kings of the earth around him, he would have been judged by all, the first in chivalrous qualities, in beauty of face and body, and noble regularity of life."

Godfrey was probably one of the few who did not seek the honor imposed upon him, but, on the contrary, notwithstanding the pressing entreaties of his fellow princes, he declined to receive the title of King, declaring that he would never wear a crown of gold in a city where his Saviour had worn a crown of thorns, and that he was contented with the title of Defender of the Holy Sepulchre.—G. P. R. JAMES.

THE DELIVERER OF JERUSALEM.

I sing the pious arms and Chief, who freed
The Sepulchre of Christ from thrall profane;
Much did he toil in thought, and much in deed;
Much in the glorious enterprise sustain;
And Hell in vain opposed him; and in vain
Afric and Asia to the rescue pour'd
Their mingled tribes;—Heaven recompensed his pain
And from all fruitless sallies of the sword,
True to the Red-Cross flag his wandering friends restored.

O thou, the Muse, that not with fading palms
Circlest thy brows on Pindus, but among
The Angels warbling their celestial psalms,
Hast for thy coronal a golden throng
Of everlasting stars! make thou my song
Lucid and pure; breathe thou the flame divine

Into my bosom; and forgive the wrong,
If with grave truth light fiction I combine,
And sometimes grace my page with other flowers than thine! . . .

Six summers now were pass'd, since in the East
Their high Crusade the Christians had begun;
And Nice by storm, and Antioch had they seized
By secret guile, and gallantly, when won,
Held in defiance of the myriads dun,
Press'd to its conquest by the Persian king;
Tortosa sack'd, when now the sullen sun
Enter'd Aquarius, to breme winter's wing
The quarter'd hosts give place, and wait the coming spring. . . .

All things on earth God views; at length His eyes
Upon the Christian Powers in Syria rest,
And with that clear inspection which descries
The most conceal'd affections of the breast,
He notices how Godfrey burns to wrest
From hand profane the consecrated town,
And, heaven affecting, in what slight request
He holds the meaner joys of earth—renown,
Treasure, and purple power, and glory's meteor crown. . . .

"Godfrey," said Gabriel, "the suited time that calls
Beleaguèr'd hosts to arms, at length survey;
Why, while Oppression sits in Salem's halls,
And Fortune beckons, this supine delay?
Call now the Princes of your arm'd array
To solemn council, and if sloth dissuade,
Spur thou them on the city to assay;
Thee God elects to guide their blest crusade,
And, chosen of all, by all thy voice shall be obey'd:

"His messenger I am, and thus reveal
To thee His sacred will; of victory rare
What hopes should hence be thine; and O, what zeal
For the brave hosts committed to thy care!"
He spoke; he ceased; and, vanishing in air,
To the serenest and the loftiest part

Of heaven flew back; long dazzled by the glare
Of the bright vision, and amazed at heart,
Godfrey with upraised eyes remain'd, and lips apart.

But when, recovering spirit, he discern'd
Who sent, who came, and what was the command,
If late he glow'd, he now with ardor burn'd
To end the war committed to his hand:
Not that ambition's breath his bosom fann'd
In vain-glorious pride, from so entire
A preference o'er the rest, but as a brand
Or living coal in a refulgent fire,
In his Lord's will becomes his own desire.

Then from their various posts his valiant friends,
Not far dispersed, to council he invites;
Message on message, scroll on scroll, he sends,
And strong entreaty to advice unites;
Whatso might most from indolent delights
Rouse the reluctant, whatso most might reach
And quicken generous natures, he indites;
Meets all men's moods, and with such charms of speech,
That while he all compels, he wins and pleases each.

All, except Bohemond, attend; in train
The busy people flock behind; part wait
Without, encamp'd upon the ample plain,
The rest Tortosa holds from gate to gate:
Baron, and prince, and helmed potentate
The Consistory crowd, a solemn throng,
When, with an air august, in ducal state
Godfrey arose; majestically strong
His graceful periods flow, and charm the soul along.

"Warriors of God, by God himself elected,
Of his true Faith the breaches to restore!
Ye, whom His arm has guided, and protected
From storms by sea and ambuscades on shore!
So that in these few years that have flown o'er,
It has been ours strong monarchies to tame,
Realm after realm, rebellious now no more,
And through the shaken nations spread the fame
Of His triumphant Cross and consecrated name!— . . .

"He who would here raise empires, must not seek
On worldly policies the base to found,
Where of a fellow faith his friends are weak
And few, amidst the countless Pagans round,
The land that people,—here, where he no ground
Can have on Grecian succor to presume,
And all too distant from his trumpet's sound
Lies the far West; he builds, but the Simoon
Sweeps round, and instant turns his palace to a tomb.

"Turks, Persians, Antioch (an illustrious prize,
In fame and fact magnificent), attest
Not our past skill, but the assisting skies;
Victory a wonder was: now, if we wrest
These purposed blessings to an end unblest,
Wronging the Giver who so far has crown'd
The hopes we cherish'd,—Chiefs! I tremble, lest
We vanish to a fable and a sound,—
The brilliant byword pass'd through the wide nations round.

"May there be none among us, O my friends,
So to misuse such gifts! your interests see;
With these sublime commencements let the ends,
The filament and woof throughout agree.
Now that the passes of the land are free,
Now that the vernal season clears the plain,
Apt for the enterprise, why rush not we
The crown of all our conquests to attain?
What should prevent the deed? What here our arms
detain? . . ."

He ceased: a hollow hum ensued,—but then,
The primal author of the high crusade,
Peter the Seer, who midst the noblest men
Sat private in the council, rose and said:
"What Godfrey stirs us to, I well have weigh'd,
And second; room for reasoning there is none;
He the true path self-evident has made,
And through the whole clear argument has run;
'Tis yours the plan t' approve,—one word, and I have
done. . . .

"Where one alone commands not, upon whom
The cast of parts and offices depend,
The dues of honor and decrees of doom,
There still the helm to some wrong point will tend;
Your separate rights, then, amicably blend
In some one prince, of influence to restrain
The rest,—to one alone dominion lend,
And leave him free, as wisdom will ordain,
A king's prescriptive power and semblance to sustain."

Here ceased the Sage: what thoughts, celestial Fire!
What hearts, blest Spirit! to thy sweet appeal
Are proof? the Hermit's words didst thou inspire,
And on all hearts imprint them with thy seal.
Ingrafted, e'en innate desires, thy zeal—
The love of honor, liberty and sway,
Check'd in subservience to the public weal;
So that the noblest were the first to say,
"Our Chief let Godfrey be; him swear we to obey!"

—TASSO, *Translated by* J. H. WIFFEN.

GODFREY. BOHEMOND. TANCRED. RAYMOND.



THE LEADERS OF THE FIRST CRUSADE.

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CIRCULATING DEPARTME

EMPEROR HENRY V.



THE great conflict for supremacy between the Church and State, which had been rendered conspicuous in the persons of Pope Gregory VII. and Henry IV., was continued between their respective successors, Paschal II. and Henry V., until a compromise was effected, which has since generally been accepted.

Henry V. was the second son of the Emperor Henry IV., by his second wife, Adelaide of Brandenburg, and was born in 1081. He was appointed his father's successor in 1098, when his elder brother Conrad was declared to have forfeited his right to the throne by rebellion. Conrad died before his father, and in 1105, Henry by most perfidious and unnatural acts, seized the crown and imprisoned his father, who, however, escaped and sought refuge in exile. The papal party, whose cause he had supported against his father, expected that the disputes which had characterized the former reign would cease, and that harmony would prevail between Church and State. But when Pope Paschal demanded the right of investing the bishops with the ring and staff, as the insignia of their office, Henry refused to relinquish any rights over ecclesiastics that his predecessors had ever enjoyed, or to permit the ecclesiastical lands of Germany to pass from under secular control. The Imperial Diet at Mentz sustained his claims; but the Papal Council at Troyes as strenuously asserted opposite principles, which were but a reiteration of those so resolutely and consistently maintained by Gregory VII.

Before the dispute had reached an acute form, Henry had endeavored to strengthen and extend his dominions in 1107

by an invasion of Hungary, and again in 1109 by an attempt to conquer Silesia, then held by Poland. Neither expedition was successful. In 1110 Henry marched into Italy with a powerful army, in raising which he was aided by a large sum paid as the dower of his wife Maud, daughter of Henry I., of England. Pope Paschal, through fear, entered into a treaty with him containing ample concessions with respect to investitures. In the following year Henry set out once more for Rome, at the head of a numerous army, to be crowned. He entered the Leonine City in the month of February, and proceeded to the Church of St. Peter, where he was received by Paschal with every possible mark of respect. The Pope signed an agreement that the prelates should resign the lands and other possessions which they held in fief of the Emperor, on condition of the latter's renouncing the right of investiture. When, however, the conditions of the treaty were to be mutually fulfilled, the German and Italian bishops present protested to a man that they would not part with their estates, which the Pope had no proper right to dispose of. This produced a warm altercation between the King and the Pope, who declared he would not proceed with the coronation unless Henry immediately ratified the treaty. The Emperor then ordered his guards to arrest Paschal, and the cardinals who were with him. Many persons of rank were also seized. In the meantime two ecclesiastics, having made their escape in disguise, animated the citizens of Rome to take up arms and rescue the Pope. The consequence was that a sanguinary conflict took place between the Germans and Romans, in which each party alternately had the advantage; and though the latter were finally repulsed, they appeared so formidable, and so resolutely bent on continuing the struggle, that Henry thought it advisable to retire into the country of the Sabines, carrying with him the Pope, the cardinals, and several of the Roman nobility.

After Paschal had been imprisoned two months, the King ordered that he should be brought, with the other prisoners, to his camp, not far from Rome, and swore, in the presence of his army, that if the Pope did not fulfill the article of their agreement, he would put him to death and all who were with

him. Notwithstanding this threatening, the Pope remained unmoved, till the cardinals and the other princes, by their earnest and incessant entreaties that he would yield for their sakes, and to prevent the calamities which must otherwise fall upon the Church, at length melted him into a compliance. Upon this, the articles of agreement which were drawn up between Paschal and Henry, were sworn to on both sides, and the King received a papal bull, confirming to him the right of investiture. All things being thus settled, the Pope and Henry entered Rome together, and proceeded once more to the Church of St. Peter, where the Emperor was crowned King of the Romans by Paschal, with the usual solemnity.

Henry took respectful leave of His Holiness, and returned into Germany. Soon, however, the agreement was formally annulled by the Council of Lateran in 1112, Paschal disavowing his extorted concessions. A rebellion in Saxony soon followed; and the Emperor, in attempting to quell it, received a great defeat. The prelates and nobles of the insurgent party then proceeded to issue a sentence of excommunication against Henry and his adherents; and his cause would have been ruined in Germany, had it not been supported by the valor of his nephew, Frederic, Duke of Suabia.

In 1115, upon the death of the Countess Matilda, of Tuscany, Henry once more marched into Italy to lay claim to her territories, as being the next of kin. But this devoted and loyal friend of successive popes had bequeathed her possessions to the Holy See, and the Pope was not likely to resign such a rich acquisition. Henry marched to Rome, where he was crowned a second time; and upon the election of Pope Gelasius, without his concurrence, after the death of Paschal, he set up an Anti-pope, Bourdin, who took the name Gregory VIII. Guy, of Burgundy, had been unanimously elected Pope, under the title of Calixtus II., by all the cardinals except those of the Emperor's party. This schism, attended with rebellions against Henry, continued until 1122, when the Emperor found himself obliged to send an embassy to Pope Calixtus, in order to compromise their differences.

By the Concordat of Worms it was agreed that the Emperor should have the right to be present, personally or by proxy,

at every election of a prelate, and that the chosen bishop should before consecration receive his lands and secular authority from the crown. Henry thus relinquished the right of investiture; he also abandoned the cause of his Anti-pope; and in return he received absolution, and was restored to the communion of the Church.

In 1124 Henry, at the instigation of his father-in-law, the King of England, invaded France, but was soon compelled to retreat. A revolt in Holland compelled him to take up arms in that quarter, and he met with some success in reducing the insurgents; but the flames of sedition still spreading, he retired to Utrecht, where he expired in 1125. As he left no legitimate children, with him ended the Franconian dynasty. He bequeathed his possessions to the faithful Hohenstaufen.

Henry V. was of a haughty and hasty temperament. Ambition and the love of absolute power led him into the struggles which caused his life to be one of almost constant warfare. He was a bad son, but a courageous ruler, whom opposition might destroy, but could not bend.

The Dispute About Investitures.

The vigor of Henry's government ere long estranged from him his late papal partisans; the Roman hierarchy, by making use of him as a tool in their designs against his father, had, as it were, morally annihilated him, and could not brook his elevation. A fanatical party, headed by Guido de Vienne, Archbishop of Lyons, without asking Pope Paschal's permission, caused the Emperor to be excommunicated by a Synod held at Vienne, on account of his refusal to cede his right of investiture, A. D. 1112. The Emperor, without noticing the proceedings of this Synod, marched to Rome and left the settlement of the matter to his chancellor, Adalbert, who proposed the strictest division between the power of the State and that of the Church; the State never to intermeddle with ecclesiastical affairs, and the Church to remain unpossessed of lands and worldly wealth. A wise, but impracticable, counsel, for, as might clearly have been foreseen, the Church would never voluntarily surrender her possessions. The Emperor at length cut the matter short by seizing the person

of the Pope, and compelling him to disclaim the right of investiture. Guido de Vienne raved, and scarcely had the Emperor withdrawn from Rome, than the Pope declared the transaction void, the terms having been forced upon him, and Adalbert, to whom the Emperor had promised the Archbishopric of Mayence, fearing the Pope's refusal to confirm him in his dignity, and, moreover, foreseeing that the Church would prove victorious, went over to Guido's party, for which he was rewarded by the Pope with a cardinal's hat, and the supreme direction over the whole of the German clergy.

A party, inimical to the Emperor, was, at the same time, formed in Saxony. The Palsgrave Siegfried, a relation of Lothar, who had been deprived of his dignity by the Emperor on an accusation of treason, claimed the rich inheritance of the counts of Orlamünd, whose family had become extinct. By the concurrence of Lothar, the young Henry von Stade, whose heritage had been sold by the Emperor to his guardian, Frederic, had also been reinstated, and the assistance of the Saxons against the Bohemians and the Poles had been extremely lukewarm. Lothar, who had been declared by the Emperor out of the ban of the empire, now found himself backed by almost the whole of Northern Germany, more particularly by Wiprecht the elder, and Louis of Thuringia, and by the great ecclesiastical party, at whose head stood Adalbert, the Emperor's ungrateful chancellor. His capture by the Emperor, which shortly afterwards took place, deprived the confederates of their leader, and the Emperor, suddenly entering Saxony, surprised his opponents near Warnstädt. Hoyer's impetuous charge bore all before it. Siegfried was slain; Wiprecht the elder was taken prisoner; A.D. 1113.

After reëstablishing peace throughout the North, Henry solemnized his marriage with Matilda, the daughter of Henry I. of England, with great splendor, at Mayence, A.D. 1114. It was here that Lothar and Louis of Thuringia, barefoot and in beggarly attire, threw themselves at his feet and begged for mercy. Louis was thrown into prison. Henry's unrelenting severity, his open suppression of the power of the great vassals of the empire, and his assumption of despotic rule, raised a fresh conspiracy, at the head of which appeared Frederic,

Archbishop of Cologne. This city was vainly besieged by the Emperor, who was defeated before the gates, and Berthold III., of Zähringen, was taken prisoner. This signal success infused fresh spirit into the Saxons, whilst the Emperor, with his usual decision, declared the whole of Saxony out of the ban of the empire, created Count Hoyer von Mansfeld Duke of Saxony, in place of Lothar, and marched in person with his whole force against the rebels. Hoyer, too impatient to grasp the ducal coronet, ventured singly too far in advance, and was killed in sight of both armies, by Wiprecht von Groitsch the younger, in the battle of Welfisholz, in the county of Mansfeld. The loss of this commander threw the imperial army into confusion, and the victorious Saxons left the bodies of their fallen opponents unburied on the field, as being under the interdict of the Church. The Emperor wandered in his flight among the Hartz Mountains. On the same day, Otto von Ballenstädt gained a victory at Köthen over the rebellious Wends [A. D. 1115], and the Saxons once more gained the palm of glory.

This disastrous day was fatal to every hope that had been entertained for the preservation of the integrity of the State by the Emperor, and inflicted an almost deadly blow on the nation, which saw itself henceforward doomed to disunion and exposed to foreign (papal and French) influence. Blinded by the provincial hatred between the Saxons and the Franks, the nation showed no inclination to favor the rise of the imperial power, and seemed insensible to the manner in which their honor and their most sacred interests were betrayed to the foreigner.

It was exactly at this period that the celebrated Countess Matilda expired in Italy, and bequeathed her rich possessions to the Church. Henry's late defeat by the Saxons, and the renewed interdict laid upon him by the Pope, rendered the preservation of this important territory to the State a task of no common difficulty; but, with his usual fertility in resources, he dispatched a nobleman, Dietrich von der Aare, by whom he had formerly been beaten before Cologne, but who had afterwards become his friend, to negotiate with Lothar, and to represent to him that they must all inevitably become slaves

to the Pope, unless they united for the preservation of their temporal rights. At the same time, he set the imprisoned princes at liberty. But scarcely was Adalbert of Mayence free, than, glowing with revenge, he contrived to work upon Lothar, frustrated Henry's attempts at reconciliation, and opened an assembly of the princes at Cologne without the Emperor. Even the Emperor's ambassador, Erlung, Bishop of Würzburg, went over to Adalbert's party. Upon this, the Emperor abandoned Northern Germany for a while, and, intrusting Southern Germany to the guardianship of the brave Hohenstaufen, hastened into Italy.

The policy pursued by Henry V. in Italy was noted for prudence; he everywhere favored the cities whose love of independence caused them to dread the supremacy of the Pope, should he succeed in gaining possession of the lands of the Countess Matilda. He consequently met with a favorable reception at Venice, and even found a strong party in his favor in Rome, headed by the Count of Tusculum, to whom he gave his illegitimate daughter Bertha in marriage, and by the Frangipani, a family then coming into note. Paschal was compelled to flee; and the imperial crown was placed on Henry's head by a Portuguese Archbishop, who chanced to be in Rome, the only prelate who could be found to perform that ceremony [A. D. 1116]. The principal aim for which Henry had visited Italy, that of taking possession of the lands of the Countess Matilda, in the name of the empire, was, however, gained, and he prolonged his stay in that country in order to keep a watch upon Rome. On the death of Paschal, in 1118, he nominated a successor, to whom the Romans opposed the pope, Gelasius II., whom they had previously elected. This Pope was treated with great violence, and expelled by the Frangipani; he expired in the following year. The papal party then placed Guido de Vienne, the Emperor's most formidable antagonist, on the pontifical throne, under the name of Calixtus II., A.D. 1119. This Pope instantly renewed the alliance with the Saxons and Adalbert, and openly opposed the Emperor.

In Germany, the Hohenstaufen, notwithstanding their endeavors to keep the field for the Emperor, had been alone

successful on the Rhine. The troops of Adalbert were defeated by them under the walls of Mayence, and their commander, Emicho von Leiningen, was slain. The citizens of Mayence rebelled against Adalbert, who caused numbers of them to be executed. The Saxons marched to the assistance of Aschaffenburg, his usual residence, and besieged Limburg, which was, however, relieved by Frederic of Suabia, who continued to retain the superiority on the Rhine. The same fortune did not befriend the imperial party in Northern Germany. Frederic von Putelendorf, whom Henry had created Palsgrave of Saxony, was compelled to make terms with the rebels at Naumburg, and the great and imperial castle on the Kyffhäuser was burnt down.

Adalbert, emboldened by the admonitions of Calixtus II., again excommunicated Henry at a council held at Cologne, and the project of electing a new emperor was being discussed, when Henry V. returned, called a Diet at Tribur, and, for the last time, attempted to negotiate terms of peace with the rebellious party. The Pope also came to Rheims, on an intimate and secret understanding with the French King, Louis VI., who loaded him with flattery. The Emperor, closely pressed by his enemies, found himself compelled to resign the right of investiture; but scarcely was the matter concluded with the Pope, than a still greater concession was required, the Pope seeking to include in the right of investiture, or the right of being the sole elector of the bishops, also that of the impropriation of church lands, and of the royal dues, which until now had been in the gift of the Crown. The cession of these rights being steadily refused by the indignant Emperor, the treaty was again broken off, and Calixtus II., after once more excommunicating him, visited the King of France at Paris, and proceeded thence in triumph to Rome, whence he expelled the Anti-pope Gregory VIII., whom he shortly afterwards took prisoner at Sutri, and caused to be exposed to public derision, mounted on the back of a camel.

Whilst Germany was thus overcome by the Pope and his French ally, the Germans continued senselessly to dispute, and the Emperor was alone upheld in this great national affair by the citizens of the towns, which would have found

themselves entirely deprived of the protection of the Crown, had all the church property, which included the episcopal cities, become papal fiefs. Cologne and Münster were, at that period, the most zealous supporters of the rights of the State against the Church, and of those of Germany against Rome. Cologne opened her gates to the Emperor; Münster expelled her bishop, but was in consequence besieged and burnt by the Saxon princes, A.D. 1121. The only one among the princes who returned to his allegiance to the Emperor was Wiprecht von Groitsch the elder; but when the Emperor, in 1122, stood before Mayence, and the Saxons marched against him to Adalbert's relief, they became ashamed of the opprobrium with which they were viewed by the nation; and the Emperor, on his side, being urged by the fear of utter destruction, if fortune again favored the Saxons, it was resolved that each party should send twelve representatives to Würzburg, there to negotiate terms of peace; and at length, notwithstanding the opposition of Adalbert, a reconciliation was accomplished. The Emperor, at the same time, made terms with the Pope, to whom, by the treaty of Worms, he conceded the impropriation of church property, with the exception of the royal dues, a point of great importance for the cities and townships. He was now, for the first time, freed from the interdict, A.D. 1122.—W. MENZEL.



HENRY I. OF ENGLAND.



HENRY I., King of England, surnamed Beauclerc, was the fourth and youngest son of William the Conqueror, by his queen, Matilda of Flanders, and was born in 1068, at Selby in Yorkshire, being the only one of the sons of the Conqueror who was an Englishman by birth. Immediately on receiving the news of the death of his brother William Rufus, he rode to Winchester and seized the royal treasures. His reign is reckoned from Sunday, the 5th of August, 1100, on which day he was crowned at Westminster by Maurice, Bishop of London. His brother Robert, whose the crown was by right, had gone on the Crusade, and still lingered in Italy on his homeward journey.

The early acts of Henry, like those of most usurpers, were intended to please the people. He granted a charter of liberties, promising to abolish the curfew and the Dane-geld; to restore the Saxon laws of Edward the Confessor, and to redress the grievances under which the nation had groaned since the Conquest. Henry, from the first, put forward his English birth as one of his chief claims to acceptance with his subjects, and he hastened to strengthen this title by an act which almost admitted that the rights of the Saxon line were not extinct. He married Matilda, daughter of Malcolm, the King of Scotland, and niece of

Edgar Atheling, thus uniting the Norman and Saxon royal lines. Flambard, the minister of Rufus, had been imprisoned in the Tower of London by the new king, to please the English. But a friend conveyed to him a rope hidden in a jar of wine, and Flambard, escaping by a window, reached Normandy. Robert had just arrived with his Italian wife, and was easily induced to invade England. He was marching on Winchester when Henry overtook him. The two brothers quickly came to terms; Robert agreed to surrender his claim to the throne, on condition of a yearly tribute of 3,000 marks being paid to him; each brother, by this treaty, was to inherit the dominions of the other in case of death without issue, and the adherents of both were to receive full pardon. Henry, however, when the danger was over, made no scruple of infringing the latter part of the covenant, and the ruin of some great families was the consequence.

He now began to meditate offensive measures, invaded Normandy, defeated his brother Robert at the battle of Tenchebrai, 1106, and took him prisoner. It is to his disgrace that he cruelly kept his brother confined in Cardiff Castle till his death, a long period of twenty-eight years. The usurpation of Normandy involved Henry in continual wars on the Continent of Europe, and was a source of much pecuniary distress among the English.

During these wars Henry had been involved in a dispute with the Church. The contested points were the king's claims that the clergy should do homage for their lands, and that he should be permitted, like his predecessors, to invest new abbots and prelates with the ring and crosier of their office. Anselm, who sided with the Pope, was a second time banished; but in the end Henry gave up his claims.

The king and his son, William, now aged eighteen, crossed to Normandy, to receive the homage of the barons; but on the return voyage the prince was drowned. When about to embark with his father, a sailor, named Fitzstephen, whose father had steered the Conqueror's ship to England, offered to the prince the use of "The White Ship," manned by fifty skillful rowers. The other vessels left the shore early in the day; but the "White Ship" did not sail till sunset,

the crew drinking and feasting on deck. They set out by moonlight, and were rowing vigorously along to overtake the king's ship, when the vessel struck on a rock in the Race of Alderney and went to pieces. William might have been saved, for he had secured a boat; but, hearing his illegitimate sister's shrieks, he returned, and the boat sank beneath the crowds that leaped from the ship's side. None lived to tell the story but a butcher of Rouen, who floated ashore on a broken mast. The news was kept from Henry for some days, when a page, flinging himself in tears at his master's feet, told all. It is said that the unhappy father was never seen to smile again.

More than two years before Prince William's death, Henry had lost his wife Matilda. They had been estranged for twelve years, which the queen had spent in devotion and charity. Henry's second wife was a French princess, Adelais, daughter of the Duke of Louvain. She had no children. Of Matilda's two, there remained only Maud, who had married Henry V., Emperor of Germany.

Henry, having no son to inherit his throne, exacted from the prelates and nobles an oath to support the claim of Maud, who had become a widow. At the same time, to strengthen his connections in France, he caused her to marry Geoffrey Plantagenet, Count of Anjou, a boy of sixteen,—an alliance which pleased neither English nor Normans. The marriage was not a happy one, and the broils between Maud and her husband disturbed the latter years of Henry's reign.

Henry was the first English king who delivered a formal speech from the throne. During his reign silver half-pence and farthings, which had previously been formed by clipping the penny into halves and quarters, were made round; the coinage, which had been debased, was renewed, and severe laws were made against counterfeiters. Rents were paid in money instead of in kind. A standard of weights and measures was established, the ell being fixed at the length of the king's arm; and the woolen manufactures were introduced by some Flemings, who settled first on the Tweed, and afterwards at Haverfordwest in Pembroke, and Worsted in Norfolk.

Henry I. gained his surname Beauclerc or "Fine Scholar," by translating "Æsop's Fables." Several attempts on his life made him suspicious. He frequently changed his bedroom, and kept sword and shield near his pillow. His great aim was to extend his power on the Continent; for he despised his English subjects, and looked on them as fit only to supply money for his schemes of pleasure and ambition. He died at St. Denis, in Normandy, on Sunday, the 1st of December, 1135, after seven days' illness, brought on by eating to excess of lampreys.

Henry I. was cruel, faithless and debauched. His moral character was detestable; but in policy and craft he was a master. In the midst of all his profligacy and unscrupulous ambition, he cherished a love of letters, and in his hours of leisure was fond of the society of learned men. His government, though arbitrary and tyrannical in a high degree, appears to have been an improvement on that of his father and his elder brother.

A Saxon Bride.

Henry Beauclerc, who, on all necessary occasions, boasted of his English birth, determined to espouse an English wife as soon as he was seated on the throne. The lady of his choice was, to use the words of the Saxon Chronicle, "Maud, daughter of Malcolm, King of Scots, and Margaret, the good queen, the relation of King Edward, and of the right kingly kin of England." This descendant of the great Alfred had been sent from Scotland in her childhood to be educated by her aunt Christina, Edgar Atheling's second sister, who was abbess of Wilton in Wiltshire. As she grew up, several of the Norman captains, who had become great lords in England, aspired to the honor of her hand; but though several matches had been negotiated, none had been concluded. It should appear that the Red King acknowledged the importance of the fair Saxon of the ancient royal line, by preventing his powerful vassal, William de Garenne, from marrying her.

When proposals were first made on the part of King Henry, Maud showed an aversion to the match. But she

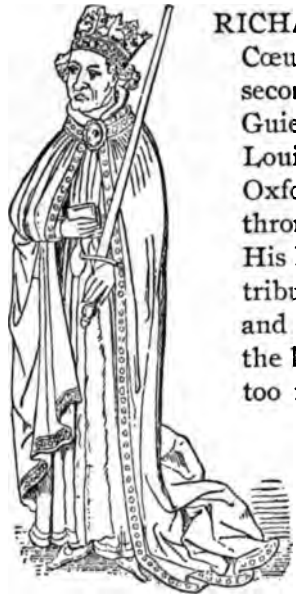
was assailed by irresistible arguments. "O noblest and fairest of women," said her Saxon advisers, "if thou wilt, thou canst restore the ancient honor of England, and be a pledge of reconciliation and friendship!" When the fair Saxon yielded, some of the Norman nobles, neither liking to see an English woman raised to be their queen, nor the power of their king confirmed by a union which would endear him to the native race, and render him less dependent on Norman arms, raised a new obstacle by asserting that Maud was a nun, and that she had been seen wearing the veil. If true, this was insurmountable.

Henry postponed the marriage, and applied to Anselm, the Archbishop of Canterbury, to institute an inquiry. Anselm, being himself eager for the match, and very friendly to the English people, caused the royal maiden to be brought before him, and then questioned her gently with his own voice. To the archbishop Maud denied that she had ever taken the vows, or, of her free will worn the veil; and she offered to give full proof of this before all the prelates of England. "I must confess," she said, "that I have sometimes appeared veiled; but listen unto the cause: in my first youth, when I was living under her care, my aunt, to save me, as she said, from the lust of the Normans, who attacked all females, was accustomed to throw a piece of black stuff over my head; and if I refused to cover myself with it, she would treat me very roughly. In her presence I wore that black covering; but as soon as she was out of sight I threw it on the ground and trampled it under foot in childish anger." After receiving this naïve explanation, which is by itself worth a chapter of ordinary history, the learned and venerable archbishop called a council of bishops, abbots and monks, and summoned before this council the gentle and lovely Maud, and many of her witnesses, of both sexes and of both races. Two archdeacons, who had expressly visited the convent in which the young lady had been brought up, deposed that public report and the testimony of the nuns of that godly house agreed with and confirmed the declaration which Maud had made to the archbishop. The council unanimously decreed that the young lady was free, and could dispose of herself in marriage.

On Sunday, the 11th of November, A.D. 1100, or little more than three months after the accession of the Beauclerc, the marriage was celebrated, and the Saxon queen was crowned with great pomp and solemnity. According to the chroniclers, both Norman and English, she proved a loving and obedient wife, as beautiful in mind as in person, being distinguished by a love of learning and great charity to the poor. Her elevation to the throne filled the hearts of the Saxon part of the nation with exceeding great joy. No son of the gentle Maud lived to succeed Beauclerc, and through this misfortune England was visited by the miseries inseparably connected with disputed successions and civil wars. Yet this union between the blood of the Conqueror and the blood of King Alfred had a beneficial effect: it served as an example to some of the Norman baronage, it gave the court of the Beauclerc more of an English or Saxon character, and contributed to do away with many invidious distinctions.



RICHARD I.



RICHARD I., King of England, surnamed Cœur de Lion, the "Lion-hearted," was the second son of Henry II., and Eleanor of Guienne, who had been divorced from Louis VII. of France. He was born at Oxford in 1157, and succeeded to the throne by the death of his father in 1189. His haughty and rebellious spirit had contributed to lay the aged king in his grave, and although he showed some regret for the loss of his father, he evidently thirsted too much for the exercise of royal power and independent dominion, to feel real sorrow. He remained a short time on the Continent, to take formal possession of his foreign territories, and to settle the differences between the crowns of France and England.

On the 13th of August, 1189, Richard landed at Portsmouth; the chief of the nobility met him at Winchester, and on the 3rd of September, he was crowned with great pomp and magnificence at Westminster. The day was, however, disgraced by an inhuman massacre of the Jews, who at that period were the principal bankers. They had been protected by Henry; but as Philip, the French King, had banished them from France, they feared that similar measures might be adopted by Richard; to obviate which the Jews had hastened to London on the coronation-day with splendid offerings. Their presence roused the mob, and the cry spread that the

king had proclaimed a massacre. Every Jewish dwelling was soon ablaze, and the streets were slippery with Jewish blood. But York Castle was the scene of a darker tragedy. Five hundred Jews had there taken refuge with their wives and children, and were besieged by the citizens. They offered money, but in vain; and, to baulk those who thirsted for their blood, they hurled their treasures into the flames, slew their dear ones, and then stabbed one another. A few cried for mercy, and opened the gates; but the rabble rushing in put them to the sword. It was in vain that Richard, by proclamation, took the Jews under his protection; Lynn, Norwich, Stamford, Edmondsbury, Lincoln, also echoed the dying groans of God's ancient people.

Richard's adventurous spirit sought an outlet in a new Crusade. His earliest measures were undertaken to raise money for this purpose. To it he devoted the hoards of his father, sold the honors and offices in his own gift, and even gave up for 10,000 marks the homage wrested by his father from the Scottish King. On the 1st of July, 1190, Richard met Philip Augustus of France in the plain of Vezelai, and agreed upon the terms of a mutual expedition to the Holy Land, forming the third Crusade. Richard was then accompanied from Marseilles by the English barons, and the kings rejoined company at Messina, the appointed rendezvous of the two armies, numbering altogether 100,000 men. Here they remained during the winter. Another delay took place at Cypress, where Richard was married to Berengaria of Navarre. He stayed to conquer the island; and, having captured the King, Isaac, cast him into prison, loaded with fetters of silver.

In the middle of 1191, the armament arrived before Acre, which had already been, for two years, besieged by the German crusaders under the Emperor Frederic. The English monarch immediately became popular among the knights, and took a leading part in the operations of the siege. Notwithstanding the valiant efforts of the famous Saladin to raise the siege, the fortress surrendered on the 12th of July. Soon afterwards Philip Augustus departed for France, pretending sickness, but really disgusted with the supremacy of Richard,

who far outshone him in feats of arms. Richard now marched from Acre at the head of 100,000 men, and defeated Saladin in a general engagement on the road towards Ascalon. This victory put the Crusaders in possession of the principal towns along the sea-coast, and furnished such a basis of operations that Richard was enabled to press forward to the capture of Jerusalem. At last the walls of that city rose before the soldiers of the Cross; but their ranks were so thinned by war, hunger and disease, and their energies so weakened by disunion and national jealousy that Richard, even with the prize glittering before him, was forced to turn away. He concluded a truce with Saladin and embarked for Europe on the 9th of October, 1192.

Richard, on taking a last view of the shores of Asia, is said to have exclaimed, "Most holy land, I commend thee to the care of the Almighty! May He grant me life to return and rescue thee from the yoke of the infidels!" On the passage home he was shipwrecked near Aquileia, on the coast of Italy. Disguising himself as a merchant, he endeavored to reach England by way of Germany. When near Vienna, his real character was discovered through the imprudence of his page, who going into the town to buy provisions, wore gloves, then a mark of the highest rank. Leopold, Duke of Austria, caused his arrest, both in revenge of his brother-in-law, the King of Cyprus, and of the contempt that Richard had shown him at Acre. At first the royal prisoner was confined in the castle of Tyernstein; but the Emperor, Henry VI. of Germany, who purchased the chained Lion for £60,000 about ($292,200), flung him into a castle in the Tyrol.

Richard's captivity was concealed as long as possible, and popular tradition declares that even after the fact was acknowledged, the place of his incarceration was still hidden. At last the faithful search of his devoted servant Blondel, who wandered as minstrel from castle to castle, was rewarded by the discovery of his sovereign. Richard was ransomed by his subjects at the price of 100,000 marks, and arrived in London on the 20th of March, 1194. His contemptible brother, John, had been in connivance with Philip to usurp the kingdom, and that monarch advised him of Richard's

return with the pithy warning to "take care of himself, for the devil had broke loose." Richard, however, generously forgave him, and having been crowned again at Winchester, crossed over to France to chastise Philip. Hostilities were interrupted by a truce, and being resumed again, a second truce was agreed upon.

In 1199, Richard was preparing to return to England, when Vidomar, the Count of Limoges, discovered a treasure, part of which he sent to Richard as his feudal superior. Cœur-de-Lion, who had been at great costs in his recent wars, claimed the whole. Provoked at the refusal of the Limousan, Richard invested the castle of Chaluz, and haughtily refusing all overtures, threatened to hang the whole garrison as soon as he had taken the place. While reconnoitering this stronghold, he was shot in the shoulder with an arrow by a crossbowman, named Bertrand de Gourdon. The garrison in the meantime had been defeated, and the King displayed his usual magnanimity by ordering that Gourdon should be set at liberty. On the contrary, the hapless man was flayed alive and then hung, by order of Marchadee, the leader of the Brabantine soldiers in Richard's army. The King's wound proved mortal, and he expired on the 16th of April, 1199. He was buried at the feet of his father at Fontevraud: his heart was bequeathed to the citizens of Rouen.

Richard I. was the very model of a feudal knight. His skill in music, his accomplishments in the poetry of the Troubadours, his daring valor and great muscular strength have made him a favorite hero of historians and novelists. Armed with a heavy battle-axe, he never hesitated to rush single-handed into the midst of the enemy, and such deeds are recorded of him as would be incredible if they were not well attested by eye-witnesses. Out of his reign of ten years, he spent but six months among his people, and his brilliant victories brought only poverty and distress to English homes.

Richard Cœur-de-Lion in the Holy Land.

On the 10th of June, 1191, an astounding clangor of trumpets and drums and horns, and every other instrument in the Christian camp, hailed the arrival of Richard and his

fleet in the roadstead of Acre. The welcome was sincere, for the aid was opportune and indispensable. Without the Lion-heart there must have been a capitulation of the Christians to Saladin. The French king had arrived some time before, but had done nothing. Frederic of Suabia, who had taken the command of the remnant of the army of the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, and who had not been able to give a favorable turn to the siege of Acre, had been for some time dead, and the Duke of Austria, who assumed command of the Imperialists, was a formalist and a sluggard, being at the same time conceited and jealous.

The loss of life among the Christians had been fearful. The sword and the plague, with other diseases, had swept away six archbishops, twelve bishops, forty earls, and five hundred barons whose names are recorded in history, and one hundred and fifty thousand of the "meaner sort." The siege had lasted well nigh two years, and the Crusaders were not only still outside the walls, but actually pressed and hemmed in, and almost besieged themselves, by Saladin, who occupied Mount Carmel and all the neighboring heights with an immense army. But the arrival of the English king put a new spirit and life into the languishing siege; and on the 12th of July, only a month and two days after his landing, Acre was taken. The glory of the achievement was justly given to Cœur-de-Lion.

The French and English soldiery entered fully into the piques and jealousies of their respective kings, who did not agree the better for the treaty which had been concluded between them while in Sicily. Nothing but a Holy War could ever have brought these two sovereigns to attempt to act in concert with one another. Philip was constantly aiming at the overthrow of Richard's dominions in France, and Richard was resolute to keep those French provinces, which rendered him even in France as powerful as Philip. These quarrels nearly split the great confederacy of the Crusaders. Each king had his partisans. The Genoese and Templars espoused the quarrel of France; the Pisans and Hospitallers, or the Knights of St. John, took part with England; and, on the whole, it appears that Richard's more brilliant valor, and

greater command of money and other means, rendered the English faction the stronger of the two. The Templars and the Hospitallers, the Genoese and the Pisans, were old rivals, and had often fought against one another even in the Holy Land, and when surrounded by their common enemy, and the foe of all Christians: they were, therefore, sure to take opposite parts; but among the other Crusaders, who were not divided by such rivalry and enmity, and who looked exclusively to the triumph of the Christian cause, the Cœur-de-Lion was evidently regarded as the best present leader, and as the most valorous prince that had ever taken the Cross and adhered to the vows he had pledged at taking it. He never showed himself in the camp without being hailed enthusiastically by the great body of the Christian army; and he had not been a month in the country ere the Saracens began to speak of him with mingled respect and terror. During the siege of Acre he had worked like a common soldier at the heavy battering-engines; and when assailed by a violent endemic fever, he had caused himself to be carried to the trenches on a silk pallet or mattress. Even without his ever liberal guerdon the minstrels might have been animated to sing his praise, and to declare, as they did, that if the Sepulchre of our Lord were ever again recovered, it must be through King Richard. All this gave rise to fresh jealousies in the breast of Philip, who, though brave, was far more distinguished as an adroit statesman in Europe than as a warrior in the Holy Land.

Philip Augustus was gone for France, and the Crusaders seemed disposed rather to remain where they were than to go to Jerusalem. Having restored the battered walls of Acre, Richard Cœur-de-Lion prepared to march; but the majority of the Christians by no means shared in his impatience, "for the wine of Cyprus was of the very best quality, provisions were very abundant, and the city abounded with beautiful women who had come from the neighboring islands;" and the gravest knights had made a Capua of Acre. When a herald-at-arms proclaimed with a loud voice that the army was going to begin its march towards Jaffa, many of the pilgrims held down their heads or slunk away into the houses of the pleasant town.

The impatient King of England went out of Acre and encamped in the neighborhood; and when he had been there some days, and when the clergy by their preaching had recalled to the minds of the Crusaders the sad captivity of Jerusalem, the flames of enthusiasm were again lighted. The pilgrims all went forth to the camp, and Richard having given the signal to depart, one hundred thousand men crossed the river Belus, advancing between the sea and Mount Carmel. Richard had left behind him his sister and wife at Acre, and had strictly prohibited women from following the army. It was on the 22d of August, 1191, that the march began. The distance between Acre and Jerusalem is scarcely more than eighty of our miles; but the country is difficult, and was guarded by a numerous, brave, and active enemy.

Of Richard's forces scarcely more than thirty thousand were to be considered as soldiers, and these were of all nations. They marched in five divisions: the Knights Templars led the van; the Knights of St. John brought up the rear. There was a great standard car, like the Lombard Carroccio, and like that which had been used at Northallerton in the great battle of the Standard. It ran upon four wheels that were sheathed with iron, and it carried the standard of the Holy War suspended on a high mast. During the fury of battles, such of the wounded as could be recovered in the melée were brought round this car: and in case of any reverse or retreat, the car was the general rallying-point for the Christian army. While Richard and his mixed host marched slowly along between the mountains and the sea, a fleet which carried their baggage, provisions, and munitions of war, glided along the coast within sight of the troops. Every night, when the army halted, the heralds of the several camps cried aloud three times, "Save the Holy Sepulchre!" and every soldier bent his knee and raised his hands and eyes to heaven, and said "Amen!" Every morning, at the point of day, the standard car, at the command of Richard, was put in motion, and then the Crusaders formed in order of march, the priests and monks chanting a psalm the while, or singing a hymn—"*Lignum Crucis, Signum Ducis.*"

Saladin, who had been reinforced from all parts, infested

their march every day, and encamped near them every night, with an army greatly superior in numbers. The Crusaders scarcely advanced three leagues a day: their roads were cut by ravines and mountain torrents; there were many steep and intricate defiles, with wood and underwood; and at every difficult point there stood the cunning Paynim to dispute the passage, or to make them suffer from an ambuscade attack. These Saracens were not heavily armed, like the Christians; they carried only a bow and quiver, or a sword, a dagger, and a javelin. Some of them were only armed with a club bristling at one extremity with sharp steel points, that went through a coat of mail like a needle through a garment of cotton or woolen stuff. Many of them, well mounted on Arab horses, kept constantly hovering round Richard's line of march, flying when they were pursued, and returning to the charge when the pursuit ceased, or whenever they saw a favorable opportunity. Their movements were compared, now to the flight of the swallow, and now to that of an importunate swarm of summer flies. Their archers frequently did great execution, even without showing themselves, for they were hid behind trees, or among the tall growing weeds, or they bent their bows with a sure aim behind rocks. Whenever a Crusader fell—and many more fell by disease than by the arms of the infidel—his comrades dug him a shallow grave, and buried him on the spot where he had breathed his last, and then chanted the service for the dead as they resumed their march.

On the 7th of September, Richard brought Saladin to a general action near Azotus, the Ashdod of the Bible, on the sea-shore, and about nine miles from Ascalon. The sultan had there collected two hundred thousand men to oppose Richard's farther advance; and, before the battle began, swarms of Bedouin Arabs collected on the declivities of mountains upon the flank of the Crusaders. Richard closed up his five divisions and ordered them all to remain on the defensive. "The battalions of the Christians," says old Vinesauf, "stood in so solid a mass that an apple thrown anywhere among them could not have reached the ground without touching a man or a horse." The Saracens charged

this iron mass. They might as well have charged the flank of Mount Carmel or Mount Sion. They were thrown off with great slaughter, and then the mass moved slowly onwards, not deviating in the slightest degree from the line of advance which Richard had originally chosen. The Saracens attacked again and in greater force, and being again repulsed and thrown into some confusion, Richard raised his battle-axe and gave the word, and the great solid body broke up into its several parts, and three of the five columns charged among the Paynim. King Richard showed himself wherever the Crusaders had need of succor; and wherever he appeared his presence was announced by the flight of the Turks. After a display of valor which was never surpassed, and of more cool conduct and generalship than might have been expected from him, he gained a complete victory. Mourning the loss of many thousand men, and of thirty-two emirs or chiefs of the first rank, Saladin, the victor of many a field, retreated in great disorder, having had, at one time, only seventeen Mamelukes near his person.

Richard, who was slightly wounded on the left side, advanced without further opposition to Jaffa, the Joppa of Scripture, of which he took possession. Here he was only thirty miles from the Holy City. As the country in advance of that position was as yet clear of enemies, or was occupied only by disheartened fugitives, the Lion-heart would have followed up his advantages; but many of the Crusaders, less hardy than himself, were worn out by the climate and by fatigue, and the French barons urged the necessity of restoring the fortifications of Jaffa before they advanced. No sooner had Richard consented to this measure than the Crusaders, instead of prosecuting the work with vigor, abandoned themselves to luxurious ease.

The English king was joined by his young wife and sister, and the other ladies that he had left at Acre, who came to Jaffa by sea. Being impatient to repose, he had recourse to hunting and other sports of the field, disregarding the evident fact that hordes of Saracens and Arabs were scouring the country in detached parties. One day he was actually surrounded in a wood, and would have lost either his life or his

liberty, had not one of his companions, William de Pratelles, a knight of Provence, cried out in the Arabic tongue, "I am the king! Spare my life!" and by drawing attention upon himself, given Richard the opportunity of escaping. The faithful William de Pratelles was carried off a prisoner to Saladin; but Richard soon redeemed him, by giving in exchange ten emirs whom he had taken. On another occasion, a company of Templars, in quest of forage, fell into an ambuscade. The Lion-heart sent the brave Earl of Leicester to their aid, promising that he would follow as soon as he could get on his armor. Before that rather tedious operation could be completed, they told him the Templars and the Earl were being crushed by the number of the enemy. Without finishing his steel toilette, and without waiting for any one, Cœur-de-Lion leaped on his war-horse, and galloped to the spot, declaring he were unworthy of the name of king, if he abandoned those whom he had promised to succor. He spurred into the thickest of the fight, and so laid about him with that tremendous battle-axe which he had caused to be forged by the best smiths in England before he departed for the East, that the Earl of Leicester and all the Knights Templars who had not fallen previously to his arrival were rescued. On such onslaughts, say the chroniclers, his cry was still—"St. George! St. George!"

At the end of May, 1192, the Crusaders once more set out on their march towards Jerusalem, under the command of Richard. The march now began on a Sabbath-day, the fighting men being to all appearance full of courage, and the poor pilgrims who followed them full of hope, for they raised their voices and said, "O Lord! Thanks be unto Thee, for the time of the deliverance of the Holy City is now at hand!" The warriors had ornamented their helmets with bright cockades and flowers; the flags of the army had been renewed, and shone splendidly in the sun. When not employed in singing psalms and canticles of victory, all tongues spoke the praise of the Lion-hearted king who remained at his post when others had deserted it, and who was now assuredly leading them to a final victory. Early in June they encamped in the valley of Hebron. But here Richard received fresh messen-

gers from England, bringing dismal accounts of plots within and armed confederacies without his dominions. Richard now came to a stand, and turned his heart and thoughts to the West, where his crown was almost within the grasp of his brother John, and whither he was conjured to return by his still able and active mother, Eleanor, and by all such of his ministers as were faithful unto him. A council was assembled at his suggestion: it was composed of five knights of the Temple, five knights of St. John, five barons of France, and five barons or Christian lords, who held lands in Palestine; and it deliberated during several successive days. In the end, this council declared that, under present circumstances, it would be better to march to the south and besiege Cairo, whence Saladin drew his main supplies, than to advance and besiege Jerusalem. This decision was perhaps a wise one, but it was adopted far too late.

As soon as a countermarch from the Hebron was commenced, all discipline abandoned the camp, and, after some savage quarrels and conflicts of arms among themselves, the mass of the French and Germans deserted the Standard of the Cross altogether. Richard then leisurely fell back upon Acre. The Saracens now descended from the mountains of Judæa, pouring through every pass and gorge like the headlong torrents in the winter season: and Saladin soon took the town of Jaffa or Joppa, all but the well-defended citadel, in which Cœur-de-Lion had left a manful garrison. A tremendous contest ensued between Saladin and Richard.

As the battle of Jaffa was the most brilliant, so also was it the last fought by the Lion-heart in the Holy Land. The Duke of Burgundy had withdrawn to Tyre, and had refused to take any further part in the war. The Germans, commanded by the Duke of Austria, had quitted Palestine for Europe; and most of the Crusaders of other nations were wearied with the contest, or engaged in their old jealousies and feuds. Richard's health, and the health of his great adversary Saladin, were both seriously affected; and a mutual admiration and respect appears to have forwarded a treaty which was concluded shortly after the battle of Jaffa.

—C. KNIGHT.

THE CAPTIVE KING'S COMPLAINT.

[Written by Richard Cœur-de-Lion while prisoner in Germany.]

No captive knight, whom chains confine,
Can tell his fate and not repine;
Yet with a song he cheers the gloom
That hangs around his living tomb.
Shame to his friends!—the king remains
Two years unransomed and in chains.

Now let them know, my brave barons,
English, Normans, and Gascons,
Not a liege-man so poor have I,
That I would not his freedom buy.
I'll not reproach their noble line,
But chains and dungeon still are mine.

The dead,—nor friends nor kin have they!
Nor friends nor kin my ransom pay!
My wrongs afflict me,—yet far more
For faithless friends my heart is sore.
O, what a blot upon their name,
If I should perish thus in shame!

Nor is it strange I suffer pain,
When sacred oaths are thus made vain,
And when the king with bloody hands
Spreads war and pillage through my lands.
One only solace now remains,—
I soon shall burst these servile chains.

Ye Troubadours, and friends of mine,
Brave Chail, and noble Pensauvine,
Go, tell my rivals, in your song,
This heart hath never done them wrong.
He infamy—not glory—gains,
Who strikes a monarch in his chains.



THE spirit of chivalry was not confined to Western Europe. Christian chivalry in the Crusades encountered a similar Mohammedan chivalry. In the Arab, and most of the Asiatic races, there was a native chivalry, as among the Teutonic nations. However high Richard Cœur-de-Lion may stand in the annals of knighthood, he was surpassed, even in the judgment of Christian historians, by Saladin in the true virtues of chivalry—bravery, devotion to religion, and generosity to the weak and fallen.

Saladin was born A.D. 1137, or in the Mohammedan reckoning A.H. 532, in the castle of Tecrit on the Tigris. Here his father Ayub, a Kurd of the tribe of Ravenduz, was governor for the Seljukian sovereign of Persia. Saladin's name was Yussuf (or Joseph), to which his family added Salah-ed-Din (Safety of the Faith); in his youth to this was joined, according to Oriental custom, Ben Ayub (Son of Job), and after the birth of his oldest son, this addition was changed to Abu Modhaffer (father of Modhaffer). When he became King of Egypt he took as his title of honor Malek-en-Nasir (Victorious King). At an early age Saladin served under his father and his uncle Shiracouh, and when the latter was sent by the Sultan Noureddin into Egypt to assist the Fatimite Caliph Adhed against his vizier Shawir, Saladin accompanied him. After an entrance had been effected into Alexandria, Saladin was left there in command of a strong garrison, and was besieged by the Crusaders. On the death of Shiracouh

in 1168, Saladin was chosen to succeed him in the command of the Caliph's armies.

Before this Saladin had been addicted to wine and gaming; but he now entirely reformed his conduct, and thenceforth rigorously observed the precepts of the Koran. In obedience to the orders of Noureddin, he put an end to the dynasty of the Fatimite Caliphs of Egypt in 1171. The death of Adhed, happening at the same time, Saladin took possession of his treasures, and though nominally holding the country under the Caliph of Bagdad, and as subordinate to Noureddin, he resolved to make himself independent of both. A temporary agreement, however, prevented hostilities between them.

The death of Noureddin in 1174 removed the greatest obstacle to Saladin's ambitious schemes. Though he acknowledged Al-Malek, the young son of Noureddin, as the lawful heir, the confusion of the times enabled Saladin to seize his dominions, first under the pretence of being his guardian, and then openly for himself. Having secured Damascus and several other places in Syria, he unsuccessfully besieged Al-Malek in Aleppo. He next turned his arms against the Christians in the maritime provinces of Palestine; but Baldwin the Leper, King of Jerusalem, inflicted on him a severe defeat at Ascalon. Almost the whole of his army was destroyed, and he himself fled alone on a dromedary. Al-Malek died in 1181; and Saladin, two years later, became master of Aleppo by capitulation, so that he was now in full possession of Syria as well as Egypt, to both of which provinces his title as Sultan had been confirmed by the Caliph Nasir. The Sultan of Anatolia and the King of Armenia were compelled to make terms of peace.

Religious zeal and political ambition now combined to incite Saladin to expel the Christians from Palestine and to recover the city of Jerusalem. His ardor was further inflamed by the desire of vengeance. Arnaud (or Reginald) de Chatillon, an unruly Frankish lord settled in that country, had not only committed great ravages on the Arabian frontier, but had attacked a caravan of pilgrims going to Mecca, massacring a large number of them, and carrying the rest into captivity.

This act of hostility was an infraction of a convention between Saladin and the Christians, who were pledged to allow pilgrims to pass unmolested; he vowed revenge upon the perpetrator. Similar outrages had been perpetrated upon Christian pilgrims to Jerusalem, but Saladin refused to take notice of them. After ravaging the territory of the Franks, he fulfilled his threats by his victory in the famous battle on the Plain of Tiberias in 1187. Guy de Lusignan, the King of Jerusalem, was taken prisoner, and received by the victor with royal generosity; while his partner in captivity, Reginald de Chatillon, was decapitated, as a punishment for his perfidy, by the hand of Saladin himself. The fruits of this victory were the towns of Acre, Seid, Beirout, and several others on the coast, which either capitulated or were carried by storm.

Saladin then invested Jerusalem itself, for a time refusing all offers of capitulation, and expressed his intention of taking it by storm as the Christians had done. At length, however, the preparations for a vigorous defence on the part of the besieged induced the Sultan to listen to terms, and it was agreed that the Christian inhabitants should evacuate the city, with liberty to carry off their effects, and that the Franks should pay a certain ransom a head, or remain slaves to the conqueror. Saladin entered the Holy City with great triumph, and finally executed the conditions of his treaty. He thence proceeded to lay siege to Tyre, but the destruction of his fleet by the Franks rendered the attempt abortive.

The intelligence of the loss of Jerusalem excited poignant grief among the Christian Powers. The Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, the Kings of England and France, with several other princes, took the Cross and prepared expeditions for the relief of the Holy Land. Help arrived from various parts of Europe to the Christians in Tyre, by which they were enabled in 1189, to undertake the recovery of Acre from the Moslems. This attempt recalled Saladin from the pursuit of other conquests; and for two years the fields of Acre were the theatre of some of the fiercest contests recorded by history between the Europeans and the Asiatics, the followers of Christ and Mohammed. In one of the first conflicts, the Christians penetrated as far as the Sultan's tent, and made great carnage.

In another Saladin threw into the city a considerable reinforcement.

The death of the Emperor Frederic, who had arrived with a large army in Asia, inspired the Moslems with hopes which were damped by the news that the Kings of England and France, Richard Cœur-de-Lion and Philip Augustus, were advancing at the head of a mighty host. Upon their arrival the siege was pushed with so much vigor that Acre, in 1191, surrendered to their united arms. Philip, upon this success, returned to Europe; being piqued that the glory of the exploit was assigned entirely to the English King. Richard remained on the field, and after having twice defeated Saladin, took Cæsarea and Jaffa, and spread alarm to Jerusalem itself. His romantic valor for a time eclipsed the glory of the Sultan, who, however, employed every resource of military skill and policy to check the progress of his antagonist.

At length a truce was made between the two sovereigns, by the terms of which the coast from Jaffa to Tyre inclusively was ceded to the Christians; Ascalon was left demolished and unoccupied, and the rest of Palestine remained in the possession of the Sultan. The departure of Richard freed Saladin from his most formidable foe; but the Sultan's constitution was broken by the constant toil to which he had for many years been subjected; and a bilious fever which had seized him at Damascus, carried him off after twelve days' illness March 4th, 1192 (A.H. 589).

Christians and Saracens have vied with each other in writing panegyrics on the justice, valor, generosity, and political wisdom, of this prince, who possessed the art, not simply of acquiring power, but of devoting it to the good of his subjects. His ingratitude to the family of his early benefactor Noureddin, and the insatiable ambition which led him to despoil so many minor princes of his own faith, are more than atoned for in the eyes of Orientals by his exploits in the Holy War against the Frank invaders of Palestine, and by the rigid justice which he administered impartially to the meanest suppliant for redress. His generous humanity to the helpless multitude of captives which fell into his hands at the capture of Jerusalem may be favorably contrasted with the

massacre of the garrison of Acre, ordered by Cœur-de-Lion, after its capitulation. "Spill no blood," said Saladin to his son, "for it will one day reach thy head. Preserve the hearts of thy subjects by loving care, for they are intrusted to thee by God."

The Sieges of Jerusalem and Joppa.

While the pilgrims were anticipating the recovery of the Holy City, in Jerusalem all was apprehension and despondency. The reparation of the walls, though far advanced, was not completed; the Turks who had been dismissed in the winter had not returned to the standard of Saladin. Malek-el-Adel and Malek-el-Afdel were away in Mesopotamia with a large portion of the army, the guards of the Sultan and a part of the Egyptian troops alone remained for the defence of the Holy City; and it is not at all improbable that, as many of the pilgrims thought, the city would have surrendered or been deserted, if they had advanced at once to lay siege to it. Saladin himself was ill in health, and incapable of his customary exertions.

The Sultan, expecting an immediate advance of the Christian army, when he heard of the return of King Richard from his expedition to Hebron and of the arrival of King Henry with reinforcements, sent urgent entreaties to the Turkish troops to come to his aid, and at the same time he filled up all the cisterns for two miles round Jerusalem, to deprive the enemy of water. In the council of war which he assembled the Cadi Boha-ed-deen, by his directions, entreated the emirs to perseverance in the Holy War; he cited the example of the companions of the Prophet, who in a similar time of peril had sworn to fight even to the death. "Let us then," said he, "follow this glorious example, and swear unanimously in the mosque of the khaleefeh Omar to die with weapons in our hands; it may be that this resolution will give us a victory over the enemy." No one made answer; "they were as still," to use the words of the Cadi, "as if birds were sitting on their heads." At length the Sultan spake from his throne: "Praise be unto God and a blessing on the Prophet! Know that ye are now the only army of Islâm and its sole de-

fence, that the lives and properties and children of the Moslems are committed to you, and that besides you no Moslem dares to go against this foe, who, if you, which God avert, retire, will roll up these countries as the angel of judgment rolls up the book in which the actions of men are written down. You have not merely undertaken the defence of these countries, and enjoy for so doing all that our treasury can offer you, but the Moslems of other countries also depend upon your protection." Then rose Seif-ed-deen Meshtoob, the brave defender of Acre. "My lord," said he, "we are thy servants and slaves; thou hast heaped benefits upon us, hast made us great and renowned, and hast given us so much that nothing is our own save our necks, and these we give unto thy hand; we swear by God, that none of us will quit thee so long as we live." All present assented to what the valiant emir spoke, and Saladin expressed his joy by giving a splendid banquet.

But when his confidential friends assembled around him for the evening prayer, as they were wont, they found him no longer cheerful. As they were going away he detained Boha-ed-deen, and told him that the Mamlooks, when they had heard the resolve of the emirs, had declared against standing a siege in Jerusalem, where the fate of the garrison of Acre perhaps awaited them, and pronounced it better to meet the enemy in the open field, where a victory would restore to Islâm all that it had lost; or in case of defeat, the army might reserve itself for another time, and that the city of Jerusalem, which Islâm had before been obliged to part with, should be then abandoned; but that if the Sultan would compel his warriors to defend the town, in that case either himself or one of his near relatives should stay to command them. Boha-ed-deen spent the greater part of the night in comforting and exhorting the Sultan, and when he returned to him at the time of morning prayer he advised him to seek the favor and the protection of God on that day (it was Friday), by private almsgiving, by fervent prayer, and by twice bowing his knees in the mosque of Omar. When a few hours afterwards the Cadi was performing his devotions near his master in the mosque, he marked with delight the tears of sadness which rolled down

the cheeks of the Sultan during his internal prayer. The confidence of Saladin now revived; he resolved not to yield the Holy City to the infidels, and he appointed his kinsman, Maj-ed-deen Ferukh Shah, the Prince of Baalbek, to be its governor.

But the apprehensions of the Sultan were groundless; the Christian leaders thought of nothing less than of attempting the recovery of the Holy City, and the very next morning he learned that they were about to commence their retreat.

The negotiation was opened by King Henry's seeking, at the desire of King Richard, peace and friendship with the Sultan. When this proposal had been well received by Saladin, Richard sent Yussuf-el-Hajee (*pilgrim*), a servant of Seif-ed-deen Meshtoob, who was his prisoner, along with two Christians, as it were to treat with his master about the liberation of Kara Koosh, who was still in captivity. This was on the day that King Richard encamped at Ramla, and he desired the envoy to tell his master that the Mussulmans should not build any hopes on the retreat of the Christians, that the ram retires only to butt with the greater force, and that the emir would do well to advise the Sultan to peace. But Saladin and his emirs knew too well the real state of affairs with the Crusaders, to be moved by this fanfaronade; and Richard soon confirmed them in their opinion, by lowering his demands and almost descending to entreaty. He now required, beside the division of the country with King Henry, to which Saladin had already consented, only the possession of the Church of the Resurrection; and as the Sultan seemed inclined to agree to this, Richard sent a present of two hawks by another envoy, and required permission for twenty Christians to reside in the castle of Jerusalem. This the Sultan refused; he would only allow the Latins to visit the Holy City as pilgrims; but he consented to levy no tax on them. He made a corresponding return to the present of the English king; but he declined sending an emir, as Richard had requested, to the Christian camp, to swear in his name to the peace if it should be agreed on.

Richard finally proposed that Christians and Moslems should remain as they then were; the former having posses-

sion of all the coast from Antioch to Daroom, the three places which the Saracens held on the coast being given up to them, and Antioch included in the treaty. To this Saladin, after advising with his emirs, replied, that he was already in treaty with the people of Antioch, and that his conduct toward them would be regulated by the answer his envoys should bring him; that as King Richard truly said, the three towns on the coast were a small matter to him; but that still he would not give them up, as it was unseemly for Moslems to yield to Christians what God had given them; that finally, he must insist on the demolition of Ascalon; but that King Richard might have the town of Lidda in compensation for the money which the rebuilding of that town had cost him. This reiterated demand of the demolition of Ascalon determined Richard to break off all negotiation; he declared that he would not touch a stone of that town; he sent three hundred knights to demolish Daroom, which he did not consider tenable, and he strengthened the garrison of Ascalon. After a short stay at Joppa he went to Acre, where he was rejoined by the knights (mostly Templars and Hospitallers) whom he had sent to Daroom.

Saladin, who was now joined by the troops of Aleppo, under his son Malek-ed-Daher (*Conquering King*), and by his brother Malek-el-Adel, found that he might retaliate on his foes by becoming the assailant in his turn, and he resolved on the siege of Joppa. His army of twenty thousand horsemen and a vast number of footmen appeared before its walls on the 28th of July, and surrounded it on the land side, the two wings resting on the sea-shore. The Christians in the town did not exceed five thousand, of whom one-half were sick, and the remainder unskilled in the management of military machines; but the valor and heroism with which they defended themselves excited the surprise and the admiration of the Mussulmans. Saladin himself commanded the centre of his army; the left wing was under Malek-el-Adel, the right under Malek-ed-Daher. Machines were erected against the walls, and the miners commenced their underground operations; but the besieged wrought against them and chased them out of their galleries. On the third day of the siege, as

a part of the walls had been thrown down, the besieged offered to treat, and the Sultan was willing to grant them the same conditions which he had given to the people of Jerusalem. They asked a truce of two days till the following Saturday, to see if they should be relieved; but this the Sultan refused, and on the following day a general assault was made by the Turkish army. During the assault, the east gate of the town, with two perches of the wall, was thrown down by the miners, and the Turks rushed in with a loud cry; but instantly piles of wood which had been placed there blazed up, and the heat and the flame together repelled them; when it had subsided, a wall of spears opposed their progress and forced them to retire. The besieged no longer shut their gates; they harassed the besiegers with constant sallies, while the bows and cross-bows, without ceasing, rained arrows and bolts from the walls.

There was, however, a timid party in Joppa, among whom were the castellan Alberic of Rheims and several of the principal knights, and they sent on this day two persons to treat with Saladin, who agreed to exchange them against Moslem captives, horsemen against horsemen, footmen against footmen, and to give the remainder of the people the same terms that he had given at Jerusalem. When they requested time to communicate these terms to those who had sent them, "I cannot," said he, "disturb the Moslems in the work which they have begun; but go to your companions and tell them to retire into the castle and to abandon the town to my people." The Christians hurried to the castle; the Turks rushed in, slaughtered the sick pilgrims whom they found in the houses, and killed several of those who had not yet gotten into the castle; a great booty, in which was a large portion of what had been taken at Hebron, was found; but the Mamlooks stood at the gates and forced the unwilling soldiers to give up what they had taken. Those in the castle declared their readiness to accept the terms offered, and though in the morning three Christian ships appeared before the harbor, they persisted in their determination to surrender.

Bohad-ed-deen, accompanied by three emirs and a treasurer, had already entered the castle to take an inventory of the arms and stores; the Christians were ready to go out,

when the emir Gordeek humanely proposed that they should not stir till he had driven the plundering Turks out of the town, lest they might rob and ill-treat them. This humanity of the emir lost the Sultan the town and the castle. Forty-nine men with their wives and their horses had left the castle, when the Christian fleet was seen to increase to thirty-five sail, and the banner of King Richard was discerned: the Christians, cheered by the sight, broke off the treaty, made a sally into the town, chased the Turks out of it, and returned to the castle. Still the timid party were anxious to treat; the patriarch of Jerusalem, the castellan, and several knights were in the Turkish camp, and Saladin was about to sign the treaty, when Boha-ed-deen came with tidings that King Richard had landed from his red-hulled and red-sailed ship; that he had been followed by all his troops, and that he had driven the Mussulmans from the harbor and the town. Saladin immediately laid the envoys in irons, and, leaving behind a large portion of the booty, retired with his army to Yasoor on the way to Ramla.

King Richard had been making preparations for his departure when messengers came to inform him of the danger of Joppa. He instantly caused his herald to summon the pilgrims to join in its relief; the Pisans, Genoese, and most of the other pilgrims obeyed the summons; but the French, declaring that they would have nothing more to do with him set out for Tyre, where the Duke of Burgundy fell sick, lost his reason, and died on the eighth day after his arrival—a judgment of God on him, as the friends of King Richard interpreted the event. Richard, accompanied by the gallant Earl of Leicester and other valiant knights, got on board of his ships and made sail for Joppa, while King Henry led the Templars, Hospitallers, the Pisans, Genoese, and other pilgrims thither by land; but the fleet was retarded by adverse winds, and the army by the desultory warfare of the Turks. When the king came into the harbor, and saw the Turkish standards on the walls and the Turks in great numbers on the shore, he thought he was arrived too late, and he hesitated to land, till a priest jumped down from the castle-wall on the sandy beach of the harbor, and being unhurt by his fall ran

into the sea, and making his way to the king, informed him of the true state of things; then, without a moment's hesitation, Richard plunged up to his waist into the sea and advanced to the shore. His knights followed his example; the king plied his crossbow stoutly, the Turks fled with loud outcries, and Richard had all the casks, planks, and pieces of wood which could be got, piled to form a bulwark to protect the landing of his men. Having found a flight of steps belonging to a house of the Templars adjoining the wall, he mounted it and alone entered the town, in which there were three thousand Turks; but the gates were soon forced by the pilgrims. The Turks, when they beheld the banner of the King of England, fled with precipitation, and the knights, though they had but three horses, pursued them for a space of two miles. Richard then pitched his tent on the very spot which had been occupied by that of Saladin. On the following day he employed himself in repairing with dry stone the breaches of the walls, and he was joined by King Henry, and a part of his troops who came by sea, the greater portion still remaining at Cæsarea.

King Richard's anxiety for peace was such, that on the very evening of the day of his arrival at Joppa he sent Aboo Beker, the chamberlain of Prince Malek-el-Adel, with proposals to Saladin, representing that the war was equally destructive to both parties, and avowing his extreme desire to return to the defence of his realms beyond sea. Saladin replied, that the only subjects of dispute between them were Ascalon and Joppa, and as the latter place was now ruined and of no value, that King Richard ought to content himself with the coast from Tyre to Cæsarea. Richard then proposed to hold these towns, after the European mode, in fief of Saladin, and to engage to support him in all his wars. The sultan offered to divide them, leaving Joppa to the King of England. Richard threatened to pass the winter in Syria, if Ascalon were not resigned to him.

King Richard's pride was wounded by the cold reception which the sultan had given to his proposals for peace, and he was soon afterwards exasperated by an attempt to make him prisoner in his tent. Saladin had formed a body of three

hundred Arabs, whose business it was to steal into the Christian camp at night, to kill or carry away those who fell into their hands, and to take off horses, money, and everything else they could find. During the siege of Acre, and afterwards, these men had done the Christians a great deal of injury; and as King Richard now lay outside of Joppa with a few men, in only about ten tents, they resolved to attempt to seize him on a moonlight night, the 4th of August. But ere they could settle among themselves who should go on foot to seize the king, and who remain on horseback to cut off his retreat to the town, day came and disconcerted their project. Just at that moment a Genoese discerned the glitter of helmets on the verge of the horizon, and he gave the alarm; another rushed into the king's tent crying, "O my king, we are all dead men." "Thou diest by my hand," said the king, "if thou art not silent;" and scarcely had he time to put on his shirt of mail when the Turks were on them, in seven corps, each of a thousand men.

The forces of the King of England were but 17 mounted knights, and a thousand other knights and soldiers, and neither he nor his knights had had time to put on their leg-armor. He drew up his men in a compact body, making the dismounted knights kneel down on one knee covered with their shields and protruding their lances; behind every two of them he placed a crossbowyer with his man to bend and charge his crossbow. He exhorted them in an animated speech, concluding with a solemn oath that he would strike off the head of the first man who turned and fled. He had hardly spoken, when the Turks made a furious charge; division after division assailed the Christian phalanx, and were repelled. During nearly half an hour the Turks stood so close to them that the points of their lances touched, but not a dart was shot; and they only menaced each other with swords and gestures. At length the Turks retired; the king then made the crossbowmen advance, and the whole body moved on in close order: himself and his mounted knights laid their lances in the rest and charged the heathens.

King Richard enacted prodigies of valor; with the speed of lightning he flew from one part of the field to another, slaying

the Turks and relieving his own knights. A hundred Turks surrounded him, but each as he ventured to approach him paid for his temerity with the loss of his head or a limb; of one valiant emir he smote off at a blow the head, right shoulder and arm.

Richard, learning that three thousand Turks had broken into the town, kept his men in ignorance of it, and he took an opportunity of going back with a few knights and cross-bowmen; and such was the terror which his presence inspired that the infidels all fled before him. He then returned to the field of battle, and by evening the rout of the Turks was complete. The Christians had lost but one knight; seven hundred Turks and fifteen hundred horses lay dead on the plain. Richard, who for his prowess on this day was compared with Hector, Alexander, Judas Maccabæus and Roland, had used his sword so vigorously, that his right hand was all one blister; his knights had emulated his valor; but all agreed that it was only by the aid of God that a handful of men had triumphed over such numbers.

Saladin at first sharply rebuked his troops for their cowardice, for it was said that the King of England had ridden through their ranks from right to left without any one venturing to oppose him, and had even dismounted and eaten his mid-day meal on the ground between the two armies. But the noble sultan soon forgave all, and entertained his emirs at a banquet in the even. He led his army back to Natroon, and thence proceeded to Jerusalem, where he was joined by the troops of Mosul and Aleppo, and by a corps from Egypt.

The Christians derived no advantage from their victory; the French, who were at Cæsarea, refused to advance, the pilgrims in general were ill-disposed toward King Richard, and he and several of his knights fell sick. Saladin again advanced to Ramla, and his light horse extended their excursions to the gates of Joppa. King Richard, having in vain sought to rouse the pilgrims to vigorous measures, determined to have peace at any price; and Saladin, aware how tired of the war his Turkish troops were, was not averse to an arrangement. Accordingly, on the King of England's sending to request a supply of snow and fruits, they were sent to him in abundance,

and Richard took this occasion of inviting Aboo Beker to visit him, with whom he sent back a knight requesting Malek-el-Adel to mediate a peace between him and the sultan; adding that Saladin might as well give up his demand of Ascalon, as after he was gone he would find it easy to deal with the few Christians who would remain; that he himself asked nothing but an honorable peace, which would not injure him in the minds of his fellow-Christians; and that if the sultan insisted on Ascalon, he should at least pay him what the rebuilding of it had cost him.

At length it was settled that a truce for three years, to commence from the 2d of September, 1192, should be made; that Ascalon should be razed at the joint labor and expense of the Christians and the Moslems; that the country from Tyre to Joppa, including Ramla and Lidda, should belong to the Christians; that all the Mohammedan States, particularly that of the Assassins on the one side, and the principality of Antioch and the lordship of Tiberias on the other, should be included in the truce; that, finally, the pilgrims to Jerusalem should be free and untaxed.—T. KEIGHTLEY.



JENGHIS KHAN, the famous Tartar conqueror, is said to have caused the destruction of five millions, or even fourteen millions of human beings. His private appellation was Temugin; his historical name is variously written Zingis Khan, Gengis Khan and Chingis Khan. He was a son of a Mongolian chief, and was born on the banks of the river Onon in 1162. This barbarian never learned to read or write. At the age of thirteen he ascended the throne on the death of his father Yesukai, who had reigned over thirteen hordes and about 35,000 families. Many of them refused to pay tithes or obedience to the boy king, who therefore fought a battle against his rebellious subjects. The future conqueror of Asia was reduced to fly and obey; but he rose superior to his fortune, and in his fortieth year he had established his fame and dominion over the circumjacent tribes.

About 1206 Temugin summoned the notables of his kingdom to an assembly, and at their request he was proclaimed Great Khan, or Emperor of the Moguls and Tartars. He then assumed the name of Jenghis Khan. He promulgated a code of laws adapted to the preservation of domestic peace and the exercise of foreign hostility. The punishment of death was inflicted on the crimes of adultery, murder, perjury and the theft of a horse or an ox. The future election of the Great Khan was vested in the princes of his family and the heads of the tribes. The victorious nation was held sacred

from all servile labors which were abandoned to slaves and strangers; every labor was servile except the profession of arms. The new laws established a system of pure theism and perfect toleration. His first and only article of faith was the existence of one God, the author of all good. Many of the Moguls and Tartars had been converted by the missionaries of Christ and of Mohammed, and others were Pagan idolaters. These various systems were taught and practiced in freedom and concord in the camp of Jenghis.

The nomadic hordes of the desert, who pitched their tents between the wall of China and the Volga were successively reduced, and the Mogul emperor became the lord of many millions of shepherds and soldiers, who were eager to invade the mild and wealthy climates of the South. In 1208 he defeated Toto and Kushlek on the Irtish. He meditated the invasion of China, and astonished the Court of Pekin by sending ambassadors, who exacted tribute and affected to treat the *Son of Heaven* with contempt. The Chinese emperor returned a haughty answer.

About 1212 Jenghis invaded Northern China and pierced the feeble rampart of the Great Wall. Ninety cities of China were taken by storm or reduced by famine by the Moguls. Jenghis, from a knowledge of the filial piety of the Chinese, covered his vanguard with their captive parents. This cruel and unworthy abuse of the virtue of his enemies gradually proved fruitless. The war was suspended by a treaty, and Jenghis was induced to retire by giving him a Chinese princess, three thousand horses, five hundred young men, as many virgins, and a tribute of gold and silk. In his second expedition Jenghis compelled the Chinese emperor to retire beyond Hoang Ho, the Yellow River, to a more southern residence. In 1215, after a long siege, during which the Chinese are said to have discharged ingots of gold and silver from their engines, he captured Pekin. The five northern provinces of China were annexed to the empire of Jenghis.

The Mogul empire touched on the west the dominions of Mohammed, Sultan of Khorasmia, who reigned from the Persian Gulf to the borders of India. A caravan of three ambassadors and one hundred and fifty merchants was arrested

and murdered by the command of Mohammed. Provoked by this crime, Jenghis invaded Southern Asia in 1218, with an army of about 700,000 men. In the wide plains which extend to the north of the Sihon or Jaxartes, he encountered 400,000 soldiers of the Sultan. In the first battle, which was suspended by the night, 160,000 Khorasmians were slain. Mohammed retreated and distributed his troops in the fortified frontier towns. Jenghis, who had Chinese engineers skilled in the mechanic arts, besieged and took Bokhara, Samarkand, Herat, Balkh, Candahar and Otrav. He conquered Transoxiana, Khorasmia and Khorassan.

After the death of Mohammed, his successor Jelal-ed-Deen fought many battles against Jenghis, and his valor checked the Moguls in their victorious career. Jenghis pursued Jelal-ed-Deen to the Indus, and there he yielded with reluctance to the murmurs of his weary troops, who sighed for the enjoyment of their native land. Their return was signalized by the overthrow of the rebellious or independent kingdoms of Tartary. Jenghis died in 1227, in the sixty-third year of his age, and with his last breath exhorted his sons to achieve the conquest of the Chinese Empire. His son Oktai was elected Great Khan or Emperor.

The Mogul Conqueror.

From the spacious highlands between China, Siberia, and the Caspian Sea, the tide of emigration and war has repeatedly been poured. These ancient seats of the Huns and Turks were occupied in the twelfth century by many pastoral tribes, of the same descent and similar manners, which were united and (A.D. 1206–1227) led to conquest by the formidable Zingis. In his ascent to greatness, that barbarian (whose private appellation was Temugin) had trampled on the necks of his equals. His birth was noble, but it was in the pride of victory that the prince or people deduced his seventh ancestor from the immaculate conception of a virgin. His father had reigned over thirteen hordes, which composed about thirty or forty thousand families; above two-thirds refused to pay tithes or obedience to his infant son, and at the age of thirteen Temugin fought a battle against his rebellious subjects. The

future conqueror of Asia was reduced to fly and to obey, but he rose superior to his fortune, and in his fortieth year he had established his fame and dominion over the circumjacent tribes. In a state of society in which policy is rude and valor is universal, the ascendancy of one man must be founded on his power and resolution to punish his enemies and recompense his friends. His first military league was ratified by the simple rites of sacrificing a horse and tasting of a running stream; Temugin pledged himself to divide with his followers the sweets and the bitters of life, and, when he had shared among them his horses and apparel, he was rich in their gratitude and his own hopes. After his first victory, he placed seventy caldrons on the fire, and seventy of the most guilty rebels were cast headlong into the boiling water. The sphere of his attraction was continually enlarged by the ruin of the proud and the submission of the prudent; and the boldest chieftains might tremble when they beheld, enchased in silver, the skull of the Khan of the Keraites, who, under the name of Prester John, had corresponded with the Roman Pontiff and the princes of Europe. The ambition of Temugin condescended to employ the arts of superstition, and it was from a naked prophet who could ascend to heaven on a white horse that he accepted the title of Zingis, the *most great*, and a divine right to the conquest and dominion of the earth. In a general *couroultai*, or Diet, he was seated on a felt, which was long afterward revered as a relic, and solemnly proclaimed Great Khan, or Emperor, of the Moguls and Tartars. Of these kindred, though rival, names, the former had given birth to the imperial race, and the latter had been extended, by accident or error, over the spacious wilderness of the North.

The code of laws which Zingis dictated to his subjects was adapted to the preservation of domestic peace and the exercise of foreign hostility. The punishment of death was inflicted on the crimes of adultery, murder, perjury, and the capital thefts of a horse or an ox; and the fiercest of men were mild and just in their intercourse with each other. The future election of the great Khan was vested in the princes of his family and the heads of the tribes, and the regulations of the

chase were essential to the pleasures and plenty of a Tartar camp. The service and discipline of the troops, who were armed with bows, cimeters, and iron maces, and divided by hundreds, thousands, and ten thousands, were the institutions of a veteran commander. Each officer and soldier was made responsible, under pain of death, for the safety and honor of his companions; and the spirit of conquest breathed in the law that peace should never be granted unless to a vanquished and suppliant enemy.

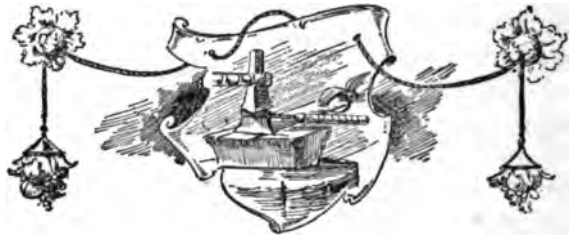
But it is the religion of Zingis that best deserves our wonder and applause. This barbarian anticipated the lessons of philosophy, and established by his laws a system of pure theism and perfect toleration. His first and only article of faith was the existence of one God, the author of all good, who fills by His presence the heavens and earth, which He has created by His power. The Tartars and Moguls were addicted to the idols of their peculiar tribes, and many of them had been converted by the foreign missionaries to the religions of Moses, of Mahomet, and of Christ. These various systems, in freedom and concord, were taught and practiced within the precincts of the same camp, and the bonze, the imaum, the rabbi, the Nestorian and the Latin priest enjoyed the same honorable exemption from service and tribute. In the Mosque of Bokhara, the insolent victor might trample the Koran under his horse's feet; but the calm legislator respected the prophets and pontiffs of the most hostile sects. The reason of Zingis was not informed by books—the Khan could neither read nor write—and, except the tribe of the Igours, the greatest part of the Moguls and Tartars were as illiterate as their sovereign. The memory of their exploits was preserved by tradition; sixty-eight years after the death of Zingis, these traditions were collected and transcribed. The brevity of their domestic annals may be supplied by the Chinese, Persians, Armenians, Syrians, Arabians, Greeks, Russians, Poles, Hungarians, and Latins; and each nation will deserve credit in the relation of their own disasters and defeats.

The arms of Zingis and his lieutenants successively reduced the hordes of the desert, who pitched their tents

between the wall of China and the Volga; and the Mogul Emperor became the monarch of the pastoral world, the lord of many millions of shepherds and soldiers, who felt their united strength, and who were impatient to rush on the mild and wealthy climates of the South. His ancestors had been the tributaries of the Chinese Emperors, and Temugin himself had been disgraced by a title of honor and servitude. The Court of Pekin was astonished by an embassy from its former vassal, who, in the tone of the King of nations, exacted the tribute and obedience which he had paid, and who affected to treat the *Son of Heaven* as the most contemptible of mankind. A haughty answer disguised their secret apprehensions, and their fears were soon justified by the march of innumerable squadrons, who pierced on all sides the feeble rampart of the great wall. Ninety cities were stormed, or starved, by the Moguls; ten only escaped; and Zingis, from a knowledge of the filial piety of the Chinese, covered his vanguard with their captive parents—an unworthy, and by degrees a fruitless, abuse of the virtue of his enemies. His invasion was supported by the revolt of one hundred thousand Khitans who guarded the frontier, yet he listened to a treaty, and a princess of China, three thousand horses, five hundred youths and as many virgins, and a tribute of gold and silk, were the price of his retreat. In his second expedition, he compelled the Chinese Emperor to retire beyond the Yellow River to a more southern residence. The siege of Pekin was long and laborious; the inhabitants were reduced by famine to decimate and devour their fellow-citizens; when their ammunition was spent, they discharged ingots of gold and silver from their engines; but the Moguls introduced a mine to the centre of the capital, and the conflagration of the palace burned above thirty days. China was desolated by Tartar war and domestic faction, and the five northern provinces were added to the empire of Zingis.

In the West he touched the dominions of Mohammed, Sultan of Carizme, who reigned from the Persian Gulf to the borders of India and Turkestan, and who, in the proud imitation of Alexander the Great, forgot the servitude and ingratitude of his fathers to the house of Seljuk. It was the wish of

Zingis to establish a friendly and commercial intercourse with the most powerful of the Moslem princes; nor could he be tempted by the secret solicitations of the Caliph of Bagdad, who sacrificed to his personal wrongs the safety of the Church and State. A rash and inhuman deed provoked and justified the Tartar arms in the invasion of Southern Asia. A caravan of three ambassadors and one hundred and fifty merchants was arrested and murdered at Otrar, by the command of Mohammed; nor was it till after a demand and denial of justice, till he had prayed and fasted three nights on a mountain, that the Mogul emperor appealed to the judgment of God and his sword. Our European battles, says a philosophic writer, are petty skirmishes, if compared to the numbers that have fought and fallen in the fields of Asia. Seven hundred thousand Moguls and Tartars are said to have marched under the standard of Zingis and his four sons. In the vast plains that extend to the north of the Sihon or Jaxartes, they were encountered by four hundred thousand soldiers of the Sultan, and in the first battle, which was suspended by the night, one hundred and sixty thousand Carizmians were slain.—E. GIBBON.



TAMERLANE.



TIMUR, the famous Tartar conqueror, is commonly called in English Tamerlane, which is a modified form of Timur i Leng, "Timur the Lame." His birth was cast in one of those periods of anarchy which open a new field to adventurous ambition. In the government of his vast Asiatic empire he rose to absolute sovereignty, without a rebel to oppose his power, or a favorite to seduce his affections. He was a Moslem in religion, but was regarded by his devoted subjects almost as a deity.

Timur was born in April, 1336, near Kesh, "the green city," about fifty miles south of Samarcand, in Transoxiana or Turkestan. His father, Teragai, was the head of the tribe of Berlas, and was descended from the chief general of Jenghis Khan. Teragai was the first of his tribe to embrace Mohammedanism, and though entitled by birth to high military rank, preferred a quiet life, devoted to study of the Koran. He trained his son Timur carefully in the same pursuit, but did not prevent him from becoming a proficient in martial exercises. At the early age of fifteen Timur was permitted to take part in the government of his tribe; but for many years he experienced hardships and trials which would have broken a less determined spirit. At last, in 1358, he was the leader of an army which defeated the Jagatai Turks, and drove them from Transoxiana. "At the age of twenty-five," says Gibbon,

"he stood forth as the deliverer of his country; and the eyes and wishes of the people were turned towards a hero who had suffered in their cause."

When Tughlak Timur, a descendant of Jenghis Khan, invaded Transoxiana, Tamerlane secured his favor and was made governor of that province. But on a second invasion the conqueror transferred the appointment to his own son, whom Tamerlane soon defeated. Timur and his brother-in-law, Husein, who had been united during the time of invasion, afterwards became rivals. In 1369 Husein was assassinated, and in the next year Tamerlane was invested with imperial command and ascended the throne at Samarcand, which was henceforth the capital of his dominions. After confirming his power by the overthrow of domestic enemies, he began a systematic conquest of neighboring kingdoms and tribes. He subdued the Mongols from the Caspian Sea to the Ural and Volga Rivers.

Tamerlane next directed his attention to Persia or Iran, which was oppressed by several petty tyrants, whom he defeated and dethroned. His army advanced to the Persian gulf, and he exacted from the ruler of Ormuz an annual tribute of 600,000 *dinars* of gold. The whole course of the Euphrates and Tigris was reduced to his domination. He also invaded and subdued the kingdom of Cashgar, and he annexed Candahar to his dominions.

Toctamish, a fugitive prince of Kipzak or Western Tartary, had been protected by Tamerlane, whose army restored him about 1377, and established him in the Mogul empire of the North. After a reign of ten years, the ungrateful Toctamish invaded Persia with 90,000 horse and innumerable forces of Kipzak, Circassia, etc. He burned the palaces of Timur, and compelled him to contend for Samarcand. Timur, having gained a victory, resolved on revenge. "He twice invaded Kipzak with such mighty armies that thirteen miles were measured from his right to his left wing." Tamerlane routed the army of Toctamish and pursued him into Russia, nearly to Moscow.

The conquest and monarchy of the world had now become the object of Tamerlane's ambition. In order that he might

live in the memory of distant ages, he caused all his civil and military transactions to be carefully recorded. After being successful in thirty-five campaigns, he invaded India with 92,000 horse besides infantry. Crossing the Indus at the ordinary passage of Attok, he traversed, in the footsteps of Alexander, the *Punjab*, or land of the five eastern branches of the Indus. He advanced to the great city of Delhi, then the capital of India. The siege of the castle of Delhi might have been a work of time; but he tempted the Sultan Mahmood to descend into the plain with a large army, and one hundred and twenty elephants, and soon gained a decisive victory. Before he entered the city, Timur, on the 31st of December, 1398, perpetrated one of the most appalling massacres that stain the pages of Eastern history. Oppressed with the multitude of captives in his camp, he ordered that all above the age of fifteen should be put to death. This dreadful slaughter was soon followed by the pillage of the city of Delhi. He afterward marched northeastward, crossed the Ganges, and in one month is said to have gained twenty-seven battles.

On the banks of the Ganges the victorious Tamerlane was informed by messengers of the disturbances which had arisen on the western borders of his empire, on the confines of Anatolia and Georgia, and of the ambitious designs of Bajazet, the Turkish Sultan, who announced his determination to extend the Moslem domination throughout Asia. After a rapid campaign of one year, Timur returned to Samarcand, where he enjoyed a few tranquil months in his palace. He then proclaimed a new expedition of seven years into the western countries of Asia. He first attacked and subdued the revolted Christians of Georgia. On his descent from the highlands of Georgia, he received the ambassadors of Bajazet, and opened the hostile correspondence of complaints and menaces, which fermented two years before the final explosion. The conquests of the Tartar and the Ottoman now touched each other near the Euphrates, and the boundary between them was disputed. But Tamerlane seemed to approve as a pious enterprise the Turkish Sultan's blockade of Constantinople, and therefore turned aside to the invasion of Syria. After he had defeated the Syrians in battle, he cap-

tured and pillaged Aleppo in November, 1400. In the following January he sacked Damascus and massacred the inhabitants; and in July of that year he sacked Bagdad, and erected on its ruins a pyramid of ninety thousand heads.

Tamerlane now proclaimed his resolution to march against the Turkish Sultan, who had had two years to collect his forces, and had gathered about 400,000 men. Yet it is evident that the Tartars were the more numerous. Their superiority consisted in their missile weapons, and the rapid evolutions of their numerous cavalry. Bajazet advanced nearly to his eastern frontier; but Tamerlane, who wished to fight in the heart of the Ottoman kingdom, in Asia Minor, turned aside, crossed the Salt Desert and the river Halys, and invested Angora. In July, 1402, the armies met on the plains round Angora, where Bajazet was completely defeated and was taken prisoner. According to tradition the unfortunate Sultan was imprisoned in an iron cage by the savage victor.

Tamerlane was now master of Asia from the Ganges to Damascus and the Ægean Sea, and from the Irtish to the Persian Gulf; but his ambition was not satisfied. He was prevented from invading Europe by want of ships. The Bosphorus and Hellespont were guarded by the ships and forts of his enemies. He therefore prepared to invade China, in which he proposed to expiate the torrents of Mussulman blood which he had shed by the massacre of infidels. While on his march toward China, he died at Otrar, on the banks of the Sihon River, on the 17th of February, 1405, in the seventieth year of his age.

Timur or Tamerlane is described as tall and corpulent, with a large head and ample forehead. He had a fair complexion, long beard, strong limbs, broad shoulders, thick fingers and long legs. But he was maimed in one hand and lame in one leg. It is said that when the captive Bajazet was brought before Timur, the latter perceiving that the Sultan was blind of one eye, burst out laughing. Bajazet reproved him, saying, "You laugh at my disgrace; but remember, it might have happened to you as well as to myself. God is the disposer of events and of our lot." "I do not doubt it," replied Timur, "I laugh not at your misfortune, but at the

thought, how little important can kingdoms be in God's eyes, since it is His will that a lame man should enjoy what He had given to a blind man."

Tamerlane has been a favorite subject with historical romance-writers and dramatists; but has been presented in entirely different characters, sometimes as a model of valor and virtue, but more frequently as a blood-thirsty conqueror. The Oriental and Mohammedan accounts of him differ as widely in regard to his character as do the English and French. He had evidently been hardened by his years of incessant warfare, and became more fierce and truculent in his old age than in his youth.

Timur's Capture of Damascus.

Timur, having conquered Persia, Mesopotamia, and the greater part of Asia Minor, turned to Syria. Aleppo, Hamah, Hums, and Ba'albek fell in quick succession before him; and his victorious soldiers then encamped in the beautiful plain of the Ghutah, before the walls of Damascus. His camp was first pitched on the western side of the city, extending from the banks of the Barada to the village of Katana. From the side of the Kubbet-es-Seiyar, on the summit of the Jebel Kasyun, Timur examined the position of the city and the features of the vast plain around it; and there was not, perhaps, in his wide dominions, a scene of such exquisite beauty as then lay before him.

The Mamluke prince, distrusting the strength of his arms, resolved to destroy the tyrant conqueror by assassination. He dispatched a trusty messenger, in the garb of a *derwish*, with two assistants, to accomplish his base design with poisoned daggers. They obtained an audience, and were permitted to approach to the very side of the unconscious Timur; but fear or a better principle restrained their hands. Once and again were they allowed to enter, until at last their mingled hesitation and importunity excited suspicions, and they were seized. The chief was slain with the dagger intended for the King, and his body burned to ashes in the presence of his two associates, who were then fearfully mutilated and dispatched to carry back the news of their success to their royal master.

Timur proposed conditions to the Damascenes: that he should be acknowledged as sovereign, and the money coined in his name. The trembling citizens, who had heard the thrilling tales of Aleppo, Hums, and Ba'albek, threw themselves on his mercy. A few days afterwards, however, whilst he was in the act of removing his army to a better position, on the east side of the city, Faraj, the Mamluke Sultan, adopted a fatal resolution to attack him with the whole of his forces, thinking to take him by surprise. But Timur was too experienced a general, and his veteran soldiers were too well accustomed to the chances of war, to be thus conquered. Making a hurried barrier of the camp furniture and equipage to check the first fury of the assailants, they formed their lines behind it, and then, sweeping round, charged the entangled foe on both flanks. They were unable to stand the shock, and fled in disorder back to the city, leaving thousands dead on the battle-field (A.H. 803—that is, A.D. 1401).

Faraj fled from the city in the night, with a portion of his army, and the inhabitants surrendered, merely begging for their lives. This was granted on condition that every man should pay the price set upon his head. Six of the city gates were shut up, and at the seventh, Bab el-Faradis, sat the conqueror to collect the redemption-money from each individual, as he passed by at the command of the soldiers.

The citadel, a building of great strength and extent, was still in the hands of the resident governor, and he refused to surrender. It is described in glowing terms by Sherif ed-Din 'Aly, the Persian historian of Timur. He represents it as one of the most celebrated fortresses in the world. The walls were of large blocks of hewn stone, built with great regularity, and were of astonishing height and thickness. Around them ran a deep and wide moat, filled with water from the river. There was besides a large garrison, supplied with all the munitions of war. Huge stones and gigantic arrows were discharged on the assailants by engines placed upon the battlements. A species of arrow, having a hollow head of hard black pottery, filled with the Greek fire, was likewise much used, and did great damage both to the persons and property of the besiegers.

After almost incredible labor and immense sacrifice of life, the besiegers succeeded in filling up a portion of the moat and in undermining the walls of the keep—a massive and lofty square tower, on the north-eastern angle. It fell at last with a fearful crash, burying beneath its ruins hundreds of its brave defenders, and not a few of its persevering assailants. It was vain to attempt to hold out longer, and so the gallant governor threw open the gates and delivered the keys to the conqueror. Such a noble defence might well have excited the admiration of any soldier or patriot; but Timur was a remorseless tyrant, incapable alike of appreciating and acknowledging patriotism. The governor was murdered in cold blood, and his gallant band of veterans, with their wives, children, and aged parents, met a worse fate, being sold into slavery.

Immense treasures were found in the castle, and at once seized: but, with that strange inconsistency which is a peculiar characteristic of Mohammedanism, while private property was taken, some valuable stores laid aside for the use of the Haj pilgrimage and the people of Mecca were left untouched. Timur, whose hands were yet reeking with the blood of his murdered victims, and his ears ringing with the cry of orphan children and widowed mothers, whom his soldiers were driving to slavery, reproached the Damascenes for their want of piety in neglecting to erect monuments over the graves of two of the prophet's wives! And now he expended a portion of the treasures he had accumulated by pillage and murder in rearing marble mausoleums in honor of these venerated matrons.

But the fearful conclusion of the tragedy was yet to come. The wretched inhabitants who had escaped the first onset of the Tartars, and who had afterwards redeemed their lives with gold, retired to their homes again, as they believed, in peace. Timur, filled with holy zeal, pondered what new evidence of his piety he could exhibit, and his mind, ever fertile in such expedients, soon devised a plan whereby his faith would be manifested and his revenge satiated. Summoning his generals round him, he addressed them in the following words: "I am informed," he said, "that, in the wars

of the Khalifs of the house of Omeiyah with the descendants of Mohammed, and especially with 'Aly, the rightful son and heir of the Prophet, and in which they perpetrated every act of cruelty they could invent, the Syrians aided them in their sacrilegious and bloody deeds. This, to me, is strange beyond conception ; for how any nation could pretend to receive the doctrine of the Prophet, and to have been raised by the light of his revelation from the abyss of error and infidelity, and yet become the enemy of his kindred and family to such a degree as to unite with his bitterest foes in exercising toward them every species of injustice, I cannot comprehend! Yet I entertain no doubt this day that these traditions are true; for had they been false, and had the people of this land been innocent, a judgment so fearful as that now inflicted upon them would never have emanated from the tribunal of Divine justice!"

After these extraordinary words he was silent. He uttered no command ; he expressed no wish. But his chiefs could interpret the will of their lord, and the consequences of his speech are thus recorded by his biographer and admirer: "On the first of the month Shaban (A.H. 803) the excited soldiers rushed upon the devoted and helpless city, and commenced a scene of wanton outrage and slaughter such as it is impossible to imagine. Houses were stripped of every valuable, and their inmates exposed to every outrage which cruelty could devise or lust suggest. Neither age nor sex was spared ; but those that escaped the sword, or survived the atrocious indignities of a ruffian soldiery, were dragged from their homes and sold into slavery. Such vast masses of treasures and valuables were collected by the army that they could not, with all their available baggage-animals, carry them away. The carnage lasted for ten days, and then it was consummated by the burning of the city. Timur," adds his historian, "whose piety was without a parallel, used every effort to save the Mosque of the Omeiyades, but in vain, for the roof caught the flames, and the eastern minaret fell to the ground."

Never had this ancient city, during the long ages through which it stood, and the many dynasties and nations to which it had been forced to submit, so fearfully experienced the horrors of conquest as now. Its vast wealth was dissipated

in a day; its stores of antique gems and gorgeous fabrics were seized by those who had neither the taste to appreciate nor the knowledge to discern their real value; its spacious palaces, with their marble halls, and inlaid fountains, and walls and ceilings of arabesque, and divans of richest silk, embroidered with gold and sparkling with jewels, were all pillaged and left in ashes; its great libraries, filled with the literature patronized by the later Khalifs, and cultivated by native savans—stored, too, with the carefully-preserved writings of the fathers of the Eastern Church—were almost wholly destroyed. Tradition records that of the large Christian population only one family escaped the desolation of the Tartars. Their descendants still exist, and I have heard from their lips the fearful tales of the sufferings of their ancestors, which have been carefully transmitted from sire to son.

After devastating Syria with fire and sword, Timur returned to his native land. On his arrival, prompted by caprice, perhaps by some better principle, he gave orders for the release of all the captives, of every age and sex, that had been taken in Syria. His command was strictly obeyed, and the motley crowd that had belonged to this city were brought back in safety to the plain of the Ghutah. It must have been a heart-rending sight to behold these destitute and houseless people assembling round the blackened walls and smouldering ruins of this ancient city, and mourning in their misery and helplessness over the wreck of fortune, the desolation of country, and the murder of kindred and friends.—J. L. PORTER.

PETER THE CRUEL.

PETER or Pedro I., King of Castile, is a notable instance of those sovereigns whose characters have been stigmatized in history by the epithet attached to their names. His whole career justifies the verdict of history expressed in the word "cruel."

Pedro was born at Burgos on the 30th of August, 1333. He was the only legitimate son left by Alphonso XI., whom he succeeded at the age of sixteen. Pedro had been badly brought up in retirement by his mother, Donna Maria, of Portugal, and remained for a time under her influence. To her is to be attributed the treacherous execution of Leonora de Guzman, the beautiful mistress of the late king, by whom he had three sons, who had accompanied their father in many campaigns. Pedro soon displayed a disposition equally perfidious and sanguinary. He caused the objects of his displeasure to be murdered without trial, and scrupled no means to get into his power those whom he feared or suspected.

Don Juan Alonzo de Albuquerque, who had been his father's chancellor and prime minister, with a view of confirming his own authority, introduced the young king in 1352 to the beautiful Maria de Padilla, a lady of noble birth, of whom he became so much enamored that her influence over him was attributed by the superstitious to witchcraft. At the same time a marriage was negotiating for him with Blanca, daughter of the Duke of Bourbon. It took place in 1353; but Pedro remained with his bride only three days, and

then returned to his mistress. Albuquerque remonstrated against this scandalous conduct; but the only result was the withdrawal of the king's favor from himself. After Albuquerque's retirement to his estates, Peter caused his wife to be imprisoned, and then divorced her, in order to marry Joanna de Castro, whom he also abandoned after a short cohabitation. Donna Blanca was sent to Toledo, the citizens of which revolted in her favor. They were joined by Henry, Count of Trastamare, and Frederic, both natural brothers of the king, and by other nobles, who had with Albuquerque formed a confederacy to reduce Peter to reason. The King, however, by means of fair promises, got admission with his troops into Toledo, where he caused several noblemen and citizens to be executed. So strong, however, was the national feeling against his course that for a time the public officials were all of his enemies' choosing, and he was virtually a prisoner. But when he escaped he got possession of Toro, in which his own mother had taken refuge from his violence; and he villainously obliged her to be present at the massacre of a number of her adherents.

In 1356 a trifling quarrel produced a war between him and his namesake Peter IV., King of Aragon, in which Henry of Trastamare, who had fled from his brother into France, had a command under the latter sovereign. His wife, who was left in the power of Peter, was fortunately rescued from his vengeance. But her escape so much excited his rage and suspicion, that he caused his natural brother, Frederic, to be murdered in his presence, and showed his savage disposition by dining in the same apartment before the body was removed. He afterwards put to death his cousin, Don Juan, of Aragon, and poisoned his widow, and his own aunt, the Queen-dowager of Aragon. His cruelties having driven many of the disaffected nobles to take refuge in Portugal, he entered into a negotiation with the king of that country, who has also been stigmatized as another Peter the Cruel, to deliver up these nobles upon condition that he himself should surrender those Portuguese who had been concerned in the death of Ines de Castro. This was punctually performed on both sides, and was the cause of many bloody executions.

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But another side of Pedro's dominions furnishes an interesting history. To the south of Castile lay the Moorish kingdom of Granada, a perpetual menace to Christian Spain. Here there had been a contention for the throne very similar to that in Castile. King Muhamad had on his accession treated his brother Ismail most generously; yet the latter, instigated by his mother, who wished to retain the royal power in her own hands, formed a conspiracy and sent a hundred daring men to scale the palace walls at midnight and slay the king. The murder was not effected, but Muhamad was driven from his throne and Ismail reigned in his stead. Both claimants at once sought the alliance of Pedro of Castile; but while that king, kept busy in his own dominions, delayed to interfere, Muhamad departed for Africa, seeking other aid. Troops were sent thence to assist him, but soon recalled on the death of their own king. Meantime a new conspiracy was formed against the usurper Ismail by Abu Said, who had been most active in placing him on the throne. The general discontent of the people gave success to this movement, and Ismail was imprisoned and assassinated.

Pedro of Castile was now at liberty to turn his arms toward the south, and declared in favor of Muhamad, the rightful sovereign of Granada. He assembled on the bank of the Guadalquivir a large army of infantry and cavalry and engines of war. His invasion of Moorish territory was regarded by the Christians as a new Crusade, and drew to his banner the chivalry of Spain. Several battles were fought, castles and cities were captured, and the invaders were approaching the capital, Granada, when Muhamad, somewhat dismayed at the turn of affairs, and fearing to prolong the war, requested his Christian ally to withdraw from the Moslem territory, professing to be content with part of his hereditary dominions. Pedro retired, but declared his readiness to return whenever called upon.

Abu Said still continued war against the neighboring Christians, and in one of his battles captured, among other nobles, a brother of Maria de Padilla, but released them all after obtaining a promise of their help in securing for him the good will of their sovereign. Abu Said found his power

weakened by continual defections, and finally resolved to repair in person to Seville and win Pedro's support by handsome presents. Though he was received with great honor, the council of the Christian king soon resolved that no faith was to be kept with infidels, and that Abu Said should be put to death as a usurper. This act of treachery was performed, and Abu Said's head was sent in a casket to Muhamad, who acknowledged the favor by sending in return twenty-five of his finest horses, splendidly caparisoned.

In 1361 the blood-thirsty Pedro completed the measure of his domestic cruelties by the murder of his first Queen, Donna Blanca, then confined in the fortress of Xeres. She is represented by Spanish writers as a model of piety and virtue. In the same year Pedro obliged the States of his kingdom to recognize, as his lawful successors, his children by Maria de Padilla, whom he declared he had married previously to any other espousals. Pedro showed no regard for the Church. The Archbishop of Toledo, who ventured to rebuke his flagrant crimes, narrowly escaped being put to death, and was obliged to take refuge in Portugal.

The King's persistent enormities at length caused him to be excommunicated by Pope Urban V. This was followed by a confederacy against him between the Kings of Aragon and Navarre, and Henry of Trastamare, at the head of the Castilian nobility. Peter, though ignorant, vicious and cruel, was by no means deficient in vigor or success in carrying on the war against the King of Aragon, and his deposition was therefore much desired by that monarch, who, in fact, was little less perfidious and sanguinary than himself. A band of mercenaries, ready to fight in any cause, was brought out of France under the command of the famous Bertrand du Guesclin, and other leaders. Henry entering Castile at the head of these "free companies," was admitted into Calahorra, and proclaimed king. Advancing to Burgos, he received the homage of the nobles of Castile, and was solemnly inaugurated, whilst Peter, driven from his throne, retired into Portugal, and thence to Guienne, to the court of Edward the Black Prince. The treasures he carried with him made him welcome to that prince and his barons; and the tempting offer of

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the Province of Biscay, together with the notion of the duty of assisting a rightful sovereign against a usurper, induced the gallant Edward to undertake his restoration. This he effected by the utter defeat which he inflicted on Henry and his forces at the battle of Navarretta, on the 13th of April, 1367. Peter would gladly have put to death his natural brother, Sancho, and all his prisoners, on this occasion; but was restrained by the humanity of the Prince of Wales.

Peter's promise of recompense to his victorious allies was ill observed; and after resuming his crown he indulged the severity of his disposition by numerous executions. Henry, however, was not disheartened by his misfortunes; but, after the departure of the English, collected forces, and again engaged the assistance of Du Guesclin and his men-at-arms. He entered Spain and advanced to the Plains of Montiel, where, on the 13th of March, 1369, he met Peter, at the head of a more numerous army, but composed of a motley assemblage of Jews and Moors. A battle ensued, in which Peter exerted himself valiantly; his troops, however, were completely defeated, and he was obliged to take refuge in the Castle of Montiel. Finding that it could not be held for want of provisions, he quitted it at midnight, with eleven companions, but was stopped in his retreat, and carried to the tent of his captor. His brother Henry soon arriving, words of reproach passed between them, and (according to Froissart) Peter caught Henry in his arms and threw him to the ground, and then attempted to draw his dagger. In this he was prevented by the bystanders, who drew him off from his rival, upon which Henry plunged his poniard into Peter's body, and his attendants assisted in dispatching him. Thus died Peter the Cruel, in 1369, in the thirty-sixth year of his age. His two surviving daughters were married to two brothers of the Black Prince—John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and Edmund Langley, Duke of York.

While Peter's reign is a frightful record of perfidy and bloodshed so far as his relatives and rivals and the Spanish nobility are concerned, there is proof that he relieved the common people of much oppression. He endeavored to establish uniform laws in all the provinces, and to make all

his subjects equally amenable to them. For these efforts he was rewarded by another epithet, being called also Peter the Justiciary.

The Battle of Navarretta.

Provisions had become so scarce in the neighborhood of Vittoria where the Black Prince and his army were, that they resolved to decamp and cross the Ebro into a country better able to support them. King Henry immediately followed, and the Prince, on hearing of his approach, summoned a council, with whose advice he returned an answer to the letter which some days since King Henry had sent him. The answer began in the following terms: "Edward, by the grace of God, Prince of Wales, and of Aquitaine, to the renowned Henry, Earl of Trastamare, who calls himself King of Castille." The letter then went on to state that he was prepared to assert the right of his cousin, Don Pedro, to the kingdom of Castille, and that Henry must give up all pretensions to the crown of that realm, as well as to its inheritance. Upon receipt of this, Henry was much enraged, and resolved that nothing should prevent a battle. Don Tello and Don Sancho accordingly drew up their men in proper order, and busied themselves in getting everything ready. On Friday, the 2nd of April, the Prince and his army arrived before the town of Navarretta, where they took up their quarters. By means of the scouts, the two armies gained information of each other's condition, and formed their arrangements accordingly.

It was a beautiful sight to see them approach with their brilliant armor glittering with the sunbeams. The Prince, with a few attendants, mounted a small hill, and saw very clearly the enemy marching straight towards them. Upon descending this hill, he extended his line of battle in the plain and then halted. The Spaniards, seeing the English had halted, did the same in order of battle; then each man tightened his armor, and made ready as for instant combat. Sir John Chandos advanced in front of the battalions with his banner uncased in his hand. He presented it to the Prince, saying, "My lord, here is my banner: I present it to you,

that I may display it in whatever manner shall be most agreeable to you ; for, thanks to God, I have now sufficient lands to enable me to do so, and maintain the rank which it ought to hold." The Prince, Don Pedro being present, took the banner, which was blazoned with a sharp stake gules on a field argent, in his hands ; and, after having cut off the tail to make the square, he displayed it, and returning it to him by the handle, said, "Sir John, I return you your banner. God give you strength and honor to preserve it."

Sir John left the Prince, went back to his men with the banner in his hand, and said to them, "Gentlemen, behold my banner, and yours : you will therefore guard it as it becomes you." His companions taking the banner, replied with much cheerfulness, that, "if it pleased God and St. George, they would defend it well, and act worthily of it, to the utmost of their abilities." The banner was put into the hands of a worthy English squire, called William Allestry, who bore it with honor that day, and loyally acquitted himself in the service. The English and Gascons soon after dismounted on the heath, and assembled very orderly together, each lord under his banner or pennon, in the same battle array as when they passed the mountains.

It was delightful to see and examine these banners and pennons, with the noble army that was under them. The two armies began to move a little and to approach nearer each other ; but before they met, the Prince of Wales, with eyes and hands uplifted towards heaven, exclaimed, "God of truth, the Father of Jesus Christ, who hast made and fashioned me, condescend, through thy benign grace, that the success of the battle of this day may be for me and my army ; for thou knowest that in truth I have been solely emboldened to undertake it in the support of justice and reason, to reinstate this king upon his throne, who has been disinherited, and driven from it, as well as from his country." After these words, he extended his right arm, took hold of Don Pedro's hand, who was by his side, and added, "Sir king, you shall this day know whether you will have anything in the kingdom of Castille, or not." He then cried out, "Advance banners, in the name of God and St. George !"

As he said this, the Duke of Lancaster and Sir John Chandos came up and attacked Sir Bertrand du Guesclin and the Marshal d'Andreghen, who had under them 4,000 men-at-arms. At first there was a terrible medley of spears and shields; and it was some time before they could make any opening into each other. As soon as these began to engage, the other divisions were not willing to remain idle, but advanced with eagerness to the combat. The fight was now entered upon in earnest on all sides; the Spaniards and Castillians had slings, from which they threw stones with such force as to break the helmets and skull-caps of their opponents; and the English archers, according to their custom, shot sharply with their bows, to the great annoyance and destruction of the Spaniards—on one side there were shouts of "Castille for King Henry;" on the other, "St. George for Guienne."

It was early in the morning, on a Saturday, when this severe and bloody battle was fought between Najarra and Navarretta. The loss was immense on both sides, and the mighty deeds which were done there are too numerous to be told. The Prince shone pre-eminently, and proved well his noble birth, and the gallantry of his knighthood, by his eagerness to fight the enemy; on the other side, King Henry acquitted himself right valiantly in every situation. However, after a most severe struggle, victory inclined to the side of the Prince, and the Spaniards took to flight. When the battle was over, the Prince of Wales ordered his banner to be fixed in a bush on a slight eminence, as a rallying point for his men on their return from the pursuit of the enemy. Many noble lords assembled about it, and among them the king, Don Pedro, who when he saw the Prince would have thrown himself on his knees before him to return thanks; but the Prince took him by the hand, and would not suffer it, upon which Don Pedro said, "Dear and fair cousin, I owe you many thanks and praises for the happy event of this day." The Prince replied, "Sir, return thanks to God; for to him alone belongs the praise; the victory comes from him, and not from me."

This Saturday night the Prince and his army reposed at

their ease in the midst of plenty of provisions and wine, and the next day, which was Palm Sunday, remained where they were to refresh themselves. Don Pedro wished to have shown his vengeance by putting all the Spanish prisoners to death; but the Prince interceded for them, and pointed out to him that kindness and generosity would do more towards gaining for him a friendly reception in his kingdom than any other means. Much against his will, therefore, he forgave Don Sancho and all the other prisoners, on condition that they would swear fealty and homage, and acknowledge him as their lord. Burgos, Villorado, and many other places then surrendered, and after meeting with this success Don Pedro went to Seville, with the intention of procuring money for payment of the forces, while the Prince fixed his quarters at Valladolid. The news of the defeat of King Henry soon spread through France, England, and Germany; and wherever true valor and deeds of arms were esteemed the Prince rose in admiration and honor. The Germans, Flemings, and English declared that he was the mirror of knighthood—that having gained three glorious victories, the first at Cressy, the second at Poitiers ten years afterwards, and the third in Spain, at Navarretta, he was worthy of governing the whole world. In France, however, there was much lamentation, for many knights of that kingdom had been captured and many slain.

King Henry, after the battle, escaped with his wife and children as quickly as he was able to the King of Aragon at Valencia, to whom he related his ill success; from Valencia he went to Montpellier to the Duke of Anjou, who cordially loved him, and as cordially hated the English, though he was not at war with them at the time; thence the unfortunate monarch paid a visit to Pope Urban; and afterwards, having bought or borrowed of the Duke of Anjou a castle called Roquemaure, he there collected about 300 men, and finding his forces increase, made an incursion into Aquitaine, doing much damage to the country. The Prince of Wales waited at Valladolid for the return of Don Pedro, who never came, nor could he for some time learn any certain tidings of him. It was now the feast of St. John the Baptist, and his council advised him to send two or three knights to

remonstrate with Don Pedro on his conduct. The knights found him at Seville, and received from him some paltry excuses, which they reported to the Prince, who on hearing them was so much displeased that he determined to withdraw his forces from Spain, declaring that Don Pedro had shamefully and dishonorably failed in his engagements. Orders were immediately given to that effect, and all prepared for departure except the King of Majorca, who was so ill that he could not be moved. Nothing of importance occurred on their way back; but as they approached Bordeaux great preparations were made to receive them; the Princess of Wales, accompanied by her eldest son, Edward, who was then about three years old, went out to meet her husband, and in the city, on the occasion, there were great rejoicings. The Prince, immediately on his return, disbanded his forces, having satisfied them with money as far as he was able, for he said, that "Although Don Pedro had not kept his engagements, it was not becoming of him to act in like manner to those who had so well served him."—SIR J. FROISSART.

THE DEATH OF QUEEN BLANCHE.

"Maria de Padilla, be not thus of dismal mood,
For if I twice have wedded me, it all was for thy good;
But if upon Queen Blanche ye will that I some scorn should show,
For a banner to Medina my messenger shall go;
The work shall be of Blanche's tears, of Blanche's blood the ground
Such pennon shall they weave for thee, such sacrifice be found."

Then to the Lord of Ortis, that excellent baron,
He said, "Now hear me, Ynigo, forthwith for this begone."
Then answer made Don Ynigo, "Such gift I ne'er will bring,
For he that harmeth Lady Blanche doth harm my lord the king."
Then Pedro to his chamber went, his cheek was burning red,
And to a bowman of his guard the dark command he said.

The bowman to Medina passed; when the Queen beheld him near,
"Alas!" she said, "my maidens, he brings my death, I fear."

Then said the archer, bending low, "The King's commandment take,
And see thy soul be ordered well with God that did it make;
For lo! thine hour is come, therefore no refuge may there be;"
Then gently spake the Lady Blanche, "My friend, I pardon thee;

Do what thou wilt, so be the king hath his commandment given,
Deny me not confession,—if so, forgive ye Heaven."
Much grieved the bowman for her tears, and for her beauty's sake;
While thus Queen Blanche of Bourbon her last complaint did make:
"O France! my noble country—O blood of high Bourbon!
Not eighteen years have I seen out before my life is gone.

"The king hath never known me; a virgin true I die,
Whate'er I've done to proud Castille, no treason e'er did I.
The crown they put upon my head was a crown of blood and sighs,
God grant me soon another crown more precious in the skies."
These words she spake, then down she knelt, and took the bowman's blow;
Her tender neck was cut in twain, and out the blood did flow.

—SPANISH BALLAD, *Translated by* J. G. LOCKHART.

HENRY OF TRASTAMARE.

HENRY II., of Castile, known also as the Count of Trastamare, was born in January, 1333. He was the natural son of Alfonso XI., and thus brother of Peter the Cruel, in the account of whom may be found part of Henry's career. Peter, on becoming king, showed him much kindness, called him and his mother to court, and made him Count of Trastamare. The Count, however, had reason to suspect his brother's enmity, and sought to take advantage of the discontent against him, which the severity and cruelty of Peter had provoked.

The deaths of the Queen and the mother of Henry were openly charged on Peter, and made the occasion of revolt. This insurrection was suppressed, and Henry fled to Portugal; he then joined the King of Aragon in an attack on Castile, was again beaten, and fled to France. Here he raised a considerable body of troops, with Bertrand du Guesclin as commander. With the aid of this leader Henry was so far successful that he was crowned at Burgos; but Edward, the Black Prince, coming to the assistance of Peter, totally defeated Henry at the battle of Navarretta, and took Du Guesclin prisoner.

Henry again fled to France; but the cruelties of Peter excited fresh discontent, of which Henry took advantage. He obtained a declaration of his legitimacy from Pope Urban V., money from Charles V. of France, with which he ransomed Du Guesclin, raised fresh troops, and again invaded

Castile. Peter, now unsupported by the English prince, was beaten, and fled to Montiel, where, in an interview after his capture, Henry slew him with his own hand.

Henry was the second and last monarch of illegitimate birth that ever reigned in Castile and Leon. The only lawful heir to the Castilian crown, according to the right of succession, was Fernando, King of Portugal, grandson of the Princess Beatrix, daughter of Sancho the Brave, King of Castile, who was married to Alfonso IV., of Portugal. To the sober-judging Castilians, the right of that prince seemed so clear that not a few of the nobility hastened to do homage to him as their lawful sovereign, and several cities of Leon, as well as of Galicia, declared for him. The encouragement thus given to his just pretensions caused him to assume the title of King of Castile and Leon, in addition to that of Portugal, and to prepare considerable armaments for the purpose of enforcing them. But the opportunity of forever uniting the two countries was lost through national prejudices, rendered inveterate.

The difficulties with which Henry had to contend were of no common order. The Kings of Portugal, Navarre and Aragon were arrayed against him. But Henry had great courage, and he resolutely prepared to vindicate his authority. After an ineffectual attempt to procure the submission of Carmona, he assembled his troops at Toledo, reduced Requeña by means of his generals, and with a considerable force marched on Zamora, which he also hoped to reduce. Hearing, however, that Fernando was advancing on Corunna, he marched towards Galicia; but as the Portuguese, on hearing of his approach, hastily retreated, he turned aside into that kingdom, took Bruga and some minor fortresses and returned. No sooner had he retired, than detached bands of Portuguese penetrated into Estremadura and committed destructive ravages. Henry managed, however, to preserve his frontier strongholds, both on the side of Portugal and of Aragon. Early in 1370 he had the still greater good fortune of defeating a powerful fleet at sea, which Fernando had dispatched to the mouth of the Guadalquivir river.

In 1371 Henry prosecuted with vigor the siege of Carmona,

which had been for some time invested, and was beginning to suffer from want of provisions. In an attempt to escalade the walls, some of his soldiers were taken prisoners and put to death by the governor, Martin Lopez, who had also the guardianship of Peter's children, and who was faithfully attached to the memory of that prince. This greatly irritated Henry, who resolved on a perfidious revenge. After a long and heroic defence, Don Martin proposed to capitulate, on condition of his life and liberty being guaranteed; a condition which the King took a solemn oath to fulfill. No sooner, however, was the latter in possession of the place, than he sent that brave officer, together with the old chancellor of Peter, to Seville, where both were speedily beheaded by his order.

Through the interference of the Papal Legate, Henry obtained peace from Portugal, and recovered two places from the King of Navarre. No less fortunate was it for him that Pedro of Aragon was too much occupied in domestic affairs to disturb his tranquillity. At sea, too, his fleet was victorious over an English squadron which advanced against his ally, the French king. It was to repair this check, as well as to gratify his ambition, that the English Duke of Lancaster, John of Gaunt, who had just married Constanza, daughter of Peter the Cruel, assumed the title of King of Castile, and prepared to invade the kingdom. The strangest circumstance of all this is, that, in 1372, Fernando of Portugal, whose pretensions were so superior, should league himself with the English duke. The obscure, though continued, hostilities which followed, deserve little attention; the advantages of one day being neutralized by the reverses of the next. In 1373, indeed, Henry penetrated as far as Lisbon; but he reduced no place of consequence; and he soon returned to his dominions with the barren glory of having insulted his royal enemy. The same year, after an unimportant advantage over the Portuguese in Galicia, the two kings, through the mediation of the Pope, the unceasing friend of peace, were persuaded to end, if not their animosity, their open opposition, and even to agree on a double matrimonial alliance.

But the Duke of Lancaster was not so easily pacified; in

alliance sometimes with Navarre, and always at variance with France and Castile, this Prince was actuated, both by public and personal considerations, to persevere in his hostilities. He soon found that little reliance was to be placed on his Peninsular allies, who veered from one side to the other with every wind; though he was constant to his great project, that of dethroning Henry of Trastamare, he was long unable even to attempt its execution. His forces were always required in France: it was, indeed, the great object of Henry to keep the English occupied in that country; and, with this view, he frequently dispatched aid to the French King. The Castilian succeeded, during his own life, in averting from his kingdom the scourge of foreign invasion; but, after his death, his son suffered from it.

In the schism which afflicted the Church, from the rival pretensions of Urban VI., and the Anti-pope Clement, Henry declared for neither; doubtless to gratify his avarice by withholding the customary contributions to the Holy See. He expired on the 29th of May, 1379.

Henry II. was in character as cruel as Peter, as loose in morals, and scarcely inferior as a tyrant; but he was truly courageous, and proved a fortunate ruler. Either by bribes or force, he reduced Galicia to obedience, recovered several places from the King of Navarre, whose capital he at one time invested, and overawed his neighbors of Portugal and Aragon. His reign, though abounding in warfare, was not marked by any of the usual exploits against the Moors.

THE ROYAL FRATRICIDE.

Henry and King Pedro clasping,
  Hold in straining arms each other;
Tugging hard, and closely grasping,
  Brother proves his strength with brother.

Harmless pastime, sport fraternal
  Blends not thus their limbs in strife;
Either aims with rage infernal
  Naked dagger, sharpened knife.

Close Don Henry grapples Pedro,
  Pedro holds Don Henry straight,
Breathing, this, triumphant fury,
  That, despair and mortal hate.

Sole spectator of the struggle
  Stands Don Henry's page afar,
In the chase who bore his bugle,
  And who bore his sword in war.

Down they go in deadly wrestle,
  Down upon the earth they go;
Thrice Don Pedro has the vantage,
  Stout Don Henry falls below.

Marking then the fatal crisis,
  Up the page of Henry ran;
By the waist he caught Don Pedro,
  Aiding thus the fallen man.

King to place, or to depose him,
  Dwelleth not in his desire,
But the duty which he owes him
  To his master pays the squire.

Now Don Henry has the upmost,
  Now King Pedro lies beneath;
In his heart his brother's poniard
  Instant finds its bloody sheath.

Thus with mortal gash and quiver,
  While the blood in bubbles welled,
Fled the fiercest soul that ever
  In a Christian bosom swelled.

—SPANISH BALLAD, *Translated by* SIR W. SCOTT.

DU GUESCLIN.



BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN was the most famous French warrior of the fourteenth century. His career marks to some extent the decline of chivalry and the turning of knights who fought for honor into soldiers who fight for pay. He was born at the Castle of Motte Broon, near Rennes, France, about 1314. His family was long established in Brittany, but not distinguished. So much did young Du Guesclin neglect such advantages of education as were afforded him, that he was never able to read or write. He received, however, that military training which was usually given to the nobles of his time. His disposition was wholly adverse to literary discipline, and he was continually engaged in quarrels and fights with his associates. He grew up stout and vigorous, but so disagreeable in looks that a poet of the times says, "There was not a child so ugly from Rennes to Dinant. He was flat-nosed and black, unmannerly and slovenly." His mother said, "There never was a more unlucky boy in the world than my son. He is always getting wounded; his face is always full of scars. He is constantly beating, and being beaten." Bertrand himself used to remark, "I am very ugly and shall never please the ladies; but I shall make myself feared by the enemies of my king." At the age of seventeen he carried off the prize at a tournament in Rennes, held to celebrate the marriage of Charles of Blois. He had gone to this contest without his father's knowledge,

upon a horse borrowed from a miller, and afterwards obtained a more suitable steed and armor from a relative who had retired from the contest.

To such a youth the profession of arms was natural. Du Guesclin followed it with great success, and in the conflict of Charles of Blois with John de Montfort, he obtained several advantages over the English in Brittany. Having no vassals of his own, he put himself at the head of a band of adventurers, won reputation by his brilliant exploits, and was made a knight. After the battle of Poitiers in 1356, in which King John of France became the captive of the formidable Black Prince, Du Guesclin flew to the succor of the Regent Charles, heir to the throne, and aided him to recover Melun and several other places. Shortly after the accession of Charles V., in 1364, the gallant warrior was intrusted with the command of the royal army, and gained a victory at Cocherel over the troops of the King of Navarre, for which service he was rewarded with the office of Marshal of Normandy, and created Count de Longueville. He afterwards returned to the assistance of Charles of Blois, who was competing for the Duchy of Brittany against Montfort. Charles, rashly engaging against his advice, was killed at the battle of Auray, and Du Guesclin, covered with wounds, was made a prisoner by the English commander, Sir John Chandos.

A great number of soldiers who were disbanded on the conclusion of peace, as well as many nobles of various nations, had united under several leaders, under the name of the "grand companies," and were oppressing the country. In order to free France from these mercenaries, it was proposed to send them to the assistance of Henry de Trastamare against Peter the Cruel, King of Castile. Du Guesclin was ransomed for 100,000 francs, and placed at their head. He persuaded many of these adventurers, who had formerly served under his command, to accompany him to Spain in order to fight, as he said, against the Saracens. He gave them 200,000 florins, and promised that they would meet somebody on the road who would give them an equal sum. The "companies" followed him with the greatest enthusiasm. They marched on Avignon, which at that time was the residence of the Pope, who had

excommunicated the "companies." They now asked for absolution, and demanded 200,000 florins. The absolution was granted, but the money refused. They then commenced to ravage the environs, and even threatened the city itself. Pope Urban V., becoming thoroughly alarmed, at last paid them half the amount demanded in order to be rid of them.

Du Guesclin then led them into Spain against Peter the Cruel, who was driven from his throne, while Henry was established in his place. Du Guesclin was rewarded with wealth and honors by Henry, who made him Constable of Castile, and created him Duke of Molina and Count of Burgos. He now went back to France; but Peter, having obtained assistance at Bourdeaux from the Black Prince, returned with a formidable army led by his ally. Du Guesclin at once hastened to the assistance of Henry, but was defeated and made prisoner at the battle of Navarretta, in 1367. He remained for some time in custody at Bourdeaux, but was ransomed on the payment of 100,000 francs by his friends, the Kings of Castile and France.

On his release, Du Guesclin again joined Henry against Peter the Cruel, who, in spite of the assistance given to him by the Moorish kings of Spain, was defeated and put to death, while his rival was established on the throne of Castile. On the subsequent rupture between the French and the English, Du Guesclin returned to the assistance of his own king, who in 1370 rewarded him with the high office of Constable of France. By activity and enterprise, tempered with prudence, he was successful in nearly every engagement against the English. He recovered all Poitou, Anjou, and Saintonge. He attacked Montfort, Duke of Brittany, and forced him to take refuge in England. When this Duke was afterwards restored to his dominions, and suspicions were thrown upon the Constable as having favored him, Du Guesclin felt the calumny so deeply that he resigned his command, and resolved to retire to Spain in order to spend the remainder of his life with Henry of Trastamare, whom he had established on the throne of Castile. The King of France, however, became sensible of the injustice done him, and the Dukes of Bourbon and Anjou were sent to bring him to Court.

Du Guesclin was placed again at the head of an expedition which was ordered to the southern provinces, where the English had rallied their forces. Whilst besieging the Château Neuf de Rendan, in Auvergne, with his friend John de Bueil, Count of Sancerre, he was taken seriously ill. Feeling the approach of death, he caused the principal officers to be summoned to his bedside and strongly exhorted them never to treat as enemies laborers, women, children and old men; at the same time expressing his deep regret at not having himself always observed this rule. He expired in July, 1380, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. His body was conveyed to St. Denis with all the ceremonies used at the funeral of a sovereign, and deposited in the tomb next to that of the king. His greatest captains refused to take the sword of Constable after it had been borne by such a hero. A brave soldier, a valiant foe, Bertrand Du Guesclin died respected by his life-long enemies, the English, and deeply mourned by his countrymen. More than five centuries have elapsed since his death; yet he continues to be one of the most popular heroes of France.

The Troublesome Free Companies.

France was nominally at peace with everybody; but the internal disorder which seemed to be destroying her appeared only to increase in intensity. Most of the troops who had been serving either side in Brittany, even the English Hugh Calverly, the old chief known as the Archpriest, and a brother of the Count of Auxerre, who assumed the title of "the green knight," the followers of Du Guesclin, and all those who had served the King of Navarre, went to join the companies, whose numbers were thus vastly increased, and with them their presumption also.

Their chief haunt was in the rich districts in the centre of France, which they called their "chamber," for so large a number of them were either English, or Gascons, or men who had received English pay and felt a sort of attachment to the Prince of Wales, that they avoided the English territories in the South. Many of the "good people of the kingdom of France," Froissart tells us, murmured grievously against the King of England, because he did not interfere to compel these

companies, who were popularly confounded together under the name of English, to desist from their ravages. Hardly a district of France was now free from them, and they everywhere occupied villages and mansions, out of which they had expelled the rightful inhabitants, in order to turn them into dens of plunderers.

The only hope of riddance from these fearful guests lay in drawing them into some distant expedition, and it happened at this moment that the Hungarians were engaged in fierce warfare with the Turks. The Emperor of Germany, whose own dominions were in danger if the Hungarians succumbed, proposed to take the companies into his pay and send them into Hungary, and in consequence of a treaty between the Emperor and the King of France, a considerable number of them, led by the Archpriest, began their march towards Germany. In their way, they plundered and laid waste Champagne and Lorraine; and the reports of their atrocities, which preceded them, were such that when they reached the territory of the Empire they found the whole population in arms to resist them, and met with so rough a reception that they refused to go any further. Not long afterwards, the "Archpriest" was put to death by his own followers.

The first attempt to send away the companies had thus failed; but there were still two quarters in which they might be employed. The King of Cyprus, who had visited Avignon to engage the Pope and King Jean in a crusade, had returned to the East, had invaded Egypt in the autumn of this year (1365), and had taken and plundered Alexandria; but he was in want of troops to carry on the war against the infidels. On another side, Pedro, King of Castile, known by the title of Pedro the Cruel, had so exasperated his subjects by his tyranny that they invited to their assistance his illegitimate brother, Don Enrique, who had himself lived as an exile in Languedoc, in association with the chiefs of the companies, and now applied to the Pope and to the King of France for their assistance in inducing the companies to follow his standard. Either expedition held out hopes of rich booty; but the difficulty consisted in finding a man capable of gaining the confidence of the companies.

Charles V. immediately fixed his eyes upon Du Guesclin, who is said to have promised, at the time he received the county of Longueville from the King, that he would take the companies out of the kingdom. But Du Guesclin was still a prisoner in the hands of the English, who demanded for his ransom the then enormous sum of a hundred thousand francs, for the payment of which it is said that the King of France, the Pope, and Don Enrique, each contributed his share. Thus set at liberty, Du Guesclin undertook willingly the task imposed upon him, and the way in which he executed it, as told by his metrical biographer, is characteristic of the man and of the time.

Bertrand dispatched his messenger to the "grand company," which had at this time its headquarters at Châlon-sur-Saône, and when he arrived there he was introduced at once to the chiefs, the "Green Knight," Hugh Calverly, Matthew de Gournai (another English chief), and many others, who were all seated at table, for it was their hour of dinner. It was "a very rich hostel and of much worth," which the captains occupied; "they had taken possession of it, as I heard tell, and turned out the host, and they were drinking good wine, which they had tapped for themselves." The messenger of Du Guesclin, who was known at once by his livery, was welcomed among the company, and when he demanded a safe-conduct for his lord to come and consult with them, they gave it him immediately and joyfully.

Armed with this protection, Bertrand mounted his horse, till he reached the headquarters of the "grand company." He rode into the midst of the host, and, saluting the chiefs, said: "May God have in His keeping the companions I see here!" The "companions" returned his salutation with profound respect. "If God will," said he, "and you will believe me, I am now come to make you all rich in a very short time." "Sir," they all cried, "you are welcome here, in good truth; we are ready to do all you please, without hesitation." Then he was presented to the knights, and Hugh Calverly, stepping forward, embraced him, and courteously addressed him by the titles of friend and companion. "Nay," said Bertrand du Guesclin, "no one is a companion

of mine, unless he will do whatever I ask him." "Bertrand," said Calverly, "by that God who created the world, my body shall make you good company in whatever manner you direct, and wherever you choose to go, on this side of the sea or the other, to make war upon everybody, except the Prince of Wales; but I will not go against him, for I am bound by an oath, so soon as I see him, to range myself under his banner."

Bertrand then proceeded to unfold to them the object of his journey. He told them that the King of France had sent him to lead them against the Saracens in the East, or against the infidels and the renegade Pedro in Spain; told them that some of the great barons of France were ready to accompany them, and explained to them the profit and glory they would gain in either expedition, and how much better it would be to make war upon infidels and renegades, and cease persecuting and ruining their fellow-Christians. "If you agree to this," he said, "I will pay you, on the part of the King, two hundred thousand florins; I will then lead you to Avignon, where I will obtain for you the Pope's absolution of all the crimes you have committed, and make him pay you handsomely from his treasures; and after that we will continue our journey together."

The great chiefs were unanimous in accepting Bertrand's offer, and they proceeded, under a safe-conduct, to Paris, to complete the treaty. When this agreement was written and sealed, the twenty-five chiefs delivered up their fortresses to the king's officers, and the companions began their march along the Saône and the Rhône towards Avignon. They were joined on the way by the Marshal Arnoul d'Audeneham, and many others of the great lords of France, and King Charles gave them, as their nominal commander, the young Prince Louis of Bourbon, Count of La Marche, the son of Jacques of Bourbon, who had been slain by them in battle at Brignais; but Bertrand du Guesclin had the direction of everything.

When they approached Avignon, the Pope, in great alarm, sent a cardinal to learn what they wanted, with a threat of excommunication, unless they went elsewhere. He was intro-

duced to Arnoul d'Audeneham and Bertrand du Guesclin, the former of whom told the cardinal that the host of the companions had resolved to expiate their crimes by a crusade against the infidels, and that they had come to ask the Pope's absolution and to obtain from him a contribution of two hundred thousand francs in aid of the undertaking. The cardinal was ready to promise absolution, but he hesitated at the demand for money, upon which Bertrand took him aside and recommended him not to overlook this more substantial part of the demand. "I can tell you for truth," he said, "that there are a great proportion of them who care little about the absolution, but would much rather have the money. We are making honest men of them much against their wills, and we are leading them all far away from France, in order that they may no longer tyrannize over Christian people. Explain clearly to the Pope the necessity of compliance, for otherwise we cannot get them away; and even when they have received the money in abundance, it will be difficult enough to keep them from mischief."

The cardinal returned to the Pope in Avignon, and told him what he had seen and heard, and how the companions were going "to save their souls." "They have done in the kingdom much slaughter, and I am the bearer of their confession; they have burnt many a monastery and many a fair castle; slain women and children in great multitudes, violated maidens and dames of great name; stolen and pillaged cows, horses, and poultry; drunk wine without paying for it, and driven away sheep; stolen with wrong and violence many a jewel, even chalices from churches, of silver, copper, and latten; uttered many a speech full of blasphemy; done all the most diabolical evils that could be done, more than one could enumerate in book or in song; and now they cry mercy, and seek from you God's pardon, and beg you will give them true absolution." "They shall have it," said the Pope; "I will give it them at once; but will they thereupon quit the country?" "No," said the cardinal, "that they will not do, unless you give them two hundred thousand francs." "Nay," replied the Pope; "it is the custom in the city of Avignon for people to give us money and abundant gifts to obtain their

own absolution; and these would have us absolve them and give them money, too! In truth, they are very unreasonable."

As the Pope delayed his answer, the companions began to ravage the country around with their usual ferocity, and the pontiff might see the smoke of the burning villages from the walls of his palace. He again consulted his cardinal, who suggested to him that, as it was not right to diminish the rich hoards of the sacred treasury to distribute among such worthless people, he might raise the money by levying it as a tax upon the good city of Avignon; and, accordingly, all the inhabitants, rich or poor, were obliged to contribute their share. Bertrand, however, received secret information of this proceeding, and when the provost of Avignon came to him at Villeneuve, where he was lodged, to pay the money in the pope's name, he demanded in a tone which showed that he was not to be deceived, whether it had been taken out of the pope's own treasury. "No, sire," said the provost, "the debt has been paid by the commune of Avignon, each inhabitant contributing his part." Then said Bertrand du Guesclin, "Provost, I pledge you my faith, we will not take a penny of it as long as we live, unless it comes from the goods of the clergy; take back this tax, and let it be all repaid; see that no man fall short of all he has given." "Sire," exclaimed the provost, "may God give you good life! you will have given the poor people great cause of joy." The Holy Father was obliged to yield; the money was taken out of the papal treasury; and the companies continued their march towards Montpellier.

The relations of Froissart and the other writers show that the outlines of this narrative are true. In the December of 1365, the united bands of the companies, amounting together to about thirty thousand men, crossed the Eastern Pyrenees into Catalonia, were met by Don Enrique on the way, and conducted him in triumph into Castile. Their arrival became the signal for a general revolt against Pedro, who fled to Bayonne, while his rival was proclaimed king in his place. As soon as this easy and rapid success had been achieved, the companies, well paid for their services by the new king of Castile, took the way back to France, to the no small mortification of Charles V. and his subjects.

Fifteen hundred men-at-arms alone remained with Du Guesclin, whom Don Enrique had created Count of Trastamar and Constable of Castile; while all the English and Gascons, although loaded with the gifts of Enrique, hurried to range themselves under the banners of the Prince of Wales, who had announced his intention of marching into Spain to expel Enrique and restore Pedro. The Duke of Anjou, the son of King Jean, who had broken his faith as a knight when he had escaped from his captivity, and who commanded for his brother Charles in Languedoc, determined to stop them. The three seneschals of Toulouse, Carcassonne, and Beaucaire, were accordingly sent with a force of five hundred lances and about four thousand men, to attack a body of three thousand of the companions commanded by Perduccas d'Albret, who had entered by way of Foix into the territory of Toulouse; and they pursued and attacked them, on the 14th of August, 1366, under the walls of Montauban. The burghers of Montauban, who were subjects of the Duchy of Aquitaine, which was at this time one of the English provinces, took part with the companions, who gained a complete victory, and made prisoners the three seneschals, the Count of Uzès and the Viscount of Narbonne, with about a hundred other knights, and many gentlemen and rich inhabitants of Toulouse and Montpellier. On this occasion the companions set their prisoners at liberty on parole; but they made a base return for the courtesy of their conquerors, for, instead of paying their ransoms, they obtained a dispensation from the pope to break their oaths.—T. WRIGHT.



LOUIS XI.



IN the period of transition from feudalism to monarchy, which marked the first step in the development of royal France, Louis XI. played a part that resulted in eventual good despite himself and his times. The grandeur of France among European nations was attained under pure absolutism; the element of popular representation in legislative council being wanting. Louis XI., that "universal spider," subdued the feudal spirit, but at the same time extinguished whatever sparks of constitutional life may have been present. It is wonderful to see what grand results were arrived at in France, during that eventful fifteenth century, with so much smallness of soul.

Louis XI. was born July 3d, 1423, at Bourges, being the oldest son of Charles VII. In his youth, we are told, he was intelligent, sensible and generous. But his ambitious and restless nature soon asserted itself. He was married at the age of thirteen to Margaret, daughter of James I. of Scotland, who died nine years later, broken-hearted, at the age of twenty-one. However, the unlovable qualities of the young prince asserted themselves first in his restlessness, jealousy and impulsiveness, for his cold, crafty nature did not develop itself until later on. His father's mistress, Agnes Sorel, early aroused a spirit of opposition in him, which extended to his parent. For in 1439 he revolted openly against the king, as leader of the "Praguerie," the league of the nobles. On the failure of the movement in the following year, he gained his

father's pardon, and was given the government of Dauphiny. For some time he governed his province well, it appears, and also took part in various military expeditions. But soon complaints regarding his arbitrary conduct were made to the king, whom he had already displeased greatly by marrying Charlotte of Savoy, and who seems to have grown very suspicious of his son's intriguing character, while the latter feared the king's counsellors. All negotiation came to naught, and the king marched with an army into Dauphiny in 1456. Louis, realizing that resistance was useless, fled to his uncle, Duke Philip of Burgundy, was well received, and settled at Geneppe, where he and his spouse lived for five years, and where his society was not always the choicest.

Charles VII. died July 22, 1461, and his son was crowned at Rheims as Louis XI. the next month. His entry into Paris on the 30th of August was marked by one of those splendid public shows in which the gay Parisians, then as now, delighted and excelled. Piloty's picture of the scene gives us a striking presentation of mediæval life.

Louis began his reign by acts which show that he had still not acquired the subtlety of his later years. Haste and rashness marked his doings: the Burgundian lords who came to his consecration at Rheims and to Paris were sent empty away; his father's ministers and friends were dismissed; the government of Guyenne was taken from the Duke of Bourbon; the Duke of Alençon and the Count of Armagnac, who had been imprisoned by his father, were set free, a rash act, for they immediately joined the dissatisfied nobles. Louis further alienated and offended, not only the nobility, but the clergy as well, by negotiating with the Pope regarding the abolition of the Pragmatic Sanction of Bourges. Furthermore, he aided King John of Aragon, who proved ungrateful, imposed arbitrary taxes, and dabbled in English politics by espousing the cause of Margaret of Anjou against Edward IV. of England (1462), by which he gained the enmity of the House of York.

In accordance with the stipulation of a previous treaty, Louis, in 1463, persuaded Philip the Good of Burgundy to restore, on payment of 400,000 crowns of gold, the towns in the

district of the river Somme. This act, patriotic though it was, further increased the antagonism of the Duke's son, Charles of Charolais (later Charles the Bold), whose enmity he had already incurred by his intriguing while under the protection of Philip at the Burgundian court. When, in 1464, Louis attacked the hunting privileges of the nobles, he offered the proverbial last straw. Rapidly-growing discontent now broke out into open war. The nobles, banded together against the king by their common interests, formed the powerful confederacy known as the "League of the Public Weal." Their plan of action was simple, and born of the position of their dominions—an advance on all sides upon the king, who would be crushed by their converging armies. The odds against Louis, great as they were, left him undismayed.

Disposing, as well as he could, of the limited and doubtful forces at his command, he first attacked the Duke of Bourbon, but the danger in which Paris stood compelled him to move northwards, leaving his work but half done. The royal army met Charolais, who was intending to join the Dukes of Berry and Brittany, at Montleheri, and a queer battle ensued, a battle in which both sides beat a hasty retreat, Charles eventually claiming the victory, because the king withdrew to Corbeil, and thence to Paris (1465). Louis's enemies, whose combined forces were closing in on him, had numerous sympathizers within the city walls. However, he made every effort to secure Paris: taxes were lowered, privileges restored, and enthusiasm aroused by fine phrases. The city was well supplied with food, the want of which was sorely felt by the besieging forces; yet Louis eventually thought it best to treat with his foes.

The treaty of Conflans, which was duly signed October 5, 1465, gave Normandy to Charles, Duke of Berry (who resigned the latter Duchy to his brother, the king), the Somme towns, Guines and Boulogne to the Count of Charolais, the constable's sword to St. Pol, and so on, each one getting his share of the spoils. The contented and apparently victorious princes now disbanded their armies and went home. But their joy was short-lived, for Louis was soon plotting against them. The newly-made Duke of Normandy speedily

fell to quarreling with the Duke of Brittany, whereupon Louis immediately swooped down upon the former province, which received him with open arms, to the chagrin of Charles of Charolais, and the other members of the now completely disorganized League. By the death of the old Duke of Burgundy, in 1467, the government devolved on his son Charles, later known as Charles the Bold, "the imperial dreamer," a man distinguished from his rival Louis by many noble qualities, open to all better influences, but unfortunately afflicted with two weaknesses, pride and anger, which had much to do with his eventual ruin, and prevented the realization of his dream of a grand "Empire of the Rhine."

And now began the second period of the reign of Louis. The first, 1461–67, had been occupied by his strife with the lords; after that, to about 1476, he was engaged in ceaseless rivalry with Charles the Bold. While the latter threatened France, Louis was compelled to fight, but when Charles turned his attention to the Rhine, the king relinquished the sword for his favorite weapon—intrigue—which he handled with skill and success. At the time of the accession of Charles, a league of princes, embracing England, Burgundy, Brittany, Aragon and Castile, had been formed against Louis. The latter made every effort in his power, further conciliated Paris, removed traitors in his own ranks, convoked the States General at Tours in 1468, and then, having gained the sympathy of his people, began to attack the coalition. Finally Brittany and Burgundy only remained. The former he subdued, but the latter was to prepare a most bitter humiliation for him.

Louis conceived the rash idea of treating in person with Charles the Bold, at Péronne, depending on his skill in dealing with men (1468). But the Duke held him prisoner for some time, made him sign a treaty of peace based on that of Conflans, and forced him to accompany him on an expedition to punish the citizens of Liége, who, as once before, had been incited to revolt by the agency of the king himself (1469). His disgrace and degradation were thus complete. Louis was then permitted to return to Paris, where an assembly of notables, summoned and appointed by the king him-

self, speedily declared that Charles had broken the treaty of Péronne. Therefore a small border warfare was begun, which greatly harassed the duke, who made a truce with Louis at Amiens, April 10th, 1471. But Charles the Bold the following year broke his truce with the king and invaded France, ravaging the country on his way. At Beauvais, however, the desperate valor of the citizens, greatly aided by the women, stayed his advance, and he, finding that the Duke of Brittany had already been crushed into submission by the king, abandoned the unequal contest and signed a truce with the king at Senlis, October 23d [November 3d], 1472. His attention was thenceforth turned to the East, with an eye to lordship in Germany and possibly the throne, eventually, of the Holy Roman Empire. He speedily met his ruin, Louis maliciously undermining his projects whenever possible. With Charles's death before the walls of Nanci (January 4th, 1477), ends the second period of King Louis XI.'s reign.

In the third and last period (1477–83) we find Louis, as one writer has put it, "triumphant and miserable." At the time of Charles the Bold's death, he had succeeded in subduing all the great nobles of France but one; Brittany alone held out, though not in its former strength. The Duchy of Burgundy was claimed by right of devolution, and Franche Compté also submitted, although that county was under the empire, and not under the kingdom. The king's army overran a large portion of Burgundy, and the course of events having made an alliance of Charles the Dauphin with the Duchess Mary of Burgundy impossible, the latter rejected her many other suitors in favor of Maximilian of Austria (1477). And thus the domains of the House of Burgundy passed over to the House of Austria, a transfer of a far-reaching and long-lasting effect; not only did it produce rivalry between Austria and France, but it modified the political system of all Europe. Louis was quick to obtain a truce from his strong opponent, Maximilian, and to organize a mercenary force which was eventually to supplant the system of "free-archers." A battle with Maximilian, which took place in 1479, at Guinegate, near Therouenne, was lost to the French, through an ill-advised cavalry attack by Crevecœur, the commander. Another

truce was agreed to in 1480, and two years later peace was definitely concluded at Arras between Maximilian and Louis.

Louis, in these last years of his life, grew exceedingly suspicious. He shut himself up in the Castle of Plessis-les-Tours, where he lived in strict seclusion, hedged in by strong and well-manned walls, seeing few people, a "walking skeleton," fearing death, and yet bearing himself with patience and wisdom when the end came. He passed away quietly on the last day of August, 1483, leaving the government to his son, Charles VIII.

"He died," says one writer, "leaving France still sunk in darkness and distress. There she sat, one of the fairest of the European nations, oppressed and a captive, while all around her the world was being touched with the light of the new day now breaking over Europe. The literary life of Italy, even of Germany, had scarcely touched her; the annals of learning are a blank for France during the reign of Louis XI." The baneful influence of Italian ideas made itself strongly felt in French politics during his reign; he was unscrupulous and treacherous. And yet he undoubtedly contributed much to the advance of his country; he centralized the administration of the kingdom, fostered commerce and industry (founding the silk manufacture, for instance); he founded the University of Bourges, and in other ways endeavored to strengthen his kingdom, though his system bred absolutism. "His reign," as Thierry says, "was a daily battle in the cause of unity of power and a social leveling, a battle carried on in the manner of savages, by astuteness and cruelty, without courtesy and without mercy. Thence comes the mixture of interest and repugnance induced in us by this strangely original character."

Take him for all in all, measuring him by the epoch at which he lived, and by his contemporaries, does Philip de Comines appear so very extravagant in his deliberate judgment? "God had made him more sage, liberal and virtuous," says that court chronicler, "than the princes that reigned with him and in his time."

LOUIS XI. VISITS CHARLES THE BOLD.

Louis did not despair of winning over his arch-enemy. For this end he needed no intermediary. It was requisite that they should see and hear each other. With representatives, who cannot but feel their responsibility, and be full of hesitation, all becomes difficult; with men who transact their own business themselves, one word will often smooth everything. Besides, if one of the two must be the gainer, it was apparently the king, far deeper than the other, and who, by reviving the former familiarity of their younger days, might get him to talk, perhaps, by egging him on a little; might draw from him, violent as he was, precisely those very things which he wished least to say.

As to the danger which some apprehended from the interview, the king only laughed at it. He remembered, no doubt, that in the days of the *Public Good*, the Count of Charolais, when walking and chatting with him between Paris and Charenton, had not feared at times to trust himself far from his own people; and, indeed, had once been so absorbed, as to find himself within the barriers.

The influential servants of the two princes do not seem to have been averse to the interview. On the one side, the duke's sommeler, on the other, Balue, busied themselves exceedingly to expedite the business. Saint-Pol at first opposed it; and yet it seems that the king was determined, by a letter of his, to take the decisive step.

Everything induces the belief that the duke entertained no idea of entrapping the king. According to Comines, he cared little to see him; others, on the contrary, represent him to have been extremely eager for it. I incline to credit both. He did not himself know, perhaps, whether he wished it or not. In dark beginning, one ever experiences great temptations.

However this be, the king did not hazard himself lightly. He got the duke to accept half of the sum offered, and did not set out until he saw the agreement which had been concluded in the way of being executed. He received the most satisfactory assurances with regard to his going and returning.

Nothing can be more explicit than the terms of the letter and the safe-conduct sent him by the Duke of Burgundy. The letter runs, "You may surely come, go, and return . . ." And the safe-conduct, "You may come here, remain, and sojourn; and you may surely return to Chauny and Noyon at your good pleasure, as often as you shall please, without any hindrance being given to you, *for any reason whatsoever, or whatever may happen.*" (October 8th, 1468.) These last words rendered all double dealing impossible, even if anything had to be feared from a prince who piqued himself on being a knight of the antique stamp, and who haughtily plumed himself on the inviolability of his word, boasting that he kept it better than his enemies desired. Every one knew that this was his weak side, the one on which he was to be gained. In the affair of the *Public Good*, when he had carried out his threat before the expiry of the year, the king, by way of flattering him, had said to him, "My brother, I clearly see that you are a gentleman, and of the house of France."

As a gentleman, then, and as visiting a gentleman, the king arrived alone, or nearly so. Respectfully received by his host, the king held him twice in a long embrace, and entered Péronne with him, with his hand on his shoulder, like old friends. This frankness suffered a shock when he learned that at the very same moment his most dangerous enemies were entering by the opposite gate, Philippe de Bresse, Prince of Savoy, whom he had kept three years in prison, and whose sister he had just given in marriage in opposition to his wishes; and the Marshal of Burgundy, the Sire de Neufchâtel whom the king had deprived of Epinal after first bestowing it upon him; two impetuous men, of great influence with the duke, and who brought him reinforcements.

The worst is, that there came along with them men singularly interested in the king's destruction, and very capable of hazarding a blow. One of these was a certain Poncet de la Revière, whom the king intrusted with the leading of his household troops at Montbéry, and who, in conjunction with Brézé, precipitated the battle, in order to ruin all. The other was Du Lau, Sire de Châteauneuf, the

friend of the king's youth in Dauphiny, and who, in those his days of exile, had been trusted with all his secrets, and had sold them; nay, had attempted to sell the king himself, and have him taken; but the king, on the contrary, took him. This very year, fearing that his escape would be managed, Louis XI. had with his own hand designed an iron cage for him. Du Lau, apprized of this, and in great alarm, found means to fly. His escape cost all those who were charged to guard him their lives, and, unhappily, cost Charles de Melun his; for the king hurried on his trial, fearing a similar adventure.

And lo! this runaway prisoner, who had so narrowly missed the cage, this Du Lau, boldly meets the king along with Poncet and with d'Urfé, all styling themselves the servants and subjects of his brother, and exceedingly interested in having this brother succeed him as quickly as possible.

The king was alarmed. That the duke should have allowed these men to come, that he should welcome these traitors to him, the king, at the very time that he was receiving himself, was of sinister augury, and called to mind the bridge of Montereau. . . . . He conceived himself to be in little safety within the town, and therefore asked to take up his abode in the castle, an old and gloomy fortress, rather a prison than a castle. But then it was the duke's castle, his house, his home; and he became so much the more responsible for whatever might happen.

So the king was put in prison at his own request. And yet Louis XI., who was well read in history, knew perfectly well that kings in prison can seldom be guarded (there is no tower strong enough). Even though anxious to guard him, it is not always in one's power—witness Richard II. at Pomfret; had Lancaster wished to let him live, he would have been unable. To guard is difficult, to set at liberty dangerous. "So great a prince a prisoner," says Comines, "hardly gets free."

Louis XI. did not give himself up. He had always money by him for his little negotiations. He gave out fifty thousand gold crowns for distribution. But his ruin was considered so

certain, and so little was he already feared, that the person to whom he gave it kept the greater share.

Another thing served him more. Those who were most eager to destroy him were known to be adherents of his brother's, and already styled themselves "the servants of the Duke of Normandy." The men who were really attached to the Duke of Burgundy, his chancellor, De Goux, and his chamberlain, Comines, who slept in his room, and who watched him throughout this tempest of three days' duration, it is likely gave him to understand that he had no great interest in conferring the crown on his brother, who had so long been a resident in Brittany.

There was a better course; and this was not to make a king, but rather unmake one, to turn him to the best advantage, to lower and lessen him, and to make him in all men's esteem so little, wretched, and impotent, that to have killed him would have been less a death than this.

This was the course on which the duke decided after long struggles, and, accordingly, he repaired to the castle:— "When the duke came into his presence his voice trembled, so moved was he, and ready to give way to his wrath. He humbly inclined his body; but his speech and gesture were harsh as he asked the king whether he would keep to the treaty of peace. . . . ." The king "was unable to conceal his fear," and signed a renunciation of all that had been formerly in dispute between the kings and dukes. Next he was made to promise to give his brother, not Normandy now, but La Brie, which brought the duke close to Paris, and Champagne, which completed the circle of the duke's possessions, and gave him every facility for going to and fro between the Low Countries and Burgundy.

On the king's pledging himself to this effect, the duke went on to say to him, "Will you not be pleased to accompany me to Liége, to take vengeance of the Liégers for their treason to me, through you? The bishop is your relative, being of the House of Bourbon." The presence of the Duke of Bourbon, who was with him, seemed to support this request; which, indeed, in the king's situation, was equivalent to an order.

Great, and terrible, and well-deserved punishment for the perfidious game Louis XI. had played with Liége, showing her as a bugbear, agitating, inciting her, and then drawing back his hand. . . . Well it behooved that now this disloyal hand, taken in flagrant delict, should be seen by the whole world slaughtering those whom it had pushed on, that it should tear in pieces its own *fleurs-de-lis* raised as their standard by the Liégers, and that Louis XI. should drag in the mud the banner of the king of France. . . . After this, the man, accursed, detested, and infamous, might be let go whither he list—to France or elsewhere. Only, in order to be qualified to make these great examples, and to constitute one's self on this wise minister of God's justice, one must not steal the thief from the gibbet. . . . This was precisely what was attempted.

The King's safety depended mostly upon one thing; namely, that he was not wholly a prisoner. Though imprisoned at Péronne, he was at large elsewhere, in his capital army, and in his other self, Dammartin. His visible interest was, that Dammartin should take no overt step, but should remain under arms and keep up a menacing aspect. Now, Dammartin received, post after post, two letters from the king, one ordering him to disband his army, the other to dispatch it to the Pyrenees, by way of reassuring the Burgundians, and leaving the frontier ungarrisoned, so that they might be free to enter if they chose, after their inroad upon Liége. The first letter is probably a forgery, or, at least, drawing the inference from its false date, its heavy and useless preface, and its prolixity, was dictated to the prisoner. Nothing can be further removed from the familiar vivacity of the letters of Louis XI. The second is his own, as is proved by the style. Among other things, the king says, in order to determine Dammartin to remove the army to a distance, "Hold for certain, that I never proceeded so willingly on any journey as on this. . . . My lord of Burgundy will press me to set out as soon as he shall have done at Liége; desiring my return more than I do myself." What gave this letter the lie, and divested it of all credit, was, that the king's messenger who bore it, was kept within sight by an emissary of the

duke's, for fear of his speaking. The snare was gross; Dammartin cried shame on the Duke of Burgundy for it, and swore that if he did not dismiss the king home, the whole kingdom would go and bring him back.

Liége was now without the walls, fosses, money, artillery, or men-at-arms, to oppose to the enemy. There was but one thing left her,—the *fleurs-de-lis*, the name of the King of France. The exiles, on their entry, shouted "Long live the king!" . . . . That the king should be coming to fight against himself, against those who were fighting for him, appeared so strange, so absurd, and mad a report, that no one would at first credit it. . . . . Or if any credit were given it, it was by heightening the report by still greater absurdities and sillier dreams; for instance, that the king was conducting the duke to Aix-la-Chapelle, to have him crowned emperor.

No longer knowing what to credit, and maddened with rage, four thousand citizens sallied forth against forty thousand Burgundians. Though beaten, they nevertheless made a stand in the faubourg against the enemy's vanguard, which had hurried forward in order to secure the plunder for itself, and which only gained blows.

The legate saved the bishop, and strove to save the city. He persuaded the populace that they ought to let the bishop go, by way of proving that they did not keep him prisoner. He then hastened to throw himself at the duke's feet, and to sue for grace in the Pope's name, offering all save life. But it was life which was now coveted. . . . .

For so large an army, and two such great princes, to busy themselves about forcing a city unfortified, already deserted, and without hope of succor, was a work of supererogation; at least, so the Burgundians thought, for they deemed themselves too strong by half, and so kept careless watch. . . . . Accordingly, one night the camp is forced, and both the king's and the duke's quarters beaten up. No one was armed; the archers were playing at dice; and it was a chance that there was any one to bar the duke's door. He arms himself, descends, and finds some cry out, "Long live Burgundy!" others, "Long live the king, and kill!" . . . . Whom was

the king for? No one yet knew. . . . . His men fired from the windows, and killed more Burgundians than Liégers.

However, it was a body of six hundred men only (according to others, three hundred), that gave this alarm,—men of Franchimont, rugged men from the woods, wood-cutters, or charcoal-burners, as they all are indeed; and who had thrown themselves into Liége when every one else was deserting it. Unaccustomed to confinement, their first impulse was to wander forth, and mountaineers and ready cragsmen as they were, they began scaling by night the rocks which command Liége, and thought it a mere matter of course, though numbering only three hundred, to enter a camp of forty thousand men, and proceed to wake up the two princes with blows of their pikes. . . . . And assuredly this they would have done, if, instead of preserving silence, they had not, like true Liégers, burst out into loud cries, raised "a great *Hu!*" . . . And these charcoal-burners of the Ardennes slew valets, missed the princes, and were themselves slain, unconscious that they had done more than the Greeks at Thermopylæ.

The duke, in high dudgeon at such a reveille, was for giving the assault. The king was for further delay; but the duke told him that if he did not relish the assault, he might go to Namur. This permission to leave at the moment of danger, did not suit the king, who fancied that advantage would be taken of it to sink him still lower, and charge him with having shown the white feather. . . . . He conceived his honor to be staked on his sharing in the barbarous execution of Liége.

He seemed to be bent on having it believed that he was not forced, that he was there for his pleasure, and through pure friendship for the duke. On the occasion of a first alarm, two or three days before, as the duke appeared to be embarrassed, the king had looked to everything, and given all the orders. The Burgundians, in their amazement, no longer knew whether it were the king or the duke who was leading them to the destruction of Liége.

He would have been the first at the assault, had not the duke stayed him. As the Liégers bore the arms of France, he, King of France, is said to have worn the cross of Bur-

gundy; and, to wind up this melancholy farce, he was heard shouting in the great square of Liége, "Long live Burgundy!" . . . . High treason of the king against the king.

Not the slightest resistance was offered. The captains had started in the morning, leaving the innocent burgesses on guard. They had kept watch for eight days, and were worn out; and besides, did not dream of being attacked on this day, for it was Sunday. However, in the morning the duke orders his bombard and two serpents to be fired by way of signal; the trumpets sound, and the troops march to the assault. . . . There were only two or three sentinels at their posts; the rest were gone to dinner. "We found the cloth laid," says Comines, "in every house."

The army, entering the town at either end, met and formed in the public square, and then separated into four divisions, each taking a distinct quarter of the town for plunder. All this occupied two hours, so that many had time to escape. Meanwhile the duke, after conducting the king to the palace, repaired to St. Lambert's, which the plunderers were about to force; so little did they heed him, that he was obliged to draw his sword, and he slew one of them with his own hand.

About noon the whole city was in the hands of the Burgundians, and a prey to pillage. Such was the festival in the midst of the tumult of which the king took his dinner, testifying the liveliest joy, and never weary of lauding the valor of his good brother. It was a marvel, and a thing to be repeated to the duke, how heartily he sung his praises.

The duke waited upon him to ask, "What shall we do with Liége?" A hard question, this, for any one else, and which every man with a heart would have hesitated before answering. Louis XI. replied with a smile, and in the style of the *Cent Nouvelles:* "There was a large tree close to my father's palace, in which rooks built their nests. As they annoyed him, he had the nests pulled down, two or three times; but the rooks always built them again the next year. My father then ordered the tree to be rooted up, and afterwards slept all the better."

The horrid feature in this destruction of a whole people

is, that it was not a carnage committed in the fury of assault, and when the victors were heated, but a long execution, which lasted for months. The townsfolk found in the houses were kept and reserved, and then flung into the Meuse in an orderly and methodical manner. Three months afterwards, the drownings were still going on.

Even the few that were put to the sword on the first day (about two hundred in number) were killed in cold blood. The plunderers who cut the throats, in the Franciscan convent, of twenty hapless beings who were on their knees hearing Mass, waited until the priest had consecrated and drunk before they tore the chalice from him.

The city was burned down methodically; fire being first set to it, by the duke's orders, on Saint Hubert's day, the anniversary of the foundation of Liége. The work was intrusted to a knight of the neighborhood, in conjunction with the men of Limbourg; and those of Maestricht and of Huy, like good neighbors, came to bear a hand, and undertook the demolition of the bridges. To destroy the population was a work of greater difficulty; for the inhabitants had for the most part fled to the mountains. The duke reserved for himself the pleasure of hunting them down. He started the day on which fire was first set to Liége, and could mark as he rode in the distance the rise and spread of the flames. . . . . He scoured Franchimont, burning the villages and searching the woods. Their leafless state, and the fearful cold of the winter, exposed the prey to him. Wine was frozen, men as well; some lost a foot, others their fingers. If the pursuers suffered to this degree, what must the fugitives, especially women and children, have done?

The king had left a little before the duke, but without betraying any hurry, and only four or five days after the taking of Liége. He had first sounded the duke by the intervention of friends, and then observed to him, "If you have nothing more to do, I should like to go to Paris to publish our agreement in Parliament. . . . . Don't spare me, when you have need of me. Next summer, if you choose, I will visit you in Burgundy. We will be a month together, and will make good cheer." The duke consented, though

"always murmuring a little," made him re-peruse the treaty, inquired if he regretted anything in it, saying he was free to accept or not, and "offering a faint excuse for having brought him there." So the king departed at his pleasure, happy and astonished, no doubt, at finding himself on his road home, shaking himself to know whether it were really he, and thinking it a miracle that he was safe and sound, with the exception, perhaps, of his honor at the furthest. Yet I do not believe him to have been totally insensible, since he fell sick shortly after. The fact is, he had suffered in a very delicate point; in the opinion he had himself entertained of his own ability. After having twice recovered Normandy so quickly and so subtly, to have then committed himself like an embryo statesman! To have shown such simplicity, to have reposed such naïve faith in promises, was enough to humble him forever! Could he, could Louis XI., master in the art of forswearing, have suffered himself to be entrapped? The farce of Péronne had ended like that of Patelin. The craftiest of the crafty was duped by Agnelet. All laughed, young, old, children; what do I say!—the very jays, magpies, and starlings talked of nothing else; they were taught only one word—Perette (the name of the king's mistress, but suggesting also the place of his imprisonment).

If Louis had a consolation in his misery, it was probably the secret reflection and whispered thought, that though he had played the simpleton, the other had been a greater simpleton still for allowing him to depart. What! could the duke fancy that when the safe-conduct had been of no value, the treaty would hold good? He detained him, contrary to his word, and he lets him go on the faith of a word!

—J. MICHELET.

THE JOYLESS KING.

Our aged king, whose name we breathe in dread,
  Louis, the tenant of yon dreary pile,
Designs, in this fair prime of flowers, 'tis said,
  To view our sports, and try if he can smile.

While laughter, love, and song are here abroad,
  His jealous fears imprison Louis there;
He dreads his peers, his people,—ay, his God;
  But more than all, the mention of his heir.

Look there! a thousand lances gleam afar,
  In the warm sunlight of this gentle spring!
And, 'midst the clang of bolts, that grate and jar,
  Heard ye the warden's challenge sharply ring?

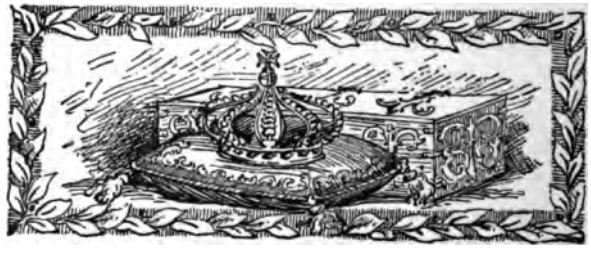
He comes! he comes! Alas! this mighty king
  With envy well the hovel's peace may view;
See where he stands, a pale and spectral thing,
  And glares askance the serried halberds through!

Beside our cottage hearths, how bright and grand
  Were all our visions of a monarch's air!
What! is his sceptre but that trembling hand?
  Is that his crown,—a forehead seamed by care?

In vain we sing; at yonder distant chime,
  Shivering, he starts!—'twas but the village bell!
But evermore the sound that notes the time
  Strikes to his ear an omen of his knell!

Alas! our joys some dark distrust inspires!
  He flies, attended by his chosen slave:
Beware his hate; and say, "Our gracious sire
  A loving smile to greet his children gave."

—P. J. BERANGER.



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JOHN SOBIESKI.



THE history of Poland illustrates the thoroughly vicious and impracticable character of a decentralized aristocratic government, yet it also presents numerous instances of heroic characters and splendid achievements. No name in its annals is more celebrated than that of Sobieski, who saved Central Europe from Turkish invasion near the end of the seventeenth century.

John Sobieski was born in 1629, in the district of Olesko, in the present Galicia, or Austrian Poland, near the sources of the Bug and the Bog, on the feudal estate of his ancestors. His father, Jacob (or James), was castellan of Cracow, and acquired military distinction in the Polish army, in the troublous times of the kings, Casimir V. and Michael, who struggled vainly with their turbulent nobles. John was carefully brought up, and was sent with his elder brother, Mark, to finish his education in Paris. Here John served for some time in the body-guard of Louis XIV., and afterwards travelled in the East with his brother. Whilst they were at Constantinople, in 1648, they received news of a rising of the Cossacks, who were joined by the Polish serfs. All Polish Russia was overrun, and they compelled all Catholic monks and nuns whom they could get hold of to marry. The insurgents were at length defeated at Zamosc, and a peace was made. Hostilities, however, were soon renewed. Several engagements were fought in which the Poles were defeated;

but in the battle of Beresteczko, in 1651, John Sobieski won distinction. Soon afterward Mark Sobieski was killed.

Charles Gustavus of Sweden now invaded Poland, and the wretched country seemed doomed to perish, but Frederic William of Brandenburg, who fought at first on the Swedish side, passed over to the other. Sobieski distinguished himself in fighting against the Swedes, and, in 1660, he gained a complete victory over the Russians, who were led by General Sheremetoff. For his services Sobieski was raised to the dignities of grand marshal and grand hetman of Poland. In 1667, with only 20,000 men, he defeated an army of Cossacks and Tartars five times as numerous, in a series of battles lasting seventeen days. They left as many dead on the field as the whole number of Sobieski's troops. The victorious hero now married Mary Casimira de la Grange, daughter of the captain of the guard of Philip d'Orleans, the brother of Louis XIV. Casimir abdicated the throne of Poland the year following, and retired to a monastery in France.

Sobieski gave his influence in behalf of the Prince of Condé as his successor; but Michael Wisniowiecki was chosen by the Polish Diet. A desolating civil war was now imminent, as the adherents of Sobieski and of Michael were encamped against each other; but a new danger was suddenly threatened by an invasion of the Turks, numbering 150,000 men, under Mahomet IV. At this crisis Michael and his army took to flight; but the partisans of Sobieski, upon whose head a price had been fixed, swore to defend him. Michael concluded the shameful treaty of Budcharz, by which he bartered away a part of his dominions on condition of being supported in arms against his rebellious general. Against this treaty Sobieski appealed to the Diet, and falling upon the Turks once more, defeated them in the great battle of Kotzin in 1674. He took the fortress, till then deemed impregnable, at a loss to the enemy of 20,000 men, and set 80,000 prisoners free. On the day of this battle Michael breathed his last.

The Diet assembled to name a successor. There were several candidates. Charles of Lorraine was countenanced by Austria, and Philip of Neuburg by Louis XIV. Sobieski,

fresh from his glorious victory, proposed the Prince of Condé; but the palatine, Stanislaus Jablonowski, having stated in an eloquent speech his objections to those candidates, concluded by saying: "Let a Pole reign over Poland," and he proposed the conqueror of Kotzin, John Sobieski. All the Polish and Lithuanian nobles shouted "Long live John III.," and the gallant Sobieski was proclaimed king. He had hardly felt the weight of the crown before a new invasion of 200,000 Turks and Tartars summoned him to the field. Once more he led his brave Polanders against this redoubtable enemy, whom he charged with the inspiring battle-cry, "Christ forever!" His success, however, produced no better result than an honorable treaty of peace, which had little more effect than a truce.

A few years of peace followed, at least external peace, for Poland was seldom, if ever, at peace within herself. The king's authority was set at naught by the factious nobles, who would not listen to reform or redress of grievances, and by their remarkable custom of the "*liberum veto*" dissolved every diet in which the attempt was made. His own domestic life was not altogether a happy one. His French wife was ambitious and domineering, and she made his existence sometimes a real misery. After becoming king, Sobieski endeavored to raise supplies for an army to reconquer the provinces which Russia had appropriated; but his efforts were frustrated by the selfishness of the nobles. In 1683, the Turks, countenanced by Louis XIV., invaded Austria, whose power the French monarch desired to humble. Their vast army of 300,000 men was led by the Grand Vizier, Kara Mustapha. In July, the Turks, after sweeping over Hungary, invested Vienna, from which city Leopold and his family had fled. The capital of the Austrian empire had no prospect but submission to the dreaded Moslems. At this crisis, Sobieski, yielding magnanimously to the entreaties of a sovereign who had refused him the title of "Majesty," placed himself at the head of a small but devoted army of less than 20,000 men, and, by forced marches, hastened to the seat of war. On his way he was joined by some of the German princes, and when he united his troops with those of Prince Charles of Lorraine,

who had been competitor with him for the Polish crown, the total number was about 77,000 men.

On the 12th of September, after Mass, Sobieski descended from the ridge of Kalemberg to the dense host of the Moslems in the plains. He appeared with his head partly shaven in the Polish fashion, and in plain dress, while his attendants were brilliantly arrayed. On his left was his son, James, and on his right Charles of Lorraine. Before the battle he knighted his son, and made an inspiriting address to his troops, urging that their contest was not for Vienna alone, but for Christendom; not for an earthly sovereign, but for the King of kings. The shouts of the soldiers bore to the enemy the dreaded name of Sobieski, already made familiar on many a well-fought field. But the Turkish commander, Kara Mustapha, continued tranquilly taking coffee in a splendid tent, until Sobieski gave the signal for attack.

The assault was made simultaneously along the whole line. At 5 P.M. the Polish hussars cleared the ditch and rode into the camp, and, after a rude shock, the Ottomans were driven in a confused mass toward the tent of the vizier, who attempted to make a stand, but in vain. At last the Turks were in full retreat, and Sobieski remained master of the whole camp, artillery, baggage and immense booty.

The inhabitants of Vienna received their deliverer with the most lively demonstrations of gratitude; and exclamations of joy accompanied him to the very threshold of the cathedral, whither he went to return thanks to the God of battles for the success of his arms. When the *Te Deum* was chanted, he joined cordially in the service. A sermon was delivered on the occasion from the text: "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John." Sobieski pursued the Turks into Hungary, and he experienced defeat at Parany, where he was exposed to great personal danger; but he defeated them again at Strigonia, and at last cleared the whole country of them. But the joy which Sobieski must have felt in having performed so important a service to Christendom, and in receiving the congratulations of the people of Austria, was marred by the ingratitude of the Emperor Leopold and by the selfishness of many of his own subjects. In

this foreign expedition the Poles found that their treasury had been drained, and that many of their countrymen had perished; while as a compensation for these evils, no substantial advantage to the republic had resulted, or could be expected. Sobieski himself was charged with avarice, and with giving too much attention to the ambitious schemes of his wife.

Sobieski's wish to make the crown hereditary in his own family exasperated and disaffected the nobles; and after his death his children were ungratefully excluded from the throne. Another cause of his unpopularity was the cession of certain lands to Russia; for which, however, in return, he was promised assistance in the meditated conquest of Moldavia and Wallachia. But a new turn of affairs made it impossible to prosecute these schemes. He died at Warsaw, June 17th, 1696. Years afterwards, the great Swedish warrior, Charles XII., paused in his headlong career to visit the tomb of the defender of Christendom.

The widowed Queen Mary Cassimira removed to Rome in 1698, and afterwards to Blois, in France, where she died in 1716. Her eldest granddaughter, Maria Clementina, in 1719 was married to the son of King James I. of England, known as the first Pretender. She was the mother of the second Pretender and of Cardinal York.

John Sobieski was endowed with great strength of body, and vigor of mind. He was skilled in the laws, the constitution, and political relations of his country. Eloquent and wise in council, enterprising and enthusiastic in the field, he possessed all the virtues and qualities necessary for a great warrior or an accomplished monarch. He possessed a peculiar art of profiting by the least advantage, and was characterized by a sure and quick sagacity of foreseeing and preventing danger. Enthusiasm was a predominant feature in his character. When taking his departure from Warsaw in his campaign against the Turks, he said emphatically to the ambassadors at his court: "Tell your master that you have seen me mount my horse, and that Vienna is safe!" The nobleness and elevation of his mind were clearly shadowed forth in the lineaments of his countenance and the dignity

of his personal appearance. But the inherent vice of the Polish national constitution prevented his accomplishing the great results for his country which his genius had seemed to guarantee.

The Turks Driven From Vienna.

The despotic rule of the Emperor of Germany had created such disgust in his Christian subjects of Hungary, that in utter despair they solicited aid from the Turk against their Imperial oppressor; and even the Protestants, irritated by the attempts of the emperor to elude the fulfillment of his promises in regard to their religion, took part against him. The King of France incessantly incited the Sultan, by means of his embassy at Constantinople, to fall upon the rear of the empire, and at length succeeded in bringing this object about in 1683; but it was preceded by a manifesto from the insurgent chief Tekeli, offering the protection of the Sultan to their religion, property and privileges. While 240,000 men under Kara Mustafa, the Grand Vizier, invaded Hungary, an Imperial army under Duke Charles of Lorraine vainly attempted to stem the invasion. Such was the apathy of the Emperor's Government, and such the tardiness of German succor, that scarcely 40,000 men could be collected when the campaign opened on the 7th of May. The terror of such a formidable force heralded the Turkish van, and the retreat of the Germans became a disorderly flight.

The Turks reached the gates of Vienna unopposed on the 14th of July. The Emperor Leopold fled. Rudiger Count Von Stahremberg, the intrepid and skillful governor, held the capital, which he placed in a posture of defence by the destruction of a suburb, and a hasty repair of the works; so that for two months, with a garrison of 10,000 men, he successfully resisted the furious attacks of the besiegers, by whom the whole surrounding country was ravaged and converted into an absolute desert, while the inhabitants of the land were dragged into captivity; 60,000 of the inhabitants of the city had fled at the first appearance of the Infidel, who completed the investment in a few days. The Turkish miners blew up the strongest part of the outward defences,

and the city was surrounded with ruins and heaps of rubbish. Still Count Stahremberg, unshaken by the wild cries, the furious attacks, and immense numbers of the enemy, defended the Imperial city, and trained the citizens and students to act in concert with the garrison, and, though severely wounded, the Governor was carried daily round to cheer the citizens and to give his orders. But the strength of the garrison daily diminished—the spirits of the defenders were worn out by incessant duty, and it became even requisite to punish the drowsy sentinels with death, lest the dreaded foe should get inside. Famine soon began to add accumulating horrors, and the besieged were driven to the last extremity for want of provisions, when lo! during the night of the 11th of July, a girandole of rockets discharged from the tower of St. Stephen's Cathedral was answered by a signal of three cannons, that spoke the comforting assurance that efficient aid was close at hand.

John Sobieski, the chivalric King of Poland, had brought up his auxiliary force of 18,000 men from the North, and had been met on his march by Charles, Duke of Lorraine with 11,000 Germans, and by the Electors of Bavaria and Saxony with their contingents, and these were already ascending the ridge of the Calemberg, which overlooks the Imperial capital, combining a force of 70,000 Christian men. The Confederated German Princes resolved on the overthrow of the Mussulman, but agreed to cede to the King of Poland the chief command of these troops of many races. It had required all the prestige of Sobieski's name, and that force of character which attaches to all great commanders, to lead up such a force by a fatiguing march across mountains, over which they could only bring up their artillery by manual labor; and even now they had only succeeded in bringing up twenty-eight pieces to oppose the 300 cannon of the enemy. From the top of the Calemberg the King of Poland could see the plain of the Danube and all its many islands covered with Turkish pavilions, and every space occupied by horses, camels, buffaloes, and swarms of Tartars. But his acute and practiced eye detected the errors of the Turkish general. "This man," said he, "is badly encamped. He can know

nothing of war in practice; and we shall certainly beat him. Which of you at the head of such an army would have suffered his enemy to throw that bridge" (which Prince Charles had been suffered to hold at Tulu over the Danube) "within five leagues of his camp?"

On July 7th, Kara Mustafa mustered all his troops, in order to test the losses he had already sustained in the siege; and, from a paper afterwards found in the Grand Vizier's tent, the loss in the trenches up to that day attained the incredible amount of 48,344 men, amongst whom were 344 Pashas and leaders, and 10,000 Janissaries. Kara Mustafa on the 8th ordered them to urge forward their work without intermission. The besieged, however, had the good fortune by their countermines to come across and to unload a most dangerous culvert, which had been stored with twenty-four tons of powder, the springing of which would have opened out such a gap in the defences, as must have led to the surrender of the city. But this happy incident did not avert the serious danger continually accruing to the besieged on every side, and on every side of the city the cannonading was incessant. Partial storms were of constant recurrence, which deranged the troops and obliged Stahremberg to redouble his exertions to keep alive the defence. On the 9th the Turks had destroyed a large portion of the Lobel-bastion; but the defenders repulsed an attempt to carry it by storm. On the 10th the enemy had greatly enlarged the breach of the Burg-bastion, but no attempt was made to storm it, and thus matters stood when relief arrived.

At last the Christian army was encamped in sight of the walls in all its grandeur; yet the works of the assailant in the trenches continued active, although no attempt at a storm was made. Kara Mustafa, despising the diminutive numbers of the allies, left it with the Tartar light cavalry to deal with them; while with his Janissaries and his artillery he gave his undivided attention to the trenches, in momentary expectation of seeing the white flag for a capitulation hung out. His orders had been given to keep up as heavy a fire as could be upon the besieged, with a view to scare them unto submission. This was done with unexampled energy by the

Pasha of Damascus, who then took the command of the siege; while the tower of St. Stephen's continued to evidence to the liberators by repeated signals that the alarm in the terrified city continued at its height. At five o'clock in the afternoon the Polish infantry, which had been retarded in the march, came up, and the entire force at once went into action. The two armies now met in the most dreadful conflict, and, as soon as it took an unfavorable turn for the enemy, the Janissaries fled out from the trenches, which were immediately filled by the Saxon and Austrian dragoons under Prince Louis of Bavaria. The Count Stahremberg now went forth to join his deliverers, amidst such a heap of ruins as may be imagined after sixty days of continued cannonading, and the explosion of more than fifty mines.

Sobieski had exercised much military judgment in his advance to the relief of the besieged. He was sensible of the immense numerical superiority of the besiegers, but he was scarcely prepared for the foolhardy indifference evinced by Kara Mustafa at the approach of his better disciplined opponents. The Turks took no precautionary measures in the occupation of the heights; and by continuing to carry on the siege from the trenches in spite of the army in the field, as above related, the Mussulmen lost the momentum of their large body of men; so that when Sobieski pushed on with his accustomed daring at the head of an imposing force of cavalry, and came upon a troop of 20,000 Turkish horse, the superiority was inverted,—fear came upon them and shook them, while the indecision of their movements betrayed their formation, and Sobieski fell upon them, and routed them with signal success. A partial eclipse of the sun added to their terror, for they thought the Poles must be in league with the powers of darkness to obtain such aid; so that Sobieski pushed on, and never drew bit in the pursuit till he had driven them back into the very camp of Kara Mustafa.

The Polish King is said to have himself espied the Grand Vizier sitting at the entrance of his gorgeous pavilion, sipping his coffee, with his two sons beside him, as he galloped along; but it was told him that, notwithstanding the affected composure of the infidel, the order had gone forth from him

for the murder of 30,000 Christian prisoners. Provoked by this appearance of indifference and unconcern on the part of Kara Mustafa, and enraged at the reported cruelty of an act of butchery, Sobieski commanded an immediate attack, and entered the camp with his entire army. The Ottomans, congregated in a confused mass, assembled round the tent of the Vizier, who did all that brute bravery could do to make an effective stand; but in vain, for what with the enthusiasm of the Christian soldiers on the one hand, and the contradictory orders that bewildered the Turks on the other, the latter knew not whom to obey, and wildly fled from the field. The Grand Vizier's tent, and an immense treasure, including all the Turkish artillery in the camp and in the trenches, fell into the hands of the King.

Kara Mustafa succeeded in mounting a fleet dromedary, on which he made his escape to Constantinople, where he could not satisfy his master of the causes of failure, and according to Oriental practice, was strangled by order of the Sultan Mahomet IV. It is said that the Grand Vizier had, early in the day, threatened the good Bishop Kalonitsel, who had most zealously fulfilled his Christian duties in the siege, that his head should pay the forfeit of the earnest accomplishment of his pious actions; so that now, with savage irony, the head of Kara Mustafa was sent by order of the Sultan to the bishop. But the ecclesiastic, not deeming it a fitting relic for his chapel, sent it to the arsenal of Vienna, where it is said the relic may still be seen in a crystal shrine, adorned with silver plates.

On the following day—13th September—the Polish King entered Vienna on horseback in great state; crowds of the liberated inhabitants of the city clung around his horse, and kissed devoutly the very metal of his stirrup. Greatly touched by this act of devotion, Sobieski could not refrain from tears, remarking, "Never did a crown yield greater pleasure than this." His first object was to repair to the great Cathedral of St. Stephen, to return thanks for his success, which had been gained at no greater loss than 600 men. All Europe resounded with the praises of the conqueror who had delivered the capital of the Holy Roman Empire from

the sword of the Infidel, and from all the calamities that had been dreaded from an irruption of the Mussulman upon Christian Europe.

But there was one absentee from this triumphal ceremonial who should have been the foremost to express his thankfulness for preservation from greatly dreaded dangers. The Emperor Leopold had not yet made his appearance; he required time to consider in what manner it became his Imperial dignity to receive an elected King in the capital of the Cæsars. He felt that he stood in the sight of his subjects as an inferior in the presence of Sobieski—the real victor and hero—and he could not make up his mind even to offer to the Polish King the right hand of fellowship. At length he appeared at the rencontre. The warmhearted Sobieski spurred his horse to a gallop, and touched his hat, which civility was returned at the same moment, and both Sovereigns spoke in Latin. "Brother," said the Polish King, "I am glad to have done you some small service." But Leopold, who was also on horseback, after forcing himself to a few words of greeting to his deliverer, remained stiffly seated in his saddle; nor would he lay aside his constrained deportment when the son of Sobieski, attended by many Polish nobles, kissed his hand.

This littleness of mind chilled the soldiers; and when the delivering army found that they were altogether forgotten, and at the same time left so ill provided for with common necessaries and comforts, they would have gone back to their own country in disgust, had not Sobieski declared that if they deserted him to a single man, he would himself remain as long as a single Turk continued on the soil of Germany. He therefore carried away his army forthwith in pursuit of the Vizier, after staying only two days in Vienna. He came up with him at Paranay in Hungary, and again at Strigonia, where, on the 6th October, after exposing himself to great personal danger, he succeeded in obtaining another great victory over the Turks, and cleared the empire of the Infidel. He now returned to his kingdom, and arrived at Cracow on the 26th December. Among the trophies of his victories that he brought with him was the great standard

of Mahomet, which the conqueror sent to the Pope with these words, "I came, I saw: God hath conquered."

—SIR E. CUST.

THE SIEGE OF VIENNA.

How long, O Lord, shall vengeance sleep,
And impious pride defy Thy rod?
How long Thy faithful servants weep,
Scourged by the fierce barbaric host?
Where, where, of Thine Almighty arm, O God,
Where is the ancient boast?
While Tartar brands are drawn to steep
Thy fairest plains in Christian gore,
Why slumbers Thy devouring wrath,
Nor sweeps the offender from Thy path?
And wilt Thou hear Thy sons deplore
Thy temples rifled—shrines no more—
Nor burst their galling chains asunder,
And arm Thee with avenging thunder?

See the black cloud on Austria lower,
Big with terror, death and woe!
Behold the wild barbarians pour
In rushing torrents o'er the land!
Lo! host on host, the infidel foe
Sweep along the Danube's strand,
And darkly-serried spears the light of day o'erpower!
There the innumerable swords,
The banners of the East unite;
All Asia girds her loins for fight:
The Don's barbaric lords,
Sarmatia's haughty hordes,
Warriors from Thrace, and many a swarthy file
Banded on Syria's plains or by the Nile.

Mark the tide of blood that flows
Within Vienna's proud imperial walls!
Beneath a thousand deadly blows,
Dismayed, enfeebled, sunk, subdued,

Austria's queen of cities falls.
Vain are her lofty ramparts to elude
  The fatal triumph of her foes;
Lo, her earth-fast battlements
  Quiver and shake; hark to the thrilling cry
  Of war that rends the sky,
The groans of death, the wild laments,
The sob of trembling innocents,
Of wildered matrons, pressing to their breast
All which they feared for most and loved the best!

  Thine everlasting hand
Exalt, O Lord, that impious man may learn
  How frail their armor to withstand
Thy power—the power of God supreme!
Let Thy consuming vengeance burn
The guilty nations with its beam!
  Bind them in slavery's iron band,
Or as the scattered dust in summer flies
Chased by the raging blast of heaven,
Before Thee be the Thracians driven!
  Let trophied columns by the Danube rise,
  And bear the inscription to the skies:
"Warring against the Christian Jove in vain,
Here was the Ottoman Typhœus slain!" . . .

  If Destiny decree,
If Fate's eternal leaves declare,
  That Germany shall bend the knee
Before a Turkish despot's nod,
And Italy the Moslem yoke shall bear,
  I bow in meek humility,
And kiss the holy rod.
  Conquer—if such Thy will—
Conquer the Scythian, while he drains
The noblest blood from Europe's veins,
  And Havoc drinks her fill.
  We yield Thee trembling homage still;
We rest in Thy command secure;
For Thou alone art just, and wise, and pure.

But shall I live to see the day
When Tartar ploughs Germanic soil divide,
And Arab herdsmen fearless stray,
And watch their flocks along the Rhine,
Where princely cities now o'erlook his tide?
The Danube's towers no longer shine,
For hostile flame has given them to decay:
Shall devastation wider spread
Where the proud ramparts of Vienna swell,
Shall solitary echo dwell,
And human footsteps cease to tread?
O God, avert the omen dread!
If Heaven the sentence did record,
Oh, let Thy mercy blot the fatal word!

Hark to the votive hymn resounding
Through the temple's cloistered aisles!
See, the sacred shrine surrounding,
Perfumed clouds of incense rise!
The Pontiff opes the stately piles
Where many a buried treasure lies;
With liberal hand, rich, full, abounding,
He pours abroad the gold of Rome;
He summons every Christian king
Against the Moslem in to bring
Their forces leagued for Christendom:
The brave Teutonic nations come,
And warlike Poles like thunderbolts descend,
Moved by his voice their brethren to defend.

He stands upon the Esquiline,
And lifts to heaven his holy arm,
Like Moses, clothed in power divine,
While faith and hope his strength sustain.
Merciful God! has prayer no charm
Thy rage to soothe, Thy love to gain?
The pious king of Judah's line
Beneath Thine anger lowly bended,
And Thou didst give him added years;
The Assyrian Nineveh shed tears

Of humbled pride when death impended,
And thus the fatal curse forefended:
And wilt Thou turn away Thy face
When Heaven's vicegerent seeks Thy grace?

Sacred fury fires my breast,
And fills my laboring soul.
Ye who hold the lance in rest,
And gird you for the holy wars,
On, on, like ocean waves to conquest roll,
Christ and the Cross your leading star!
Already He proclaims your prowess blest:
Sound the loud trump of victory!
Rush to the combat, soldiers of the Cross!
High let your banners triumphantly toss:
For the heathen shall perish, and songs of the free
Ring through the heavens in jubilee!
Why delay ye? Buckle on the sword and the targe,
And charge, victorious champions, charge!

—V. DA FILICAJA.

PONIATOWSKI.



STANISLAUS PONIATOWSKI, who became the last King of Poland, was born at Wolczyn, an estate in Lithuania, in 1732. He was the third son of Count Stanislaus Poniatowski, and of the Princess Czartoryska. He received an excellent education, and improved the advantages obtained from it by his subsequent travels in the principal parts of Europe. Sir Hanbury Williams, English minister to the Court of Poland, became a warm friend of this young nobleman, and, when appointed British minister to the Court of Russia, persuaded Poniatowski to accompany him to St. Petersburg. Here the accomplished gallant won the favor of the licentious Grand-duchess of Russia, afterwards Catherine II., and the English minister promoted the liaison. This circumstance, and the influence of the Czartoryskis, secured the appointment of Poniatowski as Polish Ambassador at St. Petersburg, where he continued his intrigue with the Grand-duchess.

Poland, in its degeneracy, had been for some time regarded by Russia as a tributary province. On the death of Augustus II., in 1764, the Grand-duchess, who was now the Empress Catherine II., compelled the Diet to elect Stanislaus Poniatowski as king, under the title of Stanislaus Augustus. The plan for the dismemberment of Poland was first suggested by Catherine; but Prussia and Austria readily enough embraced it, though all these kingdoms, at different periods, owed much

of their glory, and even their very existence, to the country which they thus resolved to destroy. A great proportion of Poland was appropriated by these sovereign robbers, and a treaty to this effect was signed by their plenipotentiaries at St. Petersburg, in February, 1772. The partitioning powers having forced the Poles to call a meeting of the Diet, threatened, if the treaty of dismemberment was not unanimously sanctioned, as the Polish Constitution required for all important acts, that the whole kingdom should immediately be laid under martial law, and be treated as a conquered State. The glory of Poland was past; and though some of the nobles, rather than be the instruments of bringing their country to ruin, chose to spend their days in exile and poverty, the measure was at length agreed to. Stanislaus himself, after being threatened with deposition and imprisonment, was prevailed upon to sanction it.

A large portion of the eastern provinces was seized by Russia; Austria appropriated a fertile tract on the south-west; while Prussia acquired a commercial district in the north-west, including the lower parts of the Vistula. Poland was thus robbed of 70,000 square miles, or about a fourth of her whole territory. Stanislaus, thus deprived of a great part of his dominions, did not, however, give way to unavailing sorrow; he exerted himself strenuously to promote the happiness and prosperity of that portion which was left him. Poland had been too long the scene of anarchy and opposition to be easily reduced to obedience and tranquillity. A few of the nobles, irritated by his requiring the sacrifice of some of their excessive privileges, repaired to the Court of St. Petersburg. Their representations concurred with the ambitious views of the Empress, and she immediately dispatched an army into Poland, under the pretext of guaranteeing the Constitution as established in 1772. A fierce struggle ensued. In vain, Prince Poniatowski, general of the army and nephew of the King, supported by the intrepid Kosciusko, performed prodigies of valor. Catherine was almost everywhere triumphant. Stanislaus received a letter from her, threatening to double or triple her forces, unless he yielded, and this induced that weak monarch, who had little control of his own fate or

of that of his country, to surrender at discretion. He was removed to Grodno, to await the determination of the Empress.

Russia and Prussia issued a manifesto, declaring that, to remove from their respective frontiers the dangerous influence of the anarchical principles recently proclaimed in Poland, they had resolved to unite to their dominions several of the provinces of that kingdom. The Constitution of 1791 was ordered to be annulled, and every paper relative to it to be delivered up. These orders the Council hesitated to obey. Russia at once ordered them to reduce their military force to 16,000 men. The army was as inflexible and patriotic as the Council. The sword was again unsheathed. The gallant Madalinsky and the brave Kosciusko successively led the Poles; but on the 19th of October, 1794, the Russians gained a signal victory, Kosciusko himself being dreadfully wounded and taken prisoner.

Stanislaus, who had all this while remained in his capital, was at length removed to Grodno a second time, where he signed the abdication of his throne, which step he is said to have been induced to adopt by the promise of the payment of his private debts. From Grodno he was removed to St. Petersburg, and a large pension was assigned him by the Czar Paul, who treated him with great kindness in many respects, but required him to assist at his coronation at Moscow. He died at St. Petersburg in February, 1798, and was buried in the Roman Catholic Church of that capital.

The Last King of Poland.

The young Count Poniatowski saw himself raised to the throne by a powerful protection; he had had the good fortune, being in Petersburg, to gain the favor of Catharina II., who resolved absolutely that he should be elected King of Poland. But it was not merely her protégé that she had in view; she proposed to herself to have an influence in the affairs of Poland conjointly with Prussia, and by her dangerous mediation to draw a great party in her train. Catharina made an offer to the Count Poniatowski of one hundred thousand

ducats, which were delivered by her envoy extraordinary, Prince Repnin.

All was under arms in Poland, and the country was covered with foreign troops. Forty thousand Prussians bordered the frontiers, and ten thousand Russians, divided into two bodies, held the most advantageous posts on both sides of Warsaw. Whilst such neighbors spread consternation there, a treasure of more than two millions of Polish guilders arrived publicly under a numerous escort. All means were combined, money, troops, menaces, promises, intrigues of every kind, all in this cause constantly advanced towards a fixed object. On the contrary, the defenders of the republic could form no plan; but the more the danger increased, the more the courage of those who wished to oppose oppression appeared to take new energy. The Great General Czartoryiski advanced towards Warsaw with a numerous military retinue, which might be considered as a corps of the army, among which were three hundred Tartars of approved bravery, whom he had taken into his service in the last war. He abandoned his own residence, the asylum of his old age, as well as all his fortune, to pillage, and came with all his forces, resolved to bury himself under the ruins of the republic, rather than to permit the Russians to give her laws, notwithstanding his whole family was in alliance with the favorite of Catharina. He hoped, in the very sight of the foreign troops, either to obtain a legitimate Diet or to prevent any to be held, and by his resistance to give an opportunity to such of the European powers as might be willing to oppose the despotism of Russia. He was attended by his consort, the sister of the Count Poniatowski. A cautious prudence guided the difficult course that she had to pursue; bound by tenderness and duty to the two parties conspired against each other, she never fell under the suspicion of either.

On the 7th of May, 1764, the day fixed for the opening of the Diet of Convocation, the Russians, at the break of day, ranged themselves in order of battle without the city; five hundred grenadiers were under arms in the court of the ambassador of Russia, another detachment in the court of the Prince Repnin, a body of cavalry occupied the public places,

sentinels and videttes were placed in all the cross-ways. Poniatowski had caused to be made some embrasures in the walls of his palace, and had furnished all the windows with soldiers. He was escorted to the palace of the republic by a company of guards. More than two thousand men of the troops of the house of Czartoryski. escorted in like manner the principal chiefs, his partisans and allies; and all that body, in order to distinguish themselves, wore a cockade of the color of this house.

The hall of the Senators and that of the Representatives were both filled with soldiers; some were placed at the gates, others in the public gallery, and on the benches designed for the Representatives. By this formidable preparation they pretended that the Diet would be free. They invited all the Representatives to repair thither; their secret agents promised on their part that no violence should be committed, and that all those soldiers were present only for the safety of the Count Poniatowski. Notwithstanding this assurance, their party was the only one which repaired to this assembly. Only eight Senators out of fifty who were in Warsaw were counted there.

The old Count Malachowski, Marshal of the preceding Diets, was to open the sitting. A deputation, which they sent to him, came back with a message that he would not delay. Poniatowski, impatient, pretended that he was authorized, in the absence of the Marshal, to open the Diet; but the ancient usages found some defenders. They represented that they could not inflict on this virtuous old man, who had so many times presided over the national assemblies, such an injury as not to wait for him. During this interval, General Mokranowski took upon himself the regulation of the public acts. Mokranowski was counted in the number of the bravest Polanders. This general, of a tall stature and noble figure, was brought up in the violent exercises to which the prodigious strength of the King Augustus II. had accustomed the young nobility; he could strike off the head of a bull by a single blow, or twist in his finger a rod of iron. In the circumstances in which he was placed, he passed alone through the whole armed multitude that surrounded the Diet; and in

the castle where it was assembled, he recorded with his own hand a manifesto which by the law annulled all that violence was going to enact. Having finished the record, he passed a second time through that crowd of soldiers; and he went to look for the old Count Malachowski, in order to bring him to the Diet.

During this time an envoy from the Khan of Tartary surveyed the streets and suburbs of Warsaw; he saw all the posts occupied by the Russian troops; then he came to have a public audience with the great general, at which all the opponents of the ruling parties were assembled. "There is in Crimea," said he, "a Russian deputy who swears, in the name of his sovereign, that Russia has not a single soldier in Poland. I have been sent to Poland in order to ascertain whether that assertion is true. I have found it wholly false. I declare to you that my master has a hundred thousand men, and more, if it is necessary, for the service of the republic, and that he desires that she may remain free and undisturbed."

Whilst the republicans made this formal opposition, and it gave them some hope against the actual force of their adversaries, these last, eager to begin the Diet, after waiting a long time, saw at length the Marshal appear, accompanied by Mokranowski, Representative of Cracow, both of whom were respected even by their enemies. The Marshal, venerable for his great age and his virtue, advanced into the midst of the assembly, stood upright there, having in his hand the staff of his dignity, which it was necessary to lift up for opening the Diet. He kept it reversed. Mokranowski having arrived at the place which he was to occupy as Representative, elevating his voice, said to him: "The wise foresight of twenty-two Senators and forty-five Representatives has informed us that we cannot deliberate upon the public affairs; here is their manifesto," exhibiting it at the same time. "I beg you, then, not to raise the staff, seeing that the Russian troops are in the kingdom, and surround us; and I stop the proceedings of the Diet."

At these words the multitude of soldiers who were scattered in the hall drew their sabres and rushed towards Mokra-

nowski. Every one in this tumult armed himself for his own defence, and this movement communicating itself with rapidity in the hall, in the courts, and in the streets, caused everybody to arm himself with sabre or pistols. The whole city, uncertain about the event, and in expectation of a massacre, was filled with horror.

Already the lancers who guarded the four gates of the hall where the Diet was in session, had closed them, whether from fear that Mokranowski might be assisted, or for fear that the Representatives might disperse, and that the Diet might be broken up. All the chiefs of this party threw themselves before him, in order to retain him in the Diet, and to form around him a rampart against the soldiery. Whilst they with difficulty succeeded in appeasing the tumult, Mokranowski, whose first movement had been to draw his sabre for his defence, was the first to replace it in the scabbard. In this moment of silence, perceiving some Representatives wearing cockades, he said to them: "How now, gentlemen? You are deputies of your country, and you raise the flag of a party."

As soon as this tumult was appeased, the old Malachowski, standing in the midst of the hall, exclaimed: "Gentlemen, seeing that liberty is no more among us, I take away this staff, and I will not lift it up until the republic shall be delivered from its danger." A new tumult was raised; hundreds of voices cried to him with fury to elevate the staff. Mokranowski, with a voice still louder, addressed them in these words: "You cannot open the Diet in presence of the Russians and so many soldiers, who here fill the place of our brothers." At these words, all the soldiers, with drawn swords, rushed a second time towards him. Some from the height of the galleries seemed to be intent on piercing him; others endeavored to waylay him and to stab him in the crowd which surrounded him. Those who protected him were no longer in a condition to defend him, and sword-thrusts passed between them.

The chiefs who were opposed to him cried: "Mokranowski, fall back; we are no longer masters—you will perish!" He crossed his arms, and, looking at them with tranquillity, replied: "If it is necessary for you to have a

victim—strike; but I will at least die free, as I have lived." These furious soldiers stood astonished, with arms hanging down. Nature, at this instant, had some power over him, and, seized with the thought that he was going to be torn to pieces, without being killed on the spot, he exclaimed: "Make haste—dispatch!" But whilst the horror of the situation could have no other effect upon his soul than to make him desire a speedy death, the chiefs of the Russian party trembled to render their government forever odious by commencing it with the massacre of a republican so justly esteemed. They increased their efforts, and, all joining again, succeeded in appeasing this tumult.

They immediately placed themselves at the side of the Marshal, and cried out to him to deliver up the staff, seeing that he would not lift it up. This man, of such an advanced age (he was eighty years old), immovable in the midst of this crowd, said to them: "You may cut off my hand, or take my life; but I am Marshal, elected by a free people—I cannot be deposed but by the same. I will retire." They surrounded him; they opposed his passage. Mokranowski, observing that he was detained by violence, cried to them, "Gentlemen, respect this old man; let him go out. If you need a victim, here am I; respect old age and virtue." Then, pushing violently those by whom he was surrounded, he threw himself into another crowd, forced it to give way, hurried away with him those who resisted, and so conducted the Marshal towards one of the gates. The soldiers who held it closed refused to let them pass, but their chiefs made a sign to them to open it. Mokranowski stopped upon the threshold and turned towards the assembly, saying: "Your people, who go to see the Marshal carry away the staff, will massacre him." One of the chiefs resolved to accompany him. Mokranowski followed them.

As they advanced to the midst of the troops by which the Diet was surrounded, a murmur of astonishment and rage arose around them. The rumor of their actions preceded them, and the danger became as great as in the Diet. But a young man, going out from the crowd, put himself behind Mokranowski, and, trying to deceive the multitude, called

him several times General Gadomski—"Gentlemen, this is the General Gadomski; make way for him," and all the people to whom the face of this virtuous citizen was unknown, let him pass under this false name. He passed with Maluski many Russian detachments, in order to arrive at the palace of the great general, and the whole city, seeing them carry the Marshal's staff, learned that the Diet was broken up.

The Chamber of Deputies remained in astonishment and silence. The courage of two men had rendered useless all this formidable preparation. According to the ancient custom, the Diet was really dissolved, and, although all the deputies present were devoted to the Czartoryski, that is to say, relations of the Count Poniatowski, or connections and protégés of his family, at that very instant eight of them left this assembly; all the others were plunged into a melancholy grief. Anxiety on account of what they had just done secretly agitated their spirits. They feared to violate that ancient usage, which all had regarded from their infancy, as their most excellent prerogative. They saw that all the provinces might disown the authority of a Diet become illegal, and everybody in irresolution waited for the opinion and example of those to whom he had pledged his own conscience and voice.

At last Poniatowski called on the deputies who were obliged to speak first to give their votes for the election of a Marshal. They named, as it had been agreed on by them, the Prince Adam Czartoyski; and this assembly, composed of the same party, announced, at this first sitting, a resolution that the Diet was not by any means to be regarded as broken up. The day was too far advanced to allow the Polish republicans to follow the project which they had formed of quitting Warsaw that very evening. The night passed with mutual precautions; each of the two parties watched with vigilance, the republicans preparing themselves to set out at daybreak, and the Russians, shutting the city on all parts, to prevent their departure. The next day, the republicans being assembled, their troops, united with the nobility, formed about three thousand men. Their opponents wished to hinder their departure; but there was not any authority in the

republic which was able to oppose it, and the Russians were ordered to avoid everything that could lead to a battle. They resolved to examine the determination of the republicans, and to try if it would suffice (in order to prevent their departure), to raise up some obstructions, and by that means to show them their unavoidable danger. The agent of Russia came to beg the great general not to pass in sight of the Russian camp, nor within the reach of their cannon.

The great general replied that he would not inquire where the Russians were, and that he would pass by the ordinary way. Mokranowski went alone to the Russian ambassador, to demand an explanation of this message. He declared to him that if they would not allow the Poles to pass, whose design was to retire, they would force the passage; and he pledged his word of honor that, except in that case, they would not commit any hostility. He went afterwards, also alone, to the camp of the Russians to speak to the Prince Repnin. At length, the word being given, the most wise precautions were taken on both sides; no one of Czartoryski's party showed himself; not a cockade of their color appeared on this road. The Russians bordered the front of their camp, and held themselves under arms, their generals at their head, and the Count Poniatowski among them. The troops did not salute each other; the Polish and the Russian pride each preserved its character. Poniatowski could not restrain his tears, seeing from this hostile camp his sister, the Countess Branicka, pass before him, who abandoned the metropolis where he was going to reign, under the protection of the enemies of the country, and who followed her husband, the generous defender of the laws.

The Diet continued to assemble together, and very much dissatisfied with the party which was opposed to it, passed a great number of proscriptions. Poniatowski affected to be grieved by them. In a very crafty speech, he complained that the republic was obliged to employ force in this manner against her chief members. He went so far as to lament that the capital was surrounded and filled with foreign troops; he said that the good citizens might be alarmed, but, throwing himself immediately upon the virtues of the Empress of Russia

(Catharina II.), he assured them that her troops were come to maintain peace, to restore order, to hinder the citizens from massacring one another; that one could see already, in the union which prevailed in that assembly, the good which resulted from their presence; he proposed that the Diet should write to the Empress, to return thanks to this princess for the service which she had rendered to the republic. This proposition was accepted by some with acclamations of flattery, and by others with a fearful submission.

The election of Poniatowski, whose project had an appearance almost chimerical, being on the point of accomplishment, all obstacles were removed. Finally, on the 7th of September, 1764, in the midst of all the ceremonies prescribed by usage and law, the Count Poniatowski, on the plain of Wola, three miles from Warsaw, was elected King of Poland and Grand Duke of Lithuania, with a unanimous voice, by the nobility who were present in the electoral camp. He commenced his reign under the name of Stanislaus Augustus, at the age of thirty-two years. He was crowned the 26th of November, 1764. The law required that he should be crowned in the Polish dress, but this law was infringed by Stanislaus at the very time of the ceremony; it was necessary to have the head shaved, according to the ancient usages of the nation; he was required to make a sacrifice of his long black hair, which he had preserved even to that time by aid of the French dress which had been admitted at the court under the last reigns; but even the reception of a crown could not induce him to make such a sacrifice. He fancied a kind of theatrical dress. He dressed his head with a helmet, put on buskins, and in this manner presented himself for the august ceremony of his coronation.

This nomination and this result, although foreseen for a great while, excited in Warsaw an almost universal discontent and violent murmurs. Many palatines, irritated at seeing a young man so little conspicuous by descent, and whose election was neither justified by brilliant actions nor by great virtues, asked each other what services Poniatowski had rendered to the country to obtain from her so glorious a recompense. He had qualities better suited to gain for him the

friendship of a queen than to render him worthy of the sceptre. Large, well made, endowed with a figure altogether imposing and full of pleasantness, he spoke and wrote the seven principal languages of Europe with much facility and grace; but he had only a slight knowledge of affairs. His eloquence was vague; his presumption was disgusting. Rather prodigal than generous, he could easily impose upon the unreflecting, but could not persuade well-informed men. He was formed rather to allow himself to be governed than to govern himself. In the meantime, sustained by the influence and arms of Russia, and not having any obstacle to fear from other powers, his triumph was not long doubtful. The selfishness of Catharina was concerned in this triumph, and her policy was applauded by it still more. The Empress profited by her ascendancy over the feeble and inconstant spirit of this new monarch so as to give laws to the Poles.

Never did a prince ascend the throne in circumstances more difficult and more unhappy than those in which Stanislaus Augustus began to reign. Elected king against the wish of a greater part of his nation; menaced by the Turks, who had not recognized his election; a foreign army, which was his only support, scattered in all the provinces of his kingdom, could receive from him no order, although seemingly bound to defend him. The despotism of Catharina excited the Polish nobility and provoked some seditious movements; the King, placed between the duty which he owed to his subjects and the obligation which he had contracted towards his benefactress, sought ineffectually to calm these troubles; shortly after he saw himself the object of hatred to the confederated palatines and of contempt to the Cabinet of St. Petersburg.—J. N. KRYCZYNSKI.

MOLIÈRE.



JEAN BAPTISTE POQUELIN was born in Paris, in 1622, where his father was a "tapissier," or upholsterer, holding also an appointment as valet-de-chambre in the royal household. Designed for his father's trade, he was but poorly educated until he reached the age of fourteen; after which, having been inspired by his grandfather with a love both for reading and for plays, he obtained from his parents, with difficulty, the means of studying in the Jesuit College of Clermont. He there attended lectures in philosophy, given by Pierre Gassendi, one of the most learned philosophers of the time. But his father becoming infirm, he, in his nineteenth year, was obliged to officiate for him in the royal household, and he attended Louis XIII. to Narbonne. His taste for the drama was now confirmed by the fashion which had been set by Cardinal Richelieu.

On his return to Paris, Poquelin associated with a company of young men, who played in the suburbs of St. Germain. Assuming the name of Molière, he composed several short pieces and took part in the presentation of them on the stage. At length he joined La Béjart, a provincial actress, and they formed a company, which, in 1653, played at Lyons his first regular comedy, in verse, "L'Étourdi." This proved a great success, and was followed by "Le Dépit Amoureux," and "Les Précieuses Ridicules," first exhibited at Beziers, where

Molière was very favorably received by the Prince of Condé, who was holding the States of Languedoc. He next visited Grenoble and Rouen, and from the latter place came to Paris under the protection of Gaston, Duke of Orleans, who introduced him to Louis XIV. and the queen.

Molière obtained permission to open a theatre in the metropolis, and the guard-room in the old palace of the Louvre was first allotted him for that purpose. In 1660 it was changed for that in the Palais Poyal, and in 1665 he was placed in the service of the king. He continued to rise in reputation as a writer. The new pieces which he presented to the public became more perfect as he advanced in experience and observation. By the general consent of Europe, he is placed at the head of that genuine comedy which has for its subject the ridiculous in character and manners. His more serious compositions, and those written in verse, are, by his countrymen, esteemed his masterpieces, especially the "Misanthrope," and the "Tartuffe." The latter is a masterly exposure of religious hypocrisy, which brought upon him great clamor from the courtly pretenders to devotion, who had interest sufficient to procure from the Parliament a prohibition of its second representation. Some time after, the Italian comedians having performed a very licentious farce, entitled "Scaramouche Hermite," Louis, who had been a spectator of it with the Prince of Condé, remarked, "I should be glad to know the reason why those who are so much scandalized with Molière's play take no notice of this 'Scaramouche.'" "Because," answered Condé, "the latter offends God alone; but the former offends the hypocrites." This temporary prohibition could not prevent the "Tartuffe" from taking its permanent place as one of the great ornaments of the French stage.

Some of Molière's comedies, such as "Le Malade Imaginaire," "Le Médecin Malgré Lui," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" and "George Dandin," notwithstanding their liveliness, are chargeable with degenerating into broad farce. But his comedies, as a whole, though they do not support his fame at the extravagant height to which his countrymen have raised it, are yet fully sufficient to justify his rank as at once one of

the most brilliant and skillful of comic dramatists, and as the best that has written comedies on the formal French model. Such praise especially belongs to "L'École des Femmes," in which is his favorite character of Agnes; "Le Misanthrope" and "Le Tartuffe," already mentioned; "Les Femmes Savantes," in which groundless pretensions to learning are ridiculed with great force of humor.

In 1662 Molière married the daughter of the actress Béjart, who followed the same profession, and was but seventeen years of age. Her light-minded coquetry embittered his comfort, and he is said to have incurred the same ridicule that he so plentifully bestowed upon poor husbands in his comedies. It is remarkable that his death was the immediate consequence of his acting the principal part in his "Le Malade Imaginaire." He was laboring under a pulmonary complaint, and was strongly urged by his wife, and Baron, the actor, to defer the performance. "What," exclaimed Molière, "must then become of so many poor people who depend upon it for their bread? I should reproach myself for having neglected a single day to supply them with necessaries." He exerted himself on the stage with unusual spirit, and his efforts brought on the rupture of a blood-vessel, by which he was suffocated. This happened in February, 1673, when he was fifty-one years of age.

Harlai, the Archbishop of Paris, a man of loose morals, but desirous of pleasing the rigorists of the Church, refused the playwright and actor Christian burial, and the King's authority was requisite to procure him private interment in a chapel of the church of St. Eustache. The bigotry of the populace impeded even this obscure ceremonial; for they collected in great crowds before the door of his house and would not suffer the funeral to proceed till money had been thrown among them. Such was the treatment of a man who was an honor to his country, and who will ever rank among the principal ornaments of the age in which he lived. No one was more sensible of his merits than the great Condé, who said to a miserable rhymer, who brought him an epitaph on Molière, "Would to heaven he had presented me with thine!" Five years later the French Academy erected

Molière's bust, with the appropriate line from Saurin: "Rien ne manque à sa gloire; il manquait à la nôtre." "Nothing is wanting to his glory; he was wanting to ours."

Molière's private character was, in many respects, estimable. He was kind, obliging and generous. Various instances of his liberality are mentioned, of which the following is, perhaps, a fair example. Having one day given to a beggar, by mistake, a piece of gold, which was at once returned to him by the poor man, "In what hole," said the poet, "is virtue going to hide herself? Here, my friend, here is another for your honesty!" Molière numbered among his personal friends not only men of wit, but some of the greatest courtiers of France. No one ever united more pleasantry in dialogue and incident with more good sense and penetration in selecting just subjects for comic satire, and seizing the true point of the ludicrous. In his department of the drama he was not only unsurpassed, but even unapproached.

"TARTUFFE" AND "THE MISANTHROPE."

"Le Tartuffe" has always been considered the masterpiece of Molière. In this play the author had undertaken a very difficult and delicate task; that of exposing the hypocrisy of those dangerous impostors who would make use of the outward forms of piety and religion to advance their fortunes in the world,—whose vindictive malice is the more to be feared in that they fight with weapons which in themselves command respect. Of such men there were but too many at the Court of Louis XIV.; and the time was to come when the king himself would give ear to the false teachers on whose tongues the words "les intérêts du ciel" were a formula under which they worked out their own evil designs of bigotry, intolerance and pride. The confounding of appearance with reality, the circulation of the false coinage of cant, for the true money of honest striving after virtue in life and action—fanaticism and hypocrisy quoting Scripture for a purpose, and pursuing vile and selfish ends under the cloak of holiness—such was the vice that Molière dared to drag into the daylight in this his greatest work.

The first three acts were written early in 1664, and first played in May of that year; and so startling was the effect, and so many were the remonstrances addressed to the king himself, on what was considered by the Tartuffes of the day the unwarrantable license of the writer, that Louis thought it best to avoid scandal by prohibiting the piece, which was accordingly "shelved" for a time. In another piece, "Le Festin de Pierre," the plot of which was afterwards used for Mozart's "Don Giovanni," Molière takes occasion to speak his mind against the hypocrites who moved heaven and earth to prevent the theatrical exposure they feared. "At the present day," says Don Juan, the cynical hero of the "Festin de Pierre," "the profession of a hypocrite has marvelous advantages. It is an art whose imposture is always respected; and though it may be found out, no one dares say anything against it. All other vices of mankind are exposed to censure, and every one has full license to attack them boldly; but hypocrisy is a privileged vice, whose hand shuts every one's mouth, and which therefore enjoys a sovereign impunity."

In the same year the piece was privately played before the king and several of the royal family at the Prince de Condé's. Louis had far too much discernment not to see through the selfishness that animated the violent faction against the piece and its author. Gradually the interdiction was removed, after several appeals by the author to the prince, and the opponents of the piece had the mortification to find, when the "Tartuffe" was at length represented in public, in 1667, that the delay, and the difficulties they had thrown in the way, had only made the Parisians more eager than ever to see it.

"Tartuffe," or the "Impostor," brings before us a group of thoroughly lifelike personages. There is the cheat himself, supple, wary, and sanctimonious; sour and starched of aspect towards the dependents such as Dorine, on whom he thinks he can easily make an impression; but assuming an appearance of pious resignation and unmerited suffering in the presence of his patron, Orgon, whom he dupes most egregiously. "I must needs mortify myself," is his pious ejaculation, when he is called upon to accept the nomination as heir to all his patron's property; the son of Orgon, Damis,

having been disinherited through his means. To Elmire, the cool-headed and sensible wife of Orgon, he appears in a different character. Here he seems to know that all his art will be required to "make the worse appear the better reason," and pours his poisoned sophistries into her ear with the subtlety of Belial himself. "All was false and hollow, for his thoughts were low." And when his disguise will avail him no longer, but he stands detected for what he is, he flings it off as a man would drop a cloak, and stands forth in his true colors, brazen, vindictive and a reprobate. Then at the very last, when justice has overtaken him, and he is to be carried off to prison, he accepts his fate without a word, like the astute rascal he is. He has played his miserable game to the end, has lost it, and has doubtless too often contemplated the penalty, to be surprised into outcry when it comes.

The other characters are drawn with wonderful skill and truth. There is Madame Pernelle, the old mother of Orgon, opinionated and obstinate, a thick-and-thin supporter of Tartuffe, her partisanship sharpened by the difficulty she finds in replying to the scornful remonstrances with which her injudicious praise of her hero is met by those about her. There is Orgon, the dupe, so infatuated with the shameless impostor, who speaks of him in private as "a man to be led by the nose," that the coarsest imposture of Tartuffe is received by him with admiring and unquestioning belief; this same Orgon, too, most characteristically declaring, when at last he has been convinced of his error by the evidence of his own eyes and ears, that he will henceforth and forever be the implacable foe of "all religious people"—thus falling, as such unreasoning people always do, from one extreme into the other. Then there are Elmire, the sensible wife of Orgon, quiet, self-possessed, with woman's wit sufficiently sharp to cut through the meshes of Tartuffe's net of falsehood, without any unnecessary excitement or demonstration of anger; Damis, the son of Orgon, rash and impetuous, proposing to counteract Tartuffe's schemes of vengeance by cutting off that astute gentleman's ears; Valère and Marianne, the two lovers, who quarrel and make friends as lovers always have done and always will do; Dorine, the sharp, loquacious attendant, who,

hating and despising Tartuffe, takes a pleasure in shocking the oily knave's sensibilities; and last, not least, Cléante, Orgon's brother-in-law, with his honest, manly good sense, and his quiet but eloquent protest against the shallow pretenders who would build up a reputation and a fortune for themselves on a foundation of vain words. No wonder the hypocrites fought tooth and nail against the representation of the play. Never had the mirror been held up to nature with better effect; never had scorn beheld her own image more completely.

Before the play of "The Misanthrope" was permitted to rouse the laughter and admiration of the capital, Molière's reputation had been increased by other works, and his influence established by new tokens of the king's favor. His company was now called the "Troupe du roi," and the poet and his chief actors were pensioned. It was also understood that whoever showed any superciliousness or scorn with regard to Molière stood a good chance of incurring the displeasure of his master; and the Court of Louis XIV. was not so unlike other courts of all times and countries as to fail in courtesy and offers of service to one whom the monarch had distinguished by his especial notice. It was under very favorable circumstances that "Le Misanthrope," Molière's chief work in 1665, was produced early in the next year.

In this admirable comedy the author gives us, in the chief character, a man who, thoroughly honest and straightforward, incapable of subterfuge or deceit, falls into the error of expecting too much from poor human nature. Though he might in one sense say with Timon, "I am misanthropos, and hate mankind," Alceste, the hero, is a man-hater of the most polished type—a finished gentleman; indeed, like all the chief characters in the play, he is to a certain extent drawn from the life. He is in a continual state of disgust and anger at the duplicity and false-heartedness of the fine gentlemen and ladies who surround him; and with the petulance of an angry man sets up an impossible ideal, insisting that a man of honor ought, on each and every occasion, to say exactly what he means, and lay bare his innermost thoughts; that the conventional language of compliment prevalent in polite society is

so much deception and fraud, against which every honest man should steadily set his face. He has a lawsuit pending, but will take no steps to procure a favorable verdict. No—his cause is good, and should therefore recommend itself to every just judge, without external aid; if judgment goes against him, so much the worse for those degraded beings who fail to see that his opponents are rogues. His friend Philinte laughingly suggests that it may be sometimes highly inconvenient to speak out one's thoughts without reserve; but Alceste will not allow a cause for reticence anywhere. "Would you tell old Emilie that she's too old to play the pretty girl, and that she paints her face till she makes herself ridiculous?" "Yes." "Would you tell Dorilas that he's a bore, and tires everybody with his long stories about the glory of his ancestors?" "Decidedly."

But, alas for human virtue and determination! Alceste, the frigid stickler for frankness and sincerity, is fascinated by the beauty and grace of Célimène, a young widow who has the very faults against which he is most bitter. She is a coquette, extravagantly fond of admiration, quite unworthy of the honest gentleman whom she has entangled—she must have been very like Armande Béjart, the poet's young wife; but Alceste cannot escape from her influence. "It is for my sins that I love you thus," he angrily exclaims, chafing at his own weakness; but she makes him do as she likes. He declares he will have an explanation with her, and she laughs at him; he threatens to leave her, and she commands him to stay where he is; he persists, and she tells him he may go; whereupon he stops.

Philinte, the good-natured philosopher, is a capital foil to Alceste, with whom he expostulates with admirable patience. "I take pleasantly men as they are," is his very sensible motto. He is exceedingly tolerant, and considers it just as natural that men should be selfish and unjust, as that apes should be mischievous, vultures hungry, and wolves savage and wild. Sometimes, certainly, he goes too far in his spirit of toleration, as, for instance, where he compliments the conceited Oronte upon a sonnet which Alceste, whose opinion is asked by the self-sufficient author, feels compelled to pro-

nounce trashy and bad. This Oronte is another capital character; a man of the world and a courtier, profuse of words that mean nothing, greedy of praise, and unable to endure the frankness of a man whom he has himself exhorted to speak out. Two coxcombs of marquises—Molière was somewhat given to poke fun at the marquises—help to carry off the dialogue, which is sparkling and brilliant throughout; and not the least successful among the character sketches is that of Arsinoë, the prude, who comes to Célimène with a budget of good advice and a heart full of envy and spite, and is utterly routed and put to confusion by that saucy beauty. The reading of a letter in which the satirical Célimène has turned her various admirers severally into ridicule in a manner which causes her to lose them all, appropriately concludes the play.

Molière considered "Le Misanthrope" as one of his best productions, and refused to alter a passage even at the suggestion of a royal princess. His dedications to the King and his other lofty patrons were sometimes obsequious, according to the fashion of the time; but his work was more to him than even the royal favor, and where he felt he was right he maintained his opinion valiantly.—H. W. DULCKEN.

EXTRACTS FROM TARTUFFE.

I. THE DUPE.

Cléante.—Was ever such a whim heard of before? Is it possible that you should be so infatuated with a man as to forget everything for him? And, after having saved him from want, that you should come to———

Orgon.—Not a word more, brother, for you do not know the man you are speaking of.

Clé.—I do not know him, if you like, but in order to see what kind of a man he is———

Org.—Brother, you would be delighted with him if you knew him, and you would never get over your wonder. He is a man who . . . ah! a man . . . in short, a man. Whoever carefully follows his precepts lives in a most profound peace, and all the rest of the world is but dross to him. Yes, I am quite another man since I became acquainted with him. He teaches me to have no affection for anybody; he detaches

my heart from all the ties of this world; and I should see my brother, children, mother, and wife die, without caring about it.

Clé.—Humane feelings these, brother!

Org.—Ah! if you had only seen him when I first met him, you would feel for him the same love that I have. He came every day to church, and with gentle looks knelt down straight before me on both his knees. He attracted the attention of the whole congregation by the ardor with which, wrapped in saintly ecstasy, he sent up his prayer to Heaven. He sighed deeply, and every moment humbly kissed the ground. When I went out, he would steal quickly before me to offer me holy water at the door. Having heard through his servant, who imitates him in everything, of his poverty and who he is, I made him small presents; but he, with the greatest modesty, always returned me part of it. "It is too much," he would say, "too much by half; I do not deserve your pity;" and when I refused to take it back again, he went, before my eyes, to distribute it to the poor. At last Heaven moved me to take him into my house, and since then everything has been prospering here. I see that he reproves everything, and, with regard to my wife, takes extreme care of my honor. He warns me of the people who cast loving eyes upon her, and is a dozen times more jealous of her than I am. You would never believe how far he carries his pious zeal. He accuses himself of sin for the smallest thing imaginable; a mere trifle is enough to shock him; so much so, that the other day he blamed himself for having caught a flea while at his prayers, and for having killed it with too much wrath.

Clé.—You are crazy, brother, I believe! Are you mocking me with such stuff?

2. Poor Man.

Orgon.—Well, Dorine, has everything been going on as it should do these two days? How do they all do? And what have they been about?

Dorine.—My mistress was ill the day before yesterday with a fever. She had a headache quite dreadful to think of.

Org.—And Tartuffe?

Dor.—Tartuffe! Oh he is wonderfully well; fat and hearty, with a fresh complexion, and a mouth as red as a rose.

Org.—Poor man!

Dor.—In the evening my mistress was taken ill, and couldn't touch a bit at supper, her head was so bad.

Org.—And Tartuffe?

Dor.—Oh, seeing she couldn't eat, he ate by himself; and very devoutly swallowed two partridges, with a good half of a hashed leg of mutton.

Org.—Poor man!

Dor.—My mistress didn't shut her eyes all night. The fever hindered her from getting a wink of sleep; so that we were obliged to watch by her till morning.

Org.—And Tartuffe?

Dor.—Tartuffe, happy gentleman, with a comfortable yawn, goes right from the table to bed, where he plunges into his warm nest, and sleeps soundly till morning.

Org.—Poor man.

Dor.—At last we prevailed upon Madame to be bled, which gave her great relief.

Org.—And Tartuffe?

Dor.—Monsieur Tartuffe was very much relieved also. He found himself charming; and to repair the loss of blood which Madame had sustained, took four good swigs of wine with his breakfast.

Org.—Poor man.

Dor.—In short, they are both very well now; so I'll go and tell my mistress you are coming, and how happy you are to hear she is recovered.

3. The Villain.

Tartuffe.—May Heaven, in its mighty goodness, forever bestow upon you health, both of soul and body; and bless your days as much as the humblest of its votaries desires.

Elmine.—I am much obliged for this pious wish. But let me take a seat, to be more at ease.

Tar.—Are you quite recovered of your indisposition?

Elm.—Quite; that fever has now left me.

Tar.—My prayers are not deserving enough to have drawn this grace from above; but not one of them ascended to Heaven that had not your recovery for its object.

Elm.—You are too anxious in your zeal for me.

Tar.—We cannot cherish your dear health too much, and to re-establish yours I would have given mine.

Elm.—That is pushing Christian charity very far, and I feel much indebted to you for all this kindness.

Tar.—I do much less for you than you deserve.

Elm.—I wished to speak to you in private about a certain matter, and I am glad that no one is here to observe us.

Tar.—I am equally delighted, and no doubt it is very pleasant, Madam, to find myself alone with you. I have often asked opportunity from Heaven, but till now in vain.

Elm.—What I wish is a few words upon a small matter, in which you must lay bare your heart, and conceal nothing from me.

(*Damis, who had concealed himself in a closet, half opens the door and listens.*)

Tar.—And I will also, in return for this rare favor, unbosom myself entirely to you; but rather from a passionate zeal which carries me away, and out of a pure motive.

Elm.—That is how I take it. I think it is for my good that you trouble yourself so much.

(*Tartuffe takes her hand.*)

Elm.—Oh! You squeeze me too hard!

Tar.—It is through excess of zeal. I never had any intention of hurting you, and would sooner——

(*He places his hand on her knee.*)

Elm.—What does your hand there?

Tar.—I am only feeling your dress; the stuff is very soft.

Elm.—Oh! please leave off. I am very ticklish.

(*He puts his hand to her collar.*)

Tar.—Bless me! how wonderful is the workmanship of this lace! They work in a miraculous manner now-a-days. Never was anything so beautifully made.

Elm.—It is true. But let us have some talk about our

affair. I have been told that my husband wishes to retract his promise, and give you his daughter. Is it true? Tell me.

Tar.—He has hinted something to me; but, to tell you the truth, Madam, that is not the happiness for which I am sighing. I behold elsewhere the marvellous attractions of that bliss which forms the height of my wishes.

Elm.—That is because you have no love for earthly things.

Tar.—My breast does not contain a heart of flint.

Elm.—I believe that all your sighs tend towards Heaven, and that nothing here below rouses your desires.

Tar.—The love which attaches us to eternal beauties does not stifle in us the love of earthly things; our senses may easily be charmed by the perfect works which Heaven has created. Its reflected loveliness shines forth in such as you; but in you alone it displays its choicest wonders. It has diffused on your face such beauty that it dazzles the eyes and transports the heart; nor could I behold you, perfect creature, without admiring in you Nature's Author, and feeling my heart smitten with an ardent love for the most beautiful of portraits, wherein He has represented Himself. At first I feared that this secret ardor might be nothing but a cunning snare of the foul fiend, and my heart even resolved to fly your presence, thinking you might be an obstacle to my salvation. But at last I found, O most lovely beauty, that my passion could not be blamable; that I could reconcile it with modesty, and this made me freely indulge it. It is, I confess, a great presumption in me to dare to offer you this heart; but I expect in my affections everything from your kindness, and nothing from the vain efforts of my own weakness. In you is my hope, my happiness, my peace; on you depends my torment or my bliss; and it is by your decision solely that I must be happy if you wish it, or miserable if it pleases you.

Elm.—Your declaration is extremely gallant; but it is, to speak truly, rather a little surprising. Methinks you ought to arm your heart better, and to reflect a little upon such a design. A pious man like you, one who is everywhere spoken of——

Tar.—Ah! although I am a pious man, I am not the less

a man; and when one beholds your heavenly charms, the heart surrenders, and reasons no longer.

Elm.—But, sir——

Tar.—I know that such discourse from me must appear strange. But, after all, Madam, I am not an angel; and if my confession be condemned by you, you must blame your own attractions for it. As soon as I beheld this more than human loveliness, you became the queen of my soul. The ineffable sweetness of your divine glances broke down the resistance of my obstinate heart; it overcame everything—fastings, prayers, tears—and led all my desires to your charms. My looks and my sighs have told you so a thousand times, and the better to explain myself, I now make use of words. If you should graciously contemplate the tribulations of your unworthy slave; if your kindness would console me, and will condescend to my insignificant self, I shall ever entertain for you, O miracle of sweetness, an unexampled devotion. Your honor runs not the slightest risk with me, and need not fear the least disgrace on my account. All these court gallants, of whom women are so fond, are noisy in their doings, and vain in their talk; they are incessantly pluming themselves on their successes, and they receive no favors which they do not divulge. Their indiscreet tongues, in which people confide, desecrate the altar on which their hearts sacrifice. But men of our stamp love discreetly, and with them a secret is always kept. The care which we take of our own reputations is a sufficient guarantee for the object of our love; and it is only with us, when they accept our hearts, that they find love without scandal and pleasure without fear.

Elm.—I have listened to what you say, and your rhetoric explains itself in sufficiently strong terms to me. But are you not afraid that the fancy may take me to tell my husband of this gallant ardor, and that the prompt knowledge of such an amour might well change the friendship which he bears you?

Tar.—I know that you are too gracious, and will pardon my boldness; that you will excuse the violent transports of a passion which offends you; and consider, by looking at yourself, that people are not blind, and men are made of flesh and blood.

Elm.—Others would, perhaps, take it in a different fashion; but I shall show my discretion. I shall not tell the matter to my husband. But in return I require something of you: that is to forward honestly, and without quibbling—the union of Valère with Mariane; renounce the unjust power which would enrich you with what belongs to another and——

(*Damis comes out.*)

Damis.—No, Madam, no; this shall be made public. I was in there, where I overheard it all; and Providence seems to have conducted me thither to abash the pride of a wretch who wrongs me; to point out a way to take vengeance on his hypocrisy and insolence; to undeceive my father, and to show him plainly the heart of a villain who talks to you of love.

Elm.—No, Damis. It suffices that he reforms, and endeavors to deserve my indulgence. Since I have promised him, do not make me break my word. I have no wish to provoke a scandal. A woman laughs at such follies, and never troubles her husband's ears with them.

Dam.—You have your reason for acting in that way. I have mine for behaving differently. It's a farce to wish to spare him, and the insolent pride of his bigotry has already trampled too much over my just anger, and caused too much disorder amongst us. The scoundrel has governed my father too long, and plotted against my affections as well as Valère's. My father must be undeceived about this perfidious wretch, and Heaven offers me an easy means. I am indebted to it for this opportunity, and it is too favorable to be neglected. I should deserve to have it snatched away from me, did I not make use of it, now that I have it in hand.

Elm.—Damis——

Dam.—No; by your leave, I will use my own judgment. I am highly delighted, and all you can say will be in vain to make me forego the pleasure of revenge. I shall settle this affair without delay, and here is just the opportunity.

(*Enter Orgon.*)

Dam.—We will enliven your arrival, father, with an altogether fresh incident that will surprise you much. You are well repaid for all your caresses, and this gentleman rewards

you handsomely. His great zeal for you has just shown itself. He aims at nothing less than dishonoring you, and I have just surprised him making to your wife an insulting proposal of a guilty passion. Her sweet disposition and her too discreet feelings would by all means have kept the secret from you. But I cannot encourage such insolence, and I think that to have been silent about it would have been to do you an injury.

Elm.—Yes, I am of opinion that we ought never to trouble our husband's peace with all these silly stories; that our honor does not depend upon that, and that it is enough for us to be able to defend ourselves. These are my sentiments, and you would have said nothing, Damis, if I had possessed any influence with you.

Orgon.—What have I heard! Oh, Heavens! is it possible?

Tar.—Yes, brother, I am a guilty, wretched sinner, full of iniquity: the greatest villain that ever existed. Each moment of my life is replete with pollutions: it is but a mass of crime and corruption; and I see that Heaven, to chastise me, intends to mortify me on this occasion. Whatever great crime may be laid to my charge, I have neither the wish nor the pride to deny it. Believe what you are told; arm your anger, and drive me like a criminal from your house. Whatever shame you may heap upon me, I deserve still more.

Org.—(*To his son*)—What! wretch! dare you by this falsehood tarnish the purity of his virtue?

Dam.—What! shall the pretended gentleness of this hypocrite make you believe——

Org.—Peace, cursed plague!

Tar.—Ah! let him speak. You accuse him wrongly, and you had much better believe in his story. Why will you be so favorable to me, after hearing of such a fact? Are you after all aware of what I am capable? Why trust to my exterior, brother? And why, despite all that is seen, believe me to be better than I am? No, no, you allow yourself to be deceived by appearances, and I am, alas! nothing less than what they think me. Every one takes me to be a good man, but the real truth is that I am very worthless. (*To Damis.*) Yes, my dear child, say on; call me a perfidious, infamous,

lost wretch, a thief, a murderer. Load me with still more detestable names; I shall not contradict you. I have deserved them, and am willing on my knees to suffer ignominy, as a disgrace due to the crimes of my life.

Org.—This is too much, brother. (*To his son.*) Does not your heart relent, wretch?

Dam.—What! shall his words deceive you so far as to—

Org.—Hold your tongue, you hangdog! (*To Tartuffe.*) Rise, brother, I beseech you. (*To his son.*) Infamous wretch!

Dam.—He cannot——

Org.—Hold your tongue!

Dam.—I am bursting with rage. What! am I looked upon as——

Org.—Say another word, and I will break your bones.

Tar.—In Heaven's name, brother, don't forget yourself! I would rather suffer the greatest torments than that he should receive the slightest hurt for my sake.

Org.—(*To his son.*)—Ungrateful monster!

Tar.—Leave him in peace. If I must on both knees beseech you to pardon him——

Org.—Alas! You are in jest. (*To his son.*) Behold his goodness, scoundrel!

Dam.—Thus——

Org.—Cease!

Dam.—What! I——

Org.—Peace, I tell you; I know too well the motives of your attack. You all hate him; and I now perceive wife, children, and servants, all let loose against him. Every trick is impudently resorted to, to remove this pious person from my house; but the more efforts they put forth to banish him, the more shall I employ to keep him. And I shall hasten to give him my daughter, to abash the pride of my whole family.

Dam.—Do you mean to compel her to accept him?

Org.—Yes, wretch! And to enrage you—this very evening. I defy you all, and shall let you know that I am the master, and I will be obeyed. Come, retract; throw yourself at his feet immediately, you scoundrel, and beg his pardon.

Dam.—What! I at the feet of this rascal, who, by his impostures——

Org.—What! you resist, you beggar! and insult him besides! (*To Tartuffe.*) A cudgel! a cudgel! Do not hold me back! (*To his son.*) Out of my house this minute, and never dare to come back to it!

Dam.—Yes, I shall go; but——

Org.—Quick! leave the place! I disinherit you, you hangdog, and give you my curse besides.

(*Exit Damis.*)

Org.—To offend a saintly person in that way!

Tar.—Forgive him, O Heaven! the pang he causes me. Could you but know my grief at seeing myself blackened in my brother's sight——

Org.—Alas!

Tar.—The very thought of his ingratitude tortures my soul to that extent. The horror I conceive of it. My heart is so oppressed that I cannot speak, and I believe it will be my death.

Org.—(*Rushing to the door by which his son had disappeared.*)—Scoundrel! I am sorry my hand has spared you, and not knocked you down on the spot. (*To Tartuffe.*)—Compose yourself, brother, and do not grieve.

Tar.—Let us put an end to these sad disputes. I perceive what troubles I cause in this house, and think it necessary, brother, that I should leave it.

Org.—What! You are jesting, surely.

Tar.—They hate me! and I find that they are trying to make you suspect my integrity.

Org.—What does it matter? Do you think that in my heart I listen to them?

Tar.—They will not fail to continue, you may be sure; and these self-same stories which you now reject may perhaps be listened to at another time.

Org.—No, brother, never.

Tar.—Ah! brother, a wife may easily impose upon a husband.

Org.—No, no.

Tar.—Allow me, by removing myself promptly, to deprive them of all subject of attack.

Org.—No, you shall remain; my life depends upon it.

Tar.—Well, then, I must mortify myself. If, however, you would——

Org.—Ah!

Tar.—Be it so; let us say no more about it. But I know how to manage in this. Honor is a tender thing, and friendship enjoins me to prevent reports and causes for suspicion. I shall shun your wife, and you shall not see me——

Org.—No. In spite of all, you shall frequently be with her. To annoy the world is my greatest delight, and I wish you to be seen with her at all times. Nor is this all. I will have no other here but you, and I am going forthwith to execute a formal deed of gift of all my property to you. A faithful and honest friend, whom I take for son-in-law, is dearer to me than son, wife, and kindred. Will you not accept what I propose?

Tar.—The will of Heaven be done in all things!

Org.—Poor fellow! Quick! let us get the deed drawn up, and then let envy burst itself with spite.



MIRABEAU.



MIRABEAU was the greatest statesman of the French Revolutionary period. He presented the only plan by which it was possible to preserve the monarchy, and had it not been for the blind obstinacy of Marie Antoinette, who inherited the soul of Maria Theresa, he might have been able to repress the rising democracy by securing for the people constitutional liberty and freedom from feudal oppression.

Honoré Gabriel de Riquetti, Count of Mirabeau, was one of the greatest orators and statesmen France has ever produced. He was the elder surviving son of Victor Riquetti, Marquis de Mirabeau, and was born at Bignon, near Nemours, March 9, 1749. His father was a man of powerful intellect and violent passions, whose hobby was political economy.

The face of Honoré Gabriel in his infancy was forever disfigured by a virulent attack of small-pox. His early education was directed by his father, whose peculiar notions of strict discipline caused him to treat his son with extreme and persistent severity. The son inherited this stormy, passionate nature, and frank and ardent temper. The perverse educational methods of his father were most pernicious. To use the words of Carlyle, "Candid history will say, that whatsoever of worst it was in the power of art to do against this young Gabriel Honoré, was done."

When the boy was about fifteen years old, his whimsical father changed his name to Pierre Buffière, and sent him to a military boarding-school in Paris. In this school, which had Lagrange for its professor of mathematics, the lad studied ancient and modern languages, mathematics, music, fencing, and other accomplishments. Leaving school in 1767, young Mirabeau entered the army in compliance with his father's will. He soon offended the colonel of his regiment by gaining the favor of a lady whom the colonel courted. For such offences his domineering father, according to a queer custom of the times, caused him to be imprisoned in the Isle of Rhé by a lettre-de-cachet in 1768. This amorous intrigue was only the first of a series, which form quite a voluminous history.

In the next year young Mirabeau obtained liberty to serve against Paoli, in Corsica, where he gained golden opinions from men and women. He also began some literary work, and for his services was made a captain of dragoons. He returned in 1770 to France. It puzzled the Marquis to find a proper position for his son, whom he characterized as "a library turned topsy-turvy," a whirlwind, one who had "snuffed up all formulas." Yet the son, obeying the wish of his father, married in 1772 Marie Emilie de Covet, a daughter of the Marquis de Marignan, and became a resident of Aix. Then when he again provoked the ire of his father, the young man was banished to Manosque by another lettre-de-cachet. Here he wrote his earliest extant work, an "Essay on Despotism." But the vexatious tyranny of his father was not yet ended; to punish some venial error, the son was, in June, 1774, confined in the castle of If, on the Mediterranean. In the spring of 1775, he was removed to the castle of Joux, where he had liberty to walk out on parole. Here he conceived a violent passion for Sophie Mounier, unhappily married to a man thrice as old as herself. In 1776 Mirabeau eloped with Sophie to Holland, where he supported himself by literary work for booksellers. A French court indicted him for abduction and robbery, and sentenced him to death. In May, 1777, he was seized by the French police, and imprisoned in the castle of Vincennes, near Paris, where he remained three years and six months, outwardly and conventionally ruined, but still am-

bitious and indomitable, and stimulated by the consciousness of grand powers and faculties, which awaited opportunity for development.

Having been released in 1781, Mirabeau pleaded his cause before the court which had condemned him, with such power that the sentence of death was annulled. This repeal was soon followed by a divorce from his wife, who was unable to endure his stormy temper. As the old Marquis refused to grant pecuniary help, the son's extravagant expenses often involved him in debt. For several years he led a wandering life in Holland, Germany and England, teeming with grand projects and depending on his wits for revenue. Yet, as has been said, "he seldom traveled without a wife (let us call her), engaged by the year or during mutual satisfaction." His character was meliorated and his passions moderated by his connection with Madame de Nehra, a Dutch lady of a higher type than Sophie, and more cultured.

Misled by erroneous reports of the society formed by Washington and the generals of the American Revolution when about to separate at the close of the war for Independence, Mirabeau published an eloquent essay, "On the Order of Cincinnatus" (1784). Though of little practical importance, it proved his ardent love of liberty. In England he formed an intimate friendship with Sir Samuel Romilly, who describes him as the declared enemy of every species of tyranny and oppression, and says his ambition was of the noblest kind.

In 1786, the French minister, Vergennes, found employment for Mirabeau, in a secret mission to Berlin, where he saw Frederic the Great. On his return to Paris, he published an important work, entitled, "The Prussian Monarchy" (1778), which procured for him a high reputation for historical learning.

The States-General, summoned for May, 1789, offered to him the first suitable arena in which to develop his grand qualities as an orator and a statesman. Here this high-born champion of liberty antagonized the system of organized iniquity and robbery which for centuries had afflicted France. The voters of Aix and of Marseilles having elected him to represent them in the *Tiers État*, he chose to represent

Aix. His abilities caused him soon to be recognized as a leader. He knew his own mind, and was ready for emergencies. His brief and pithy sentences became the watchwords of the reformers and the popular party. He saved the existence of the Constituent Assembly and turned the whole tide of events, when the King, on June 23, 1789, ordered them to disperse and to meet as a separate Third Estate. To the King's usher who reminded them that the King had ordered them to disperse, Mirabeau made this famous reply, "We have heard what the King has been advised to say; and you who cannot be interpreter of his meaning to the States-General—you, who have neither vote nor seat nor right of speech here—you are not the person to remind us of it. Go tell those who sent you, that we are here by the will of the nation; and that nothing but the power of bayonets can drive us hence." The usher backed out, and the Assembly remained in session.

As a legislator, Mirabeau soared above the intrigues of party, and paid little attention to the ideal abstractions and wild theories which captivated many reformers. He advocated the spoliation of the church, which then owned a large part of the land of France; he aimed at the abolition of feudalism, privilege and aristocracy; and he affirmed the necessity of a strong executive. Yet he was more conservative than most of the leaders of the Revolutionists; there was something gigantic in his thoughts, energies and actions. His imperious eloquence is not ornate and florid, but is the gift of impassioned reasoning. According to his view, the best interests of France required a constitutional monarchy, and he demanded for the King an absolute veto and the initiative in making war and peace. The *Mémoire* which he presented to the King in October, 1789, gives a good idea of his political sagacity. In this state paper he says, "The King is not free in Paris; he must therefore leave Paris and appeal to France. But whither must he go? To remove to Metz or other frontier city, would be to declare war against the nation and abdicate the throne. He must then go to a provincial capital in the interior of France, and there he must appeal to the people, and summon a great convention. When this convention meets, he must show that he is ready to recognize

that feudalism and absolutism have forever disappeared, and that a new relation has arisen between the king and people. It is certain that we need a great revolution to save the kingdom; that the nation has rights, and it is on the way to recover them all." The queen, Marie Antoinette, refused to accept this program, which was the only practicable method of preserving royalty.

Mirabeau had attempted to make a coalition with Lafayette, but without success. From May, 1790, until his death, he remained in close alliance with the court or ministers, for whom he wrote many valuable state-papers. The court paid him for these services; but it would not be proper to say that he was bribed, for the money he received never caused him to deviate from his political principles.

In July, 1790, Mirabeau was elected reporter or chairman of the *comité diplomatique* of the National Assembly, which gave him much influence in foreign affairs. In financial affairs he wisely opposed Necker's *Caisse d'escompte*, which was to have entire control of the taxes; and he approved the policy of issuing assignats, with the reservation that they should only be issued to the extent of one-half the value of the lands to be sold.

During his alliance with the court, his influence was directed to keep foreign monarchs from interfering with the Revolution or with French affairs. To prevent such interference, or to give no pretext for it, was the dominant idea of his foreign policy. He entered into almost daily communication with Montmorin, foreign secretary, gave him advice, and dictated to him the policy which he afterwards advocated in the National Assembly. The harmony thus produced between the Assembly and the minister checked or postponed the intervention of foreign powers. In January, 1791, Mirabeau was chosen President of the National Assembly. His few remaining months were a gallant struggle against a hopeless fate. His strong constitution had been ruined by the excesses of his youth and by their inevitable punishment. He died April 2, 1791. Among his last words were, "All that can now be done is to envelop me with perfume, and crown me with flowers, that I may pass away into everlasting sleep."

Mirabeau had that true mark of nobility of soul, the power of attracting love and winning true and constant friends. He had also the art of enlisting men of much ability in his service, and appropriating their work, on which he impressed the stamp of his originality. Among the persons who thus assisted him were Dumont, Duroverai, Pellenc and Reybaz. Referring to the trio of great actors in the French Revolution—Danton, Mirabeau and Napoleon—Carlyle says, "The far most interesting, best-gifted, of this questionable trio, is Mirabeau, a man of much finer nature than either of the others; of a genuis equal in strength, we will say, to Napoleon's; but a much humaner genius, almost a poetic one. With wider sympathies of his own, he appeals far more persuasively to the sympathy of men." Madame De Staël, who had heard him, said, "Nothing was more impressive than his voice." His gestures also were an important part of his eloquence. It has been said that his gestures were commands; his motions were *coups d' état.* Many volumes of his letters, orations and other works have been published, and sustain his reputation as a master of French style.

The Young Mirabeau.

(Described by his father in letters to his brother.)

March, 1771.—My son is three days a week at Versailles; he usurps nothing and attains everything; gains entrance everywhere. And really, as he is a man who must be doing something, it is better he bestir himself there than here. Everybody is related to him—the Guémenées, the Carignans, the Noailles, and I do not know how many others, are intimate with him; he astonishes even those who have grown old in flirtation at Versailles. They all think him as mad as a young dog. Madame de Durfort says that he would take down the dignity of every court in existence, or that ever will exist; but they find out that he has more wit than all of them, which does not show much tact on his part.

I do not at all intend that he should live there and follow with the rest the trade of pilfering the king, dabbling in the mire of intrigue, skating on the ice of favor; but even for my

own purposes, he must see what is going on there; and as for the rest, when they ask me how I, who never wished to have anything to do with Versailles, let him go there so young, I reply that he is made of different stuff from me, a wild bird born between four turrets; that he will only play the fool there in what calls itself good company; that as long as I saw him to be gauche I left him out of sight, but that as soon as I find him to be adroit, I give him his rights. For the rest, since for five hundred years they have always put up with Mirabeaus, who have never been like other people, they will put up with one more, who, I promise them, will not disgrace the name.

May, 1771.—Providence has mocked me by making me the progenitor of a youngster who was at first, and for a long time, a bird of prey, and who now turns himself into a tame duck of the poultry yard, that dabbles and chatters, screams, and swims after flies. This animal has constituted himself a contriver of feasts.

This very day he has led me to High Mass through a discharge of musketry to hear a *Te Deum*, then to see fireworks and illuminations, and now, while I am writing, all the parish is eating in the court without forks. Note that these are not coarse peasants, nor paupers, and my parish is the only one of its kind in the country. Just now, though I do not say so, I feel this joke a little too strong; but it shows a good disposition. So I entreat you to be so good on your part as to take this young rattlebrain under your protection, whom I do not spoil, but who gets spoiled somehow, nevertheless, and takes advantage of my easiness.—MARQUIS DE MIRABEAU.

THE LEADER OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

Which of these six hundred individuals, in plain white cravat, that have come up to regenerate France, might one guess would become their *king*. For a king or leader they, as all bodies of men, must have; be their work what it may, there is one man there who, by character, faculty, position, is fittest of all to do it; that man, as future not yet elected king, walks there among the rest. He with the thick black

locks, will it be? With the *hure*, as himself calls it, or black *boar's-head*, fit to be "shaken" as a senatorial portent? Through whose shaggy beetle-brows, and rough-hewed, seamed, carbuncled face, there look natural ugliness, small-pox, incontinence, bankruptcy—and burning fire of genius; like comet-fire glaring fuliginous through murkiest confusions? It is *Gabriel Honoré Riquetti de Mirabeau*, the world-compeller; man-ruling deputy of Aix! According to the Baroness de Staël, he steps proudly along, though looked at askance here; and shakes his black *chevelure*, or lion's-mane, as if prophetic of great deeds.

Yes, reader, that is the type-Frenchman of this epoch; as Voltaire was of the last. He is French in his aspirations, acquisitions, in his virtues, in his vices; perhaps more French than any other man—and intrinsically such a mass of manhood too. Mark him well. The National Assembly were all different without that one; nay, he might say with the old despot: "The National Assembly! I am that."

Of a southern climate, of wild southern blood; for the Riquettis, or Arrighettis, had to fly from Florence and the Guelfs, long centuries ago, and settled in Provence, where from generation to generation they have ever approved themselves a peculiar kindred; irascible, indomitable, sharp-cutting, true, like the steel they wore; of an intensity and activity that sometimes verged towards madness, yet it did not reach it. One ancient Riquetti, in mad fulfillment of a mad vow, chains two mountains together; and the chain, with its "iron star of five rays," is still to be seen. May not a modern Riquetti *un*chain so much, and set it drifting—which also shall be seen?

Destiny has work for that swart burly-headed Mirabeau; Destiny has watched over him, prepared him from afar. Did not his grandfather, stout *Col-d'Argent* (Silver-Stock, so they named him), shattered and slashed by seven-and-twenty wounds in one fell day, lie sunk together on the bridge at Casano; while Prince Eugene's cavalry galloped and regalloped over him—only the flying sergeant had thrown a camp-kettle over that loved head; and Vendôme, dropping his spy-glass, moaned out, "Mirabeau is *dead*, then!" Nevertheless

he was not dead: he awoke to breath, and miraculous surgery —for Gabriel was yet to be. With his *silver-stock* he kept his scarred head erect, through long years, and wedded; and produced tough Marquis Victor, the *Friend of Men.* Whereby at last in the appointed year, 1749, this long-expected rough-hewed Gabriel Honoré did likewise see the light; roughest lion's whelp ever littered of that rough breed. How the old lion (for our old marquis too was lion-like, most unconquerable, kingly-genial, most perverse) gazed wondering on his offspring, and determined to train him as no lion had yet been! It is in vain, oh Marquis! This cub, though thou slay him and flay him, will not learn to draw in dogcart of political economy, and be a *Friend of Men;* he will not be thou, but must and will be himself, another than thou. Divorce lawsuits, "whole family save one in prison, and threescore *Lettres-de-Cachet*" for thy own sole use, do but astonish the world.

Our luckless Gabriel, sinned against and sinning, has been in the Isle of Rhé and heard the Atlantic from his tower; in the castle of If, and heard the Mediterranean at Marseilles. He has been in the fortress of Joux, and forty-two months, with hardly clothing to his back, in the dungeon of Vincennes—all by *Lettre-de-Cachet* from his lion father. He has been in Pontarlier jails (self-constituted prisoner); was noticed fording estuaries of the sea (at low water), in flight from the face of men. He has pleaded before Aix parliaments (to get back his wife); the public gathering on roofs, to see, since they could not hear; "the clatter-teeth (*claque-dents*)!" snarls singular old Mirabeau, discerning in such admired forensic eloquence nothing but two clattering jaw-bones, and a head vacant, sonorous, of the drum species.

But as for Gabriel Honoré, in these strange wayfarings, what has he not seen and tried! From drill-sergeants to prime-ministers, to foreign and domestic booksellers, all manner of men he has seen. All manner of men he has gained; for, at bottom, it is a social, loving heart, that wild, unconquerable one—more especially all manner of women. From the archer's daughter at Saintes to that fair young Sophie Madame Monnier, whom he could not but "steal," and be

beheaded for—in effigy! For, indeed, hardly since the Arabian prophet lay dead to Ali's admiration was there seen such a love-hero, with the strength of thirty men. In war, again, he has helped to conquer Corsica; fought duels, irregular brawls; horsewhipped calumnious barons. In literature, he has written on "Despotism," on "Lettres-de-Cachet;" Erotics Sapphic-Werterean, Obscenities, Profanities; books on the "Prussian Monarchy," on "Cagliostro," on "Calonne," on "The Water-Companies of Paris"—each book comparable, we will say, to a bituminous alarm-fire; huge, smoky, sudden! The fire-pan, the kindling, the bitumen were his own; but the lumber, of rags, old wood and nameless combustible rubbish (for all is fuel to him), was gathered from hucksters and ass-panniers of every description under heaven. Whereby, indeed, hucksters enough have been heard to exclaim: "Out upon it, the fire is *mine!*"

Nay, consider it more generally, seldom had man such a talent for borrowing. The idea, the faculty of another man he can make his; the man himself he can make his. "All reflex and echo (*tout de reflet et de rèverbère!*)," snarls old Mirabeau, who can see, but will not. Crabbed old Friend of Men! it is his sociality, his aggregative nature; and will now be the quality of qualities for him. In that forty years' "struggle against despotism" he has gained the glorious faculty of *self-help*, and yet not lost the glorious natural gift of *fellowship*, of being helped. Rare union; this man can live self-sufficing—yet lives also in the life of other men; can make men love him, work with him; a born king of men!

But consider further how, as the old marquis still snarls, he has "made away with (*humé*, swallowed, snuffed-up) all *formulas*,"—a fact, which, if we meditate it, will in these days mean much. This is no man of system, then; he is only a man of instincts and insights. A man, nevertheless, who will glare fiercely on any object, and see through it and conquer it; for he has intellect, he has will, force beyond other men. A man not with *logic-spectacles*, but with an *eye!* Unhappily without decalogue, moral code, or theorem of any fixed sort, yet not without a strong living soul in him, and

sincerity there; a reality, not an artificiality, not a sham! And so he, having struggled "forty years against despotism," and "made away with all formulas," shall now become the spokesman of a nation bent to do the same. For is it not precisely the struggle of France also to cast off despotism; to make away with *her* old formulas—having found them naught, worn out, far from the reality? She will make away with *such* formulas—and even go *bare*, if need be, till she have found new ones.

Toward such work, in such manner, marches he, this singular Riquetti Mirabeau. In fiery rough figure, with black Samson-locks under the slouch-hat, he steps along there. A fiery fuliginous mass, which could not be choked and smothered, but would fill all France with smoke. And now it has got *air;* it will burn its whole substance, its whole smoke-atmosphere, too, and fill all France with flame. Strange lot! Forty years of that smouldering, with foul fire-damp and vapor enough; then victory over that—and like a burning mountain he blazes heaven-high; and for twenty-three resplendent months pours out in flame and molten fire-torrents all that is in him, the Pharos and wonder-sign of an amazed Europe—and then lies hollow, cold forever! Pass on, thou questionable Gabriel Honoré, the greatest of them all; in the whole national deputies, in the whole nation, there is none like and none second to thee.—T. CARLYLE.

MIRABEAU AND MARIE ANTOINETTE.

The actual commencement of Mirabeau's effort to save royalty began in May, 1790, or perhaps about the close of April, through the mediation of the Count de Lamarck. That nobleman, having long been acquainted with Mirabeau's views, had been summoned from Belgium to Paris for the express purpose of soliciting a communication from Mirabeau, which was accordingly given on the 10th of May, and, in its translated garb, reads thus:

"Profoundly touched by the anguish of the king, who has not in the least merited his personal misfortunes; persuaded that if there be, in his situation, a prince on whose

word it is possible to rely, that prince is Louis XVI.; I am, nevertheless, so armed, by intercourse with men, and by events, against that commiseration which the spectacle of human vicissitudes naturally engenders, that I should be immutably repugnant to entering upon a new part in this time of partialities and confusions, if I were not convinced that the re-establishment of the legitimate authority of the king is the greatest want of France, and the only means of saving her.

"But I see clearly that we are in anarchy, and that we are floundering therein deeper day by day: I am indignant at the bare idea that I should have only contributed to a vast demolition; and the fear of beholding another than the king at the head of the State is so insupportable to me, that I feel myself imperiously called to action, at a moment when, almost pledged to the silence of contempt, I only aspired to a retreat.

"In such a case, it is easy to believe that the present inclination of a good and unfortunate king—whose counselors, and also whose misfortunes, cease not to remind him of how much cause of complaint he has against me, and who, nevertheless, has the noble and courageous idea of confiding in me—are an attraction which I shall not essay to resist. Here, therefore, is the profession of faith which the king has desired: he will deign to select its depositary himself; for the rules of prudence will not allow him to preserve them, and this writing will remain for evermore my condemnation or my praise.

"I engage myself to serve the true interests of the king with my whole influence; and, in order that that assertion may not seem vague, I declare that I believe a counter-revolution to be as dangerous and criminal, as I find the hope or project of any government in France, without a chief invested with the power necessary for applying all the public force to the execution of the law, to be chimerical.

"Based on these principles, I will give my written opinion upon the course of events, upon the means for directing them; for preventing such as may be foreboded, for remedying such when they have already happened; I shall make it my chief

business to put in its place in the Constitution, the executive power; the plentitude whereof should be without restriction or division in the hand of the king.

"I shall require two months to collect, or even, if I may thus speak, to make my means: to prepare the minds and convince the reason of those wise citizens necessary to the service of the king. I will have in each department an influential correspondent, and I will give him the results: my march shall be imperceptible; but each day I will make a step. An empiric promises a sudden cure, and kills. A true physician observes, acts, above all, by diet, dose, and measure, and very often cures.

"I am as profoundly opposed to a counter-revolution as I am to the excesses whereunto the revolution, fallen into the hands of impotent and perverse men, has conducted the populace. It will, therefore, be necessary never to judge my conduct piecemeal, neither by a single act, nor a single speech. It is not that I refuse to explain any; but they can only be judged collectively, and have influence collectively: it is impossible to save the State day by day.

"I promise the king loyalty, zeal, activity, and a courage whereof, perhaps, he is far from having an idea: I promise him, in fact, everything except success, which never depends upon a single man, and which it would be a very rash and very culpable presumption to guarantee, in the terrible malady which is undermining the State, and which menaces its chief. He would be a very strange man who would be indifferent and faithless to the glory of saving one or the other; and I am not that man."

Louis very evidently had little idea of what a man Mirabeau was. His queen, better gifted with the qualities of the mind, and having a shrewd insight into character, clearly understood him, appreciated his intellect, his daring, to the full; but her vehement thirst for a counter-revolution led her to wish to postpone, as long as possible, a firm closing with the consolidation plans of Mirabeau.

On the 13th, he addressed another short note, and on the 20th spoke in favor of the king's declaring peace or war. And a little later on in the month he had his first interview with

the queen; than which there is nothing more interestingly picturesque: it is the sublime of the romantic.

It was in the calm of a May evening that Mirabeau mounted his horse and rode westward, ostensibly to Clavière's country-house; but when out of observation he suddenly changed his course, and turned towards St. Cloud. At one of the private entrances, a person waited to hold his horse, to give him admission to the garden. That garden is covered with small hillocks; but in the centre rises, shrubclad, a greater knoll, eminent above the others. Why, as Mirabeau strode thitherward, did his breast swell proudly and his eye dilate? Because that knoll was "crowned with a peculiar diadem:" because thereon, alone (maids waiting in the distance), in all her excessive loveliness and imperial beauty, there stood the Queen of France; and his eye dilated with rapture, and his breast swelled with pride, to think that his genius had at length achieved so much: that at last it had come to *that*. The queen, too; was she unmoved? Or might there not even steal a little fear-flutter through that heroic bosom? *He* was coming—the man of all men: the man who had overturned the monarchy; the man who had ruled the nation so grandly; the man she knew not whether to hate or love, with his commanding form erect, and his long locks floating to the breeze, was striding toward her! She expected to find a coarse, debauch-eaten, rough-hewn, strong, but very brute-like man; and she found the most insinuating, the most fascinating, the most perfect gentleman in France.

"With a foe of ordinary capacity," said the queen, "with an every-day enemy, I should now be guilty of a very foolish, a very injudicious step: but with a MIRABEAU!—"

And so she has acknowledged their equality: and King Mirabeau and Queen Antoinette discoursed together. What that discourse was, no man knows; no man, to the end of time, ever shall know: that there ever was, or ever will be, a conversation holden on this earth one would more desire to know, is dubious. We do know, however, that for a considerable space they spoke together: but as they were separating, Mirabeau exclaimed: "Madam, whenever your illustrious mother, Maria Theresa, honored one of her loyal

subjects with an interview, she never suffered him to depart without according to him her royal hand."

The queen, with a queen's grace, held forth her hand; Mirabeau, with a king's dignified elegance, knelt and fervently kissed it: that kiss shot strength through his frame, and starting to his feet he cried, with native self-confidence: "*Madam, the monarchy is saved!*"

And so they parted. Was it wonderful that Mirabeau should hurry from the garden, and leaping upon his waiting steed, like the wild huntsman in the ballad, ride impetuously home?—wonderful that, inspired by her beauty, her misfortunes, her queenly soul, strange chivalrous fancies ran riot in his brain; and that his imagination, piercing into the future, painted that which might be, thus?—an upstart and disloyal assembly dispersed and scattered—if needs be, by the cannon's voice; a wretched Jacobin-club, and blood-thirsty Marats, trampled down in their native mud, and the royal standard—the standard of the old Bourbons, of Henri, of Francis, of the good King Louis—once more unfurled; unfurled, not now as a rallying point for aristocrats and baronial oppressors, but as the symbol of constitutional order and freedom, in opposition to anarchy and mob-tyranny; and with drums beating, colors flying, the loyalty of France charging, lion-hearted, to the conflict. Amid all which war-thunders, amid the clash of sabres and the roar of artillery, one form to stand forth pre-eminently notable, showing in the distant generations how a Mirabeau does battle for his king and for his country?

That such a dream did dwell for a short space in Mirabeau's mind, we have written evidence; for shortly after he writes to the queen:—"The moment may come when it will be necessary to see, that which we may see, *on horse-back a woman and an infant;* these are family traditions familiar to the queen;" hinting, or appearing to imply, the laying aside of the very good, but very useless king, and the elevation of the Dauphin.

A reciprocal admiration and esteem, highly creditable to both, was established between the twain by this interview: Marie Antoinette told Madame Campan, she was *delighted* with Mirabeau; and Mirabeau said forcibly to Dumont, with

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his own peculiar point: "She is the only *man* the king has about him." But on the queen's part the admiration went little beyond enthusiastic speeches; and although another interview took place (the date whereof, period, and result are unknown), and though Mirabeau addressed his letters ever after almost exclusively to her, she never gave his plans that impetus she alone could have done.

ADDRESS TO THE CONSTITUENTS.

When a nation ascends from the depths of servitude to the glorious regions of freedom—when policy is about to concur with nature in the immense development of its high destinies,—shall vile passions oppose its grandeur, or egotism arrest its flight? Is the safety of the State of less weight than a personal contribution?

No, such an error cannot exist; the passions themselves yield not to such base calculations. If the Revolution, which has given us a country, has left some Frenchmen indifferent, it will be their interest to maintain at all events the tranquillity of the kingdom, as the only pledge of their personal safety. For it is certainly not in a general tumult—in the degradation of public authority—when thousands of indigent citizens, driven from their work and their means of subsistence, shall claim the sterile commiseration of their brethren—when armies shall be dissolved into wandering bands, armed with swords and irritated by hunger,—when property shall be threatened, lives no longer safe, and grief and terror upon the threshold of every door,—it is not in such a state of society that the egotist can enjoy the mite he has refused to contribute for the wants of his country. The only difference in his fate, in the common calamity, from that of his fellow-citizens, would be deserved opprobrium; and in his bosom, unavailing remorse.

What recent proofs have we not had of that public spirit which places success beyond a doubt! With what rapidity was that national militia, were those legions of armed citizens formed for the defence of the States, the preservation of public peace, and due execution of the laws! A generous emulation

pervaded the whole kingdom. Towns, cities, provinces, all considered their privileges as odious distinctions, and aspired to the honor of sacrificing them to enrich their country. You well know that there was not time to draw up a separate decree for each sacrifice, which a truly pure and patriotic sentiment dictated to all classes of citizens, who voluntarily restored to the great family that which was exclusively enjoyed by the few to the prejudice of the many.

Patriotic gifts have been singularly multiplied during the present crisis in the finances. The most noble examples have emanated from the throne, whose majesty is elevated by the virtue of the prince who sits upon it. O prince, so justly beloved by your people! King, honest man, and good citizen! You glanced at the magnificence which surrounded you, and the riches of ostentation were forthwith converted into national resources! By foregoing the embellishments of luxury, your royal dignity received new splendor; and while the affection of your people makes them murmur at your privations, their sensibility applauds your noble courage, and their generosity will return your benefactions, as you wish them to be returned, by imitating your virtue and affording you the delight of having guided them through the difficult paths of public sacrifice.

How vast is the wealth which ostentation and vanity have made their prey, and which might become the active agent of prosperity! To what an extent might individual economy concur with the most noble views in restoring happiness to the kingdom! The immense riches accumulated by the piety of our forefathers for the service of the altar would not change their religious destination by being brought from their obscurity and devoted to the public service! "These are the hoards which I collected in the days of prosperity," says our holy religion; "I add them to the general mass in the present times of public calamity. I required them not; no borrowed splendor can add to my greatness. It was for you, and for the State, that I levied this tribute upon the piety of your ancestors."

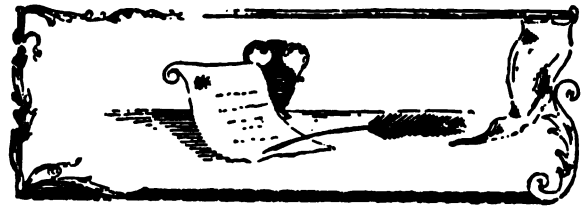
Oh! who would reject such examples as these? How favorable is the present moment for the development of our

resources, and for claiming assistance from all parts of the empire! Let us prevent the opprobrium of violating our most sacred engagements, which would prove a foul blot upon the infancy of our freedom. Let us prevent those dreadful shocks which, by overthrowing the most solid institutions, would affect, far and near, the fortune of all classes of citizens, and present throughout the kingdom the sad spectacle of a disgraceful ruin. How do they deceive themselves who, at a distance from the metropolis, consider not the public faith, either in its inseparable connection with the national prosperity, or as the primary condition of our social compact! Do they who pronounce the infamous word BANKRUPTCY, desire that we should form a community of wild beasts, instead of equitable and free men? What Frenchman would dare look upon one of his unfortunate brethren, if his conscience should whisper to him that he had contributed his share towards poisoning the existence of millions of his fellow-creatures? Should we be any longer that nation whose very enemies grant us the pride of honor, if foreigners could degrade us with the title of BANKRUPT NATION, and accuse us of having assumed our freedom and our strength only to commit crimes at which even despotism herself would shudder?

Our protesting that our execrable crime was not premeditated, would avail us nothing. The cries of our victims, disseminated all over Europe, would be a louder and a more effective protestation than ours. We must act without loss of time; prompt, efficacious and certain measures must be adopted, and that cloud must disappear which has been so long suspended over our heads, and, from one end of Europe to the other, has thrown consternation into the minds of the creditors of France, for it may, at length, become more fatal to our national resources than the dreadful scourge which has ravaged our provinces.

What courage would the adoption of this plan give us in the functions you have confided to our zeal! And how could we proceed with safety in the constitution of a State whose very existence is in danger? We promised—nay, we solemnly swore—to save the country; judge, then, of our anguish, when we fear that it will perish in our hands. A momentary

sacrifice is all that is required; but it must be frankly made to the public good, and not to the depredations of cupidity. And is this slight expiation of the faults and errors of the period marked by our political servitude, beyond our courage? God forbid! Let us remember the price paid for freedom, by every people who have showed themselves worthy of it. Torrents of blood, lengthened misfortunes, and dreadful civil wars have everywhere marked her birth. She only requires of us a pecuniary sacrifice, and this vulgar offering is not a gift that will impoverish us, for she will return to enrich us, and shine upon our cities and our fields to increase their glory and prosperity.—COMTE DE MIRABEAU.







MADAME ROLAND has been called the Soul of the Gironde, the inspirer of that moderate party which aimed at real liberty in the crisis of the French Revolution. Her maiden name was Marie-Jeanne Phlipon, and she was born in Paris, March 17th, 1754. Her father was an artist; her mother was a woman of superior understanding, having a retiring disposition and a singular amiability of temper; her life was almost of saintly purity. Marie-Jeanne learned to read when only four years of age, and soon showed a great fondness for reading everything that came in her way. A word from her mother was always sufficient to command obedience ; but her father, having but little command over his temper, would sometimes resort to corporal punishment, which never failed to bring out in the child a spirit of intense resistance. Whilst yet a girl, she was placed for one year in a conventual school, where she exhibited extreme religious enthusiasm. In after years, however, her feelings underwent a thorough change, until they rested in skepticism. Her favorite authors at this period were Plutarch, Tasso and Voltaire. The history of Greece and Rome made a deep impression on the youthful mind, and when but fourteen years of age, she is said to have shed tears to think that she was not a Spartan or a Roman woman. She writes, "I ought to have been a Spartan or a Roman woman, or at least a Frenchman."

At the age of five and twenty, Mademoiselle Phlipon became the wife of M. Jean Marie Roland de la Platière, who

was twenty years her senior, a man of laborious habits, great ability and integrity, and with manners described as "of antique severity." A daughter was the fruit of this marriage, and Madame Roland's time was divided between the care and education of her child and giving assistance to her husband, from whose knowledge she derived great advantage in return. He held the position of Inspector of Manufactures at Amiens, and spent part of his time in foreign travel, to study the improvements of industry in the interests of his government. In company with him Madame Roland visited England, Switzerland, and other countries of Europe; everywhere minutely inquiring into the nature of the civil institutions and manifesting the warmest sympathy with the advocates of political liberty. Madame Roland thus gives her impression of England: "I shall ever remember with pleasure a country whose Constitution De Lolme taught me to love, and in which I have witnessed the happy effects which that Constitution has produced. Fools may chatter, and slaves may sing; but take my word for it that England contains men who have a right to laugh at us. . . . The individual who does not feel esteem for the English, and a degree of affection mixed with admiration for their women, is either a pitiful coxcomb or an ignorant blockhead, who talks about what he does not understand."

The citizens of Lyons returned M. Roland as their representative to the National Convention. Husband and wife proceeded to Paris, where the curiosity of Madame Roland was gratified, and her zeal for the first movements of liberty in her country increased, by the opportunity of observing some of the most distinguished actors on the political stage—Mirabeau, Cazalès, Mauri, Barnave, and others of less note. While the party of the Gironde was in power, M. Roland was appointed Minister of the Interior. In this capacity he appeared at court with a round hat and laces to his shoes in violation of etiquette, which prescribed a cocked hat, sword and buckles. This breach of custom was regarded by the courtiers as an omen of the approaching fall of monarchy. The talents of Madame Roland were applied to assist her husband in the composition of public papers. She afterwards wrote that she

believed that by mingling with the severer accents of patriotism the expressions and feelings of a woman of sensibility, she rendered these documents more impressive and effectual. The famous letter to Louis XVI., May, 1792, was drawn up by her. None of the Ministers would sign it, and M. Roland then affixed his own name. This letter implored the sovereign "not to rouse the suspicion of the nation by constantly betraying his suspicion of it, but to secure his country's love by adopting in all sincerity the measures fitted to insure the welfare and safety of the state." The Declaration of Rights, he was told, had become a political gospel, and the French Constitution a religion, for which the people were prepared to perish.

This letter occasioned the dismissal of M. Roland from Court. But he again became minister after the events of the 10th of August. This party had then passed the bounds prescribed by his judgment, and entered upon extremes repugnant to his high-minded and generous wife. M. Roland boldly denounced the atrocious prison massacres in Paris of the 2d and 3d of September; but the Convention wanted courage, or virtue, or power to act upon his advice. From that hour his own doom and that of his devoted wife became only more certain. Madame Roland was arraigned before the Convention on a charge of treasonable correspondence with England. Frivolous and absurd, but serious at such a time, this indictment had to be met. With her wonderful presence of mind, her acuteness, and her wit, she baffled and mortified her accusers. The recollection of this defeat is said to have so haunted the minds of Danton, Marat and Robespierre, that in every attack subsequently made upon their proceedings, they imagined they recognized the boldness, sagacity or sarcasm of Madame Roland.

Warnings of their danger were given to her and her husband, and for a short time they consented to take the precaution of not sleeping at the Hôtel of the Interior. Madame Roland objected to this. "I am ashamed of the part I am made to play," she said, "I will neither disguise myself nor leave the house. If they wish to assassinate me, it shall be in my own house." Her husband quitted Paris, and she

might have done so; but she declared that the care of evading injustice cost her more than it would do to suffer from it.

On the 31st of May, 1793, the Jacobins marched 40,000 men against the Convention. That same night Madame Roland was arrested and thrown into the prison of the Abbaye. Here she displayed her usual firmness, and continued to exercise towards the poor and unfortunate a benevolence for which, in her prosperous days, she had been remarkable. Before her friends she was cheerful, and her language always breathed a pure, truly patriotic fire. In solitude the feelings of wife and mother overcame her, and many hours were passed in tearful anguish. On the 24th of June, the Citoyenne Roland, to her intense surprise, was informed that she was a free woman. Hastily she gathered together her few belongings, and taking a coach drove to her apartments in the Rue de la Harpe. She was running gaily up the stairs when two men stopped her. "Citoyenne Roland!" "What do you want?" asked she. "We arrest you in the name of the law." The only explanation given of the circumstance was that her first arrest had been illegal. Naturally her sufferings were greatly aggravated by this whimsical whirl of affairs.

She was conveyed now to the prison of Sainte Pelagie, where women of the worst class were confined. Here, by her lovely disposition and fascinating behavior, she won even the hard hearts of her jailors. Her time was passed in writing her "Memoirs," full of lively description, entertaining anecdotes of her contemporaries, and remarks indicative of penetration and habitual reflection. Her pages detail the events of her childhood and youth with matchless sprightliness. This work is now one of the French classics, and, as the narrative advances, events of a deeper interest are related with great facility of expression, sometimes with mournful pathos, generally with great judgment, not always without satire, but always with easy eloquence. Several prisoners cheated the guillotine by taking poison, and at one time Madame Roland herself contemplated doing so, but, communicating her resolution to her dear friend, Buzot, he represented to her that a nobler course would be to wait for death,

and "leave the memory of so great a sacrifice to the cause for which she had lived." She now calmly decided to await the result.

On the 31st of October, 1793, Madame Roland was sent to the Conciergerie. On the 10th of November she appeared before Fouquier Tinville's judgment bar. She declined the aid of M. Chauveau Lagarde, the great advocate, who had proffered her his services. This learned man had been the advocate for Marie Antoinette, for Charlotte Corday, and for the Girondists. Her courage never deserted her during her trial. The principal charge in the indictment consisted in the relations she had entertained with the Girondists, condemned for traitorous designs against the unity and indivisibility of the Republic. The trial, so far as justice was concerned, was a farce, a mockery of justice. Not a sign of emotion betrayed itself on the face of this lovely and heroic woman as she heard sentence pronounced. Her dauntless reply to it was: "You consider me worthy to share the fate of the great men whom you have assassinated. I shall try to carry to the scaffold the courage they have shown." She did so.

On the same day, and at the same hour, a man was to be guillotined. The brave woman, wishing to spare her companion the horror of seeing her blood spilt, asked the executioner to let him go first. He refused. "Surely you cannot refuse the last request of a lady," she said, and then her request was granted. Bending herself before the great statue of Liberty, which had lately been erected in the Place de la Revolution, she exclaimed: "O Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!" The axe descended, and the head of this glorious woman rolled into the basket. M. Roland, immediately after the execution, left his hiding place, and walking four leagues on the road to Paris, sat down by the side of a tree and plunged his sword through his heart. He left a note by his side containing these words: "Whoever you are who find me lying here, respect my remains; they are those of a man who devoted his whole life to being useful, and who died, as he had lived, virtuous and honest."

Madame Roland was a martyr for the sake of true republican principles. She laid down her life, beautiful and pure,

as a sacrifice to her country's good. The struggle from a state of brutal degradation, corruption and freedom, could not be accomplished without such sacrifices.

The Willing Victim.

Minds which have any claim to greatness are capable of divesting themselves of selfish considerations; they feel that they belong to the whole human race: and their views are directed to posterity alone. I was the friend of men who have been proscribed and immolated by delusion, and the hatred of jealous mediocrity. It is necessary that I should perish in my turn, because it is a rule with tyranny to sacrifice those whom it has grievously oppressed, and to annihilate the very witnesses of its misdeeds. I have this double claim to death from your hands, and I expect it. When innocence walks to the scaffold, at the command of error and perversity, every step she takes is an advance towards glory. May I be the last victim sacrificed to the furious spirit of party! I shall quit with joy this unfortunate earth which swallows up the friends of virtue, and drinks the blood of the just.

Truth! friendship! my country! sacred objects, sentiments dear to my heart, accept my last sacrifice. My life was devoted to you, and you will render my death easy and glorious.

Just heaven! enlighten this unfortunate people for whom I desired liberty.——Liberty!—It is for noble minds. It is not for weak beings who enter into a composition with guilt, and cover selfishness and cowardice with the name of prudence. It is not for corrupt wretches, who rise from the bed of debauchery, or from the mire of indigence, to feast their eyes on the blood that streams from the scaffold. It is the portion of a people who delight in humanity, practice justice, despise their flatterers, and respect the truth. While you are not such a people, Oh my fellow-citizens! you will talk in vain of liberty: instead of liberty you will have licentiousness, of which you will all fall victims in your turns; you will ask for bread, and dead bodies will be given you; and you will at last bow down your necks to the yoke.

I have neither concealed my sentiments nor my opinions. I know that a Roman lady was sent to the scaffold for lamenting the death of her son. I know that in times of delusion and party rage, he who dares avow himself the friend of the proscribed, exposes himself to their fate. But I despise death; I never feared anything but guilt, and I will not purchase life at the expense of a base subterfuge. Woe to the times! Woe to the people among whom doing homage to disregarded truth can be attended with danger; and happy he who in such circumstances is bold enough to brave it.

—MADAME ROLAND.

MADAME ROLAND.

'Tis well to hold in Good our faith entire,
  Rejecting doubt, refusing to despond,
Believing, beneath skies of gloom and fire,
  In splendors of heavenly worlds beyond:
As erst, when gangs of infamy inhuman,
  At Freedom striking still through freeman's lives,
  Her great support devoted to their knives,
The Soul of Gironde, an inspired woman!
Serene of aspect, and unmoved of eye,
Round the stern car which bore her on to die,
  A brutal mob applauded to the crime.
But vain beside the pure the vile might be!
  Her heart despaired not; and her lip sublime
Blessed thee unto the last, O sainted Liberty!

—A. BARBIER.



NECKER.



NECKER was for some years the most successful and popular financier of the French monarchy, before it was swallowed up in the vortex of the Revolution. But his reputation as a statesman has become dim, and his fame is eclipsed by that of his daughter, Madame de Staël.

Jacques Necker was born in 1732, at Geneva, where his father, a Prussian by birth, was professor of civil law. In his fifteenth year, young Necker went to Paris, and was employed as a clerk, first in the banking-house of Vernet. Afterwards, in company with another Genevese, Thelusson, he established an international bank which became famous. Thelusson superintended the bank in London, and Necker attended to its affairs in Paris. Having in a few years made a handsome fortune, Necker, in 1764, married Suzanne Curchod, the daughter of a Protestant pastor, near Lausanne, Switzerland. In her father's house the historian Gibbon had spent part of his youth and had been engaged to the girl, but had given up the marriage when his father objected. Mademoiselle Curchod had gone to Paris as companion to a French officer's widow, and she attracted the regard of Necker. She was very ambitious and encouraged her husband to take direct part in public affairs. He therefore became syndic of the French East India Company, which connection added much to his wealth.

Necker, ambitious of rising in the public service, made himself known as an economist by publishing, in 1773, his "Eulogium of Colbert," the beginning of his controversy with the economists of the school of Quesnay. His next step was to forward a "Memoir upon the French Finances" to Maurepas, president of the Council of Finances, who persuaded Louis XVI. to appoint the writer to the treasury, the direction of which he retained during the five years, 1776–1781.

Economy and regularity were the leading parts of Necker's financial system. He suppressed the posts of "intendans des finances," established provincial assemblies, abolished taxes on industry, established the "monts de piété," or public pawnshops. He was successful in restoring public credit, though his censurers assert, he merely deferred payment by inaugurating new loans. His conduct was disinterested; he refused all emolument for his services, and advanced to the Government from his private property a large sum, which he never drew out from the funds. His administration was popular; but his saving plans and abolition of monopolies created for him many enemies at court; and upon his applying to be admitted to a seat in the council, for the purpose of increasing his influence, he received no answer. Regarding this as an intentional indignity, he resigned, and then published his famous "Compte Rendu," in which he furnished a clear statement of the condition of the royal treasury at his assumption of office, and of what he had done, with a further declaration of what he had intended to do.

The effect of this able document was very great upon the public mind in France. It was soon translated into all the languages of Europe. Necker followed this by publishing his "Administration of the Finances," which treated the same subject more largely, and was read with equal avidity. When M. de Calonne was appointed to the office which Necker had resigned, he made an attack, before the Assembly of Notables, upon the accuracy of Necker's statements in the "Compte Rendu." The latter drew up a memoir in reply, which he sent to the king; and his majesty intimated that if he would forbear making it public, he should shortly be

restored to his place. Necker, however, feeling his reputation to be at stake, thought proper to make an appeal to the nation by publishing his defence. This disobedience to the royal pleasure was punished by exile to his seat of St. Ouen, forty leagues from Paris. Here he occupied himself with literature and wrote "The Importance of Religious Opinions," in which he shows the serious and spiritual character of his mind. His famous daughter was now married to the Swedish Baron Eric Magnus Von Staël-Holstein.

When Calonne and Loménie Brienne, his successors, were compelled to retire by the disastrous state of the finances, the honest minister was recalled, on the 24th of August, 1788, and public credit immediately began to revive. In January of the following year, in accordance with his suggestions, and in fulfillment of the pledges of the government, the States-General were convoked, and in May they were assembled for business. The constitution of this body was ruled by the advice of Necker, to whom, therefore, it was owing that the members of the "Tiers État" were equal in number to the nobles and the clergy united. This circumstance occasioned a dead-lock, disagreement arising on matters of form necessary to constitute the assembly, and after three weeks had been wasted in altercation, a "Séance Royale" was resolved upon, in which instructions were to be given from the throne. The deputies being excluded from the hall while preparations were making for this sitting, held a meeting in the Tennis Court, presided over by Bailly, where they swore an oath to meet under all circumstances, and in all places wherever they could get together, and not to separate till they had made the Constitution. Necker drew up a plan of government to be recommended by the king in a speech; but this document underwent several alterations in the Council. His absence at the time of its delivery was much censured, as indicative of his displeasure at these alterations, and prejudicing the people against the court. His dissent should rather have been shown by an open resignation than by an implied dissatisfaction.

Necker now made a decided stand in favor of the people, and resisted the attempt to coerce the assembly by the action of the army. The court regarded him as the cause of the Revo-

lution, and on the 11th of July, 1789, a sudden order was sent that he should quit the kingdom within twenty-four hours. He at once drove incognito to his country seat, and then proceeded to Brussels. As soon as his dismissal was known, all Paris was in flame; the people instantly rose in arms, one of their principal movers being Camille Desmoulins. Their first step was a tumultuous procession through the streets, bearing aloft wax busts of Necker and the Duke of Orleans. On the 14th the Bastile was taken; and on the 15th Necker was recalled. His return to Paris was marked by a popular ovation, which placed him at the very summit of renown. He remained in office till the 3d of September, 1790, taking no salary, and advancing as much as two millions of livres to the government.

As a minister of finance it was necessary for him to propose expedients which could not but be unpleasant to the mass of the people. His moderate sentiments, also, with regard to government, left him far behind the advanced principles which now began to be avowed by the popular leaders. Therefore, during his term of office, his popularity rapidly declined under the rising star of Mirabeau, on the one hand, and the increasing difficulties of carrying on the government with such a court as that of Louis XVI. on the other. Under these circumstances he asked permission to resign, but left the money he had advanced, together with his house and furniture, as the material guarantee of his previous integrity. With the greatest indifference his request was granted, and he retired to Coppet, near Geneva.

In this retirement his mind supported itself chiefly by his favorite occupation of writing. He penned a defence of his public conduct, and whilst the king's trial was pending, he endeavored to serve his former master by the publication of "Reflections addressed to the French Nation." In another essay he gave his ideas on the executive part of government. His "Course of Religious Morality," shows him in the light of an eloquent preacher. One of the last of his compositions was a novel, entitled "The Fatal Consequences of a Single Fault."

Necker had been placed in the list of emigrants, but the

Directory unanimously erased his name; and when the French army entered Switzerland, the generals treated him with marked attention. But he never recovered any hold on the public affairs. He remained a wreck stranded on the shore. His residence at Coppet was shared with his daughter, Madame de Staël, and his niece, Madame Necker de Saussure. He died in April, 1804, at the age of seventy-two.

The States-General and National Assembly.

On May 5, 1789, the States-General met for the first time at Versailles. More than a hundred and seventy years had passed since, in the youth of the Bourbon monarchy, this ancient Assembly of the Estates of the Realm had consulted upon the common weal, and they were now convened for the same purpose when that monarchy was in decline and peril.

The spectacle formed an imposing sight, and it seemed for a moment as if the elements of the long discordant community of France had blended in happy and auspicious union through the representatives of its different Orders. A great hall had been laid out in the palace, and prepared in stately and magnificent pomp; and royalty welcomed the National Estates, composed of more than twelve hundred deputies, with a splendor worthy of the solemn occasion. The King, with the ministers of State, in front, and the Queen and Princes of the blood at his side, sat on a throne brilliant with purple and gold; below, arrayed in separate processions, spread the ranks of the Nobles, all plumes and lace; of the Commons, in homely and simple garb; of the Clergy, the superb robes of the prelates mingling strangely with the cassocks of the village priests; and from galleries above a throng of courtiers, of jewelled dames, and of foreign envoys, contemplated curiously the interesting scene. Outside, crowds of eager spectators filled the balconies and covered the roofs of Versailles, decked out gaily for a brilliant holiday; and the groups extended as far as the capital, already stirring with passionate excitement.

All seemed deference, good-will and hope, when the King announced that he had called together the wisdom of France to assist at his councils; and even a declaration that his chief

object was to provide for the pressing wants of the State did not weaken the prevailing sentiment. Yet it was observed with regret that the face of the Queen seemed overclouded with settled care, and jealousy had been aroused in more than one breast by the distinctions drawn by the officials of the Court, and by the contrast between the feudal magnificence of the nobility and the lordly hierarchy, and the plebeian aspect of the meanly-attired Commons.

On the following day, the Estates were invited, their first sitting having been merely formal, to meet again for the dispatch of business. The intention of Necker, the chief minister, had been to convene them for the object mainly of procuring supplies for an exhausted treasury—an increasing deficit had for many years been one symptom of the ills of the State—but it had long been arranged that they were to advise on the administration and general affairs of the kingdom. A preliminary question, however, arose, which brought out distinctly the deep-seated differences already existing in this Assembly. According to ancient precedent, the separate Orders of the States-General gave their votes apart, and the Nobles and Clergy, if they coalesced, could easily neutralize the will of the Commons, voting being by Orders and not by persons, and the votes of two Orders being thus decisive. Trusting to this usage, the Court had consented, in the elections, which had lately taken place, that the number of the representatives of the people should be double what it had been formerly, for it was thought no danger could possibly arise, and the concession was a popular measure.

The Commons, however, had made up their minds not to be reduced to ciphers by ancient forms, and they insisted, accordingly, that the three Orders should hold their deliberations apart, and that votes should be given by head; that is, be determined by the majority of individuals in the collective Assembly. The Nobles protested against this scheme, being but three against more than six hundred Commons; and they resisted an invitation to a fusion in which their influence might be diminished, the three hundred Clergy, though divided in mind, siding with them at the command of the bishops.

During several weeks the separate Orders stood sullenly aloof and almost hostile, and nothing in the nature of business was done, to the mortification of a minister and a Court exceedingly in need of a supply of money. The Commons, however, held firm, backed by messages from the provinces, and by the attitude of the great neighboring city, already effervescing with agitation ; and at last they adopted a decided course. On June 17, it being known that some Liberal nobles were on their side, and several of the inferior clergy having come to them, they declared themselves the National Assembly of France ; and, while they invited their fellow-members to join them, announced that nothing should prevent their proceeding "to begin the work of national regeneration."

Three days after this important event, the Commons found, to their extreme surprise, the great hall at Versailles, in which they had sat, shut up, and the Grand Master of the ceremonies curtly told Bailly—a distinguished member whom they had chosen President—that the place was wanted for the royal convenience. Alarm was seen in many faces, for a sudden act of violence was feared ; but, at the instance of one or two courageous men, the whole body betook itself to an old Tennis Court, at a short distance, and, amidst a scene of passionate excitement, swore a solemn oath "that it would never separate until it had set the Constitution on a sure foundation." (June 20.) Meanwhile, the Court had been forming schemes for dealing with these extraordinary proceedings, and for putting an end to a state of things which appeared to it the wildest presumption. Necker, timid and cautious, proposed a compromise, to which it is said the King inclined ; but the counsels of an extreme party prevailed, and it was resolved to make a display of vigor.

On June 23, having been kept standing by official insolence for some time under rain, the Commons were summoned again to the great hall, and the King read them a lecture, which had been put into his mouth, to the effect that it was his pleasure that the three Orders should, as in old times, deliberate and vote apart, and that, if further resistance were made, "he would do by himself alone what was meet for his people." This foolish harangue was met in silence ; but

when the Grand Master of the Ceremonies, following, it is said, the etiquette of the ancient despotism, commanded the Assembly to depart, he was told by Mirabeau—a man whose pen and voice were already a power in France—that "they were met there by the will of the people, and that bayonets alone should drive them from the spot." In a few moments a vote was passed by acclamation, which declared the persons of members of the Assembly sacred, and made it a capital crime to molest them.

These bold measures, supported as they were by popular demonstrations in Paris, intimidated the Court, which thought that the Commons would be silenced with as much ease as the old Parliaments had been by Beds of Justice, the coups d'état of the Bourbon monarchy, by which the Sovereign had often put down opposition in these feudal Assemblies. The King, when apprised of what had taken place, remarked, it is said, only, "Let them stay if they please." With his usual weakness, he allowed himself to float passively on the tide of events. Before this time a considerable number of the minor clergy had joined the Commons, and they were soon followed by the party in the Nobles which wished for reform, and even longed for change. The rest of the Order, however, still held aloof; but at last, at the request of Louis himself, they gave up an opposition that was becoming fruitless, and fell into the ranks of what had now been fully recognized as the National Assembly. This step, however, had been taken in order mainly to conceal arrangements by which the extreme Court party thought they would triumph and overawe the Commons they feared, yet despised.

On July 11, Necker, whose advice to convene the States-General had made him very popular, whatever his motives were, was dismissed; a ministry of soldiers and of reactionary nobles, either unknown or disliked, was set up, and the Assembly saw, not without alarm, that batteries were being constructed at Versailles, and heard that troops were approaching in thousands, and that an armed force of irresistible strength was being directed upon the capital. Rumor spread, too, that it had been said in the palace "that the best place for a mutinous Assembly was a garrison town, where it could

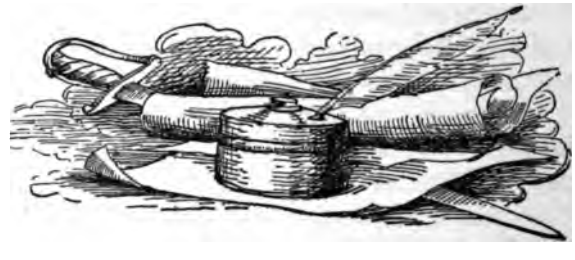
be kept under," and that the Queen had shown her children to noble officers, and had asked, "Could she rely on their swords?" and there was a report of what was described as "an orgie," in which ladies of honor had done strange things to enthral youthful dragoons and hussars.

This intelligence, magnified by a thousand tongues, quickened the already fiery excitement of Paris, and the flame soon rose into a conflagration. On July 12, proclamation was made "on the part of the King" to keep the peace, and presently soldiery with strange faces—the half-foreign German and Swiss regiments, of which there were several in the royal army—were seen occupying the central streets and chief squares of the great city. The sight caused terror and indignation; angry meetings were harangued in the gardens of the Palais Royal by passionate speakers, and a procession was formed carrying at its head busts of Necker and of the Duke of Orleans, whose largesses and opposition to the Court made him one of the idols of the lower populace. In a charge made to disperse this assemblage, the Germans cut down one or two men of the French Guards with a few unarmed persons, and the foreign uniforms were ere long seen in the avenues of the Tuileries, driving before them a scattering collection of citizens in flight.

These incidents, not in themselves momentous, proved the spark that reached the combustible mass, and fired it in a widespread explosion. A spirit of disaffection—the natural result of a brutal discipline and of harsh treatment—had shown itself in the French Guards, as, indeed, in other parts of the Army; and as it was very apparent in a body exposed to the allurements and mob speeches of Paris—for the Guards were part of the city garrison—the men had been lately confined to barracks. When the news arrived of the fate of their comrades, the Guards broke out and fired at the Germans, and the first example of military insubordination caused the dissolution of all military authority. Shouts of "Long live the Nation!" were heard from the quarters of regiments usually stationed in the capital; even the foreign troops were affected by the general contagion in a few hours, and sullenly declared that they would not shed blood, and the only resource left to

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the indignant officers was to withdraw the demoralized mass, and to beat a retreat. A thrill of exultation ran through Paris at the disappearance of the strange invaders, and power once dreaded having proved worthless, disorder and violence were let loose. During the night the city was wildly astir; the dark swarms of poverty and vice, which became afterwards the legions of the Reign of Terror, emerged in thousands from their wretched haunts, mingled here and there with less hideous groups, and shops were sacked and the great Town Hall invaded by these mobs to the cry of "Arms!" Next morning a provisional committee, composed of the chief men of the sixty districts into which Paris had been divided, took the rule of the capital into their hands, the old authorities having proved powerless, and an endeavor was made to give a kind of organization to the movement, and in some measure to direct and control it. The citizens were encouraged to form themselves into a militia of volunteers drawn from the districts; these bands were to wear in their cockades the Parisian colors of blue and red; and they were not only to find arms as best they could, but arms were liberally supplied to them. M. de Flesselles, head of the old Town Council, was made President of this Board; and, though the objects of the members varied, a general intention certainly prevailed to keep the insurrection within bounds. Such was the origin of the world-renowned Commune of Paris, and of the National Guard, names of deep significance in the Revolution.—W. O'CONNOR MORRIS.







ROBESPIERRE was the personification of the French Revolution, that bold attempt to reach heaven in one day, resulting for the time in making a hell on earth. Robespierre was its prophet, its expounder, its chief actor, and most justly its victim.

François Joseph Maximilien Isidore Robespierre was born at Arras in 1759. His father was of English origin, by profession an advocate, and though not rich, as few could be at a provincial bar, he was sufficiently well off to pay for the education of his children. François, therefore, was sent to Paris, and educated for the same profession, at the College of Louis le Grand, where Camille Desmoulins was his fellow-student. At the age of thirty he had already acquired a literary and professional celebrity in his native province, and possessed so much of the public confidence that he was sent as a deputy to the States-General. Like many others in that assembly whose names, in the course of the next five years, filled every mouth in Europe, Robespierre was unknown and unmarked as a man of any likelihood, and was destined to remain so until the popular applause had been exhausted by a Necker, a Lafayette, and a Mirabeau.

Robespierre was deeply read in the history of the Grecian and Roman republics, and next to his admiration for the examples set by the free states and heroes of antiquity, came that for the "Contrat Social" of Rousseau. These were the models according to which he had formed his ideal of a state, and whether a Mirabeau declaimed in the tribune, or a Necker

and a Roland contrived in the cabinet, he advanced stealthily, but with a deadly certainty, towards his object. During the early sittings of the States-General, he was the close observer of those who represented public opinion in that body, but said little himself; but when the discussion of the Constitution came on, he frequently occupied the tribune, and grew bolder in the expression of his republican sentiments as he found them acceptable to the people. Trial by jury, the enfranchisement of the slaves, the liberty of the press, the abolition of capital punishment, were among the special subjects advocated by him.

In the autumn of 1789 commenced the revolutionary journalism and the creation of clubs. The first of these clubs was the Bretons' Committee, which changed its name successively to "The French Revolution Club," "Club of the Friends of the Constitution," and "Jacobins' Club," so called from its meeting in the hall of a Jacobin convent; it was definitively formed on the 6th of October, 1789. Soon after it the Cordeliers, a still more violent body, led by Danton and Camille Desmoulins, was formed; and, in May, 1790, the "Club of Feuillants," which was intended to rally the Constitutionalists against the Jacobins. In one or other of these clubs all the characters who figured in the Reign of Terror rose to note, and most of the orators in the Constituent Assembly were in alliance with them. Chief of these was Mirabeau, who died suddenly in March, 1791, and with him expired the hopes of the court ever to come to an understanding with the people.

In June, the king and the royal family attempted to fly, and being arrested at Varennes, were brought back to Paris. This was Robespierre's opportunity. The people had lost their idol in Mirabeau, and were now in a state of the highest excitement and exasperation. Robespierre addressed the Assembly in the dispassionate and well-studied periods customary with him, and demonstrated by arguments drawn from antiquity and by quotations from the "Contrat Social," that the king was responsible to the people as their chief magistrate, intrusted with certain executive functions, but himself forming no part of the national representation.

In the same month of June, Robespierre had been appointed public accuser at the criminal tribunal of Paris, and he retained this office till April, 1792, when he resigned it in order to devote himself to the popular cause in the Jacobin Club. He studiously preserved himself free from all taint of violence or inconsistency, and yet acquired such influence in this body that he was named one of the new municipality after the insurrection of August, and in this capacity had to bewail the prison massacres.

From this time he took the place up to which he had steadily advanced from the beginning, as chief of the revolutionary movement, and he now began to hint that the Constitution was only a first step in the end to be achieved. Soon after, in September, 1791, that document was completed and formally accepted by the king; and, the day following, the first biennial parliament, or legislative assembly, met for business. This body was composed wholly of new members by the advice of Robespierre. He, himself, crowned with oak leaves, and seated in a carriage, from which the horses had been taken, was drawn through the streets by the enthusiastic people, who proclaimed him the "real defender of their rights." The next startling event was an accusation commenced against him by Barbaroux, who accused Robespierre of an attempt to concentrate the public authority in his own hands in the Paris municipality; this, however, ended in words. The fate of the king was then decided by the majority. Robespierre said but little, but his words were, as usual, cold and decisive; there was no rational doubt that the king must die, though he said it with regret, in order that the republic might live. The temper and policy of Robespierre was that of logic incarnate, and the lives of men, or of thousands of men, were admitted into his balance of probabilities as so many figures in a mathematical problem. The fate of the king and the other members of the royal family hardly required the acceleration given it by his hand; the real struggle for him, as he felt conscious, was with the two great parties who would resist the Dictatorship at which he was determined to arrive; these were the Girondins and the Montagnards, or Mountain, so called because they occupied

the most elevated seats in the hall of the Assembly. The former included nearly all the respectability, talent, and eloquence of France; and the latter was marked by atheism and immorality. Robespierre's calculation of means was admirably ingenious; but it was still such as the circumstances dictated. The most scrupulous were to be sacrificed first, by aid of those less so; the effect of which would be to throw all the odium of the Terror upon the last and worst class, whom the dictator would then, in the face of the admiring world, vanquish himself.

The struggle with the Girondins was terminated by the proscriptions of the 31st of May and 2d of June, 1793; the Dantonists fell with their chief on the 5th of April, 1794; and there now remained the vile faction of Hébert and Chaumette. The critical period was the 27th of July, 1794. A month previous Robespierre had withdrawn from the Committee of Public Safety, and completely isolated himself from the men he had doomed to destruction; in this interval the committees of death had grown more insatiate of blood daily. In a speech of remarkable daring Robespierre apostrophized the men of violence, and, as he well knew, staked his life upon the issue of it in the Convention. The conspiracy against him in that body instantly betrayed itself, and he proceeded to the club of the Jacobins. Their enthusiasm was immense, and they urged him to arrest the committees and march upon the Convention. This, however, he refused to do. The next day he repeated his visit to the national representatives, and was arrested by that body in the midst of a tumultuous scene. The younger Robespierre, Lebas, Saint Just, and Couthon, stood by him nobly, and became his fellow-prisoners. There might now have been a fierce struggle; but Henriot, mad with drunkenness, who should have headed the troops of the municipality, was arrested by the officers of the Convention at the very moment when the prisoners were released and conveyed to the Hotel de Ville.

Robespierre remained passive, and refusing to lend his sanction by word or gesture to any illegal act against the Convention, was seized again by the soldiers of Barras. Here, it has been said, Robespierre attempted to destroy

himself, and was found with his jaw shot through; it is now proved, however, that it was the cowardly act of his enemies as they entered the room to effect the arrest. He spoke no word and betrayed no emotion after his arrest, though he was subjected to every conceivable indignity and insult. The formalities at the bar of Fouquier Tinville were soon gone through, and Robespierre and his party were conveyed to the place of execution. Before the knife was loosened, the executioners pulled off the bandage from Robespierre's face, in order to prevent the linen from deadening the blow of the axe. The agony occasioned by this drew forth a cry from the wretched sufferer that was heard on the opposite side of the Place de la Revolution. A silence followed like that of the grave—the guillotine fell, and the head of Robespierre rolled into the basket. The crowd held their breath for some seconds, and then burst into a loud cheering. It was the second day only after Robespierre had made his last desperate effort for the Republic in the National Convention, July 28th, 1794.

Robespierre was a man formed by study of remote ideals and classic models. His sentiments were fashioned as of cold, polished steel; his sense of abstract justice, perhaps warm from the heart in early youth, had hardened into a bright, incorruptible, rigid, relentless insensibility. He had subjugated his whole nature to a stern logic, working by a mathematical rule, and resolving to extract the symmetrical order of his dreams out of the elements around him, regardless of human sentiment or suffering. By the strange irony of fate this man whose professed ideal was a sublime philanthropy and virtue far beyond the reach of mortals, has become in history the monster of horrid cruelty, "who shut the gates of mercy on mankind," the man who must be destroyed if the human race was to be saved.

The Hypocrite Unmasked.

"Alone, or nearly alone, I do not allow myself to be corrupted; alone, or nearly alone, I do not compromise the right; which two merits I possess in the highest degree. A few others may live correctly, but they oppose or betray princi-

ples; a few others profess to have principles, but they do not live correctly. No one else leads so pure a life or is so loyal to principles; no one else joins to so fervent a worship of truth so strict a practice of virtue; I am the unique." What can be more agreeable than this mute soliloquy? It is gently heard the first day in Robespierre's address to the Third Estate of Arras; it is uttered aloud the last day in his great speech in the Convention; during the interval, it crops out and shines through all his compositions, harangues, or reports, in exordiums, parentheses, and perorations, permeating every sentence like the drone of a bagpipe. In three years a chorus of a thousand voices, which he formed and led indefatigably, rehearses to him in unison his own litany, his most sacred creed, the hymn of three stanzas composed by him in his own honor, and which he daily recites to himself in a low tone of voice, and often in a loud one: "Robespierre alone has discovered the ideal citizen! Robespierre alone attains to it without exaggeration or shortcomings! Robespierre alone is worthy of and able to lead the revolution!" Cool infatuation carried thus far is equivalent to a raging fever, and Robespierre almost attains to the ideas and the ravings of Marat.

First, in his own eyes, he, like Marat, is a persecuted man, and, like Marat, he poses himself as a "martyr," but more skillfully and keeping within bounds, affecting the resigned and tender air of an innocent victim, who, offering himself as a sacrifice, ascends to heaven, bequeathing to mankind the imperishable souvenir of his virtues. "I excite against me the self-love of everybody; I sharpen against me a thousand daggers. I am a sacrifice to every species of hatred. . . . To the enemies of my country, to whom my existence seems an obstacle to their heinous plots, I am ready to sacrifice it, if their odious empire is to endure; . . . let their road to the scaffold be the pathway of crime, ours shall be that of virtue; let the hemlock be got ready for me, I await it on this hallowed spot. I shall at least bequeath to my country an example of constant affection for it, and to the enemies of humanity the disgrace of my death."

Naturally, as always with Marat, he sees around him only "evil-doers," "intriguers," and "traitors." Naturally, as

with Marat, common sense with him is perverted, and, like Marat again, he thinks at random. "I am not obliged to reflect," said he to Garat, "I always rely on first impressions." "For him," says the same authority, "the best reasons are suspicions," and naught makes headway against suspicions, not even the most positive evidence.

Such assurance, equal to that of Marat, is terrible and worse in its effect, for Robespierre's list of conspirators is longer than that of Marat. Political and social, in Marat's mind, the list comprehends only aristocrats and the rich; theological and moral in Robespierre's mind, it comprehends all atheists and dishonest persons—that is to say, nearly the whole of his party. In this narrow mind, given up to abstractions, and habitually classifying men under two opposite headings, whoever is not with him on the good side is against him on the bad side, and, on the bad side, the common understanding between the factions of every flag and the rogues of every degree is natural. Add all this vermin to that which Marat seeks to crush out; it is no longer by hundreds of thousands, but by millions, exclaim Baudot, Jean Bon St. André, and Geoffroy, that the guilty must be counted and heads laid low! And all these heads, Robespierre, according to his maxims, must strike off. He is well aware of this; hostile as his intellect may be to precise ideas, he, when alone in his closet, face to face with himself, sees clearly, as clearly as Marat.

Marat's chimera, on first spreading out its wings, bore its frenzied rider swiftly onward to the charnel house; that of Robespierre, fluttering and hobbling along, reaches the goal in its turn; in its turn, it demands something to feed on, and the rhetorician, the professor of principles, begins to calculate the voracity of the monstrous brute on which he is mounted. Slower than the other, this one is still more ravenous, for with similar claws and teeth, it has a vaster appetite. At the end of three years Robespierre has overtaken Marat, at the extreme point reached by Marat at the outset, and the theorist adopts the policy, the aim, the means, the work, and almost the vocabulary of the maniac; armed dictatorship of the urban mob, systematic maddening of the subsidized populace, war against

the bourgeoisie, extermination of the rich, proscription of opposition writers, administrators and deputies.

Both monsters demand the same food; only, Robespierre adds "vicious men" to the ration of his monster, by way of extra and preferable game. Henceforth, he may in vain abstain from action, take refuge in his rhetoric, stop his chaste ears, and raise his hypocritical eyes to heaven; he cannot avoid seeing or hearing under his immaculate feet the streaming gore, and the bones crashing in the open jaws of the insatiable monster which he has fashioned and on which he prances. Destructive instincts, long repressed by civilization, thus devoted to butchery, become aroused. His feline physiognomy, at first "that of a domestic cat, restless but mild, changes into the savage mien of the wild-cat, and next to the ferocious mien of the tiger. In the Constituent Assembly he speaks with a whine; in the convention he froths at the mouth." The monotonous drone of a stiff sub-professor changes into the personal accent of furious passion; he hisses and grinds his teeth; sometimes, on a change of scene, he affects to shed tears.

But his wildest outbursts are less alarming than his affected sensibility. The festering grudges, corrosive envies, and bitter schemings which have accumulated in his breast are astonishing. The gall vessels are full, and the extravasated gall overflows on the dead. He never tires of re-executing his guillotined adversaries, the Girondists, Chaumette, Hébert, and especially Danton, probably because Danton was the active agent in the revolution of which he was simply the incapable pedagogue; he vents his posthumous hatred on this still warm corpse in artful insinuations and obvious misrepresentations. Thus, inwardly corroded by the venom it distills, his physical machine gets out of order, like that of Marat, but with other symptoms. When speaking in the tribune, "his hands crisp with a sort of nervous contraction;" sudden tremors agitate "his shoulders and neck, shaking him convulsively to and fro." "His bilious complexion becomes livid," his eyelids quiver under his spectacles, and how he looks! "Ah," said a Montagnard, "you would have voted as we did on the 9th of Thermidor, had you seen his green

eyeballs!" "Physically as well as morally," he becomes a second Marat, suffering all the more because his delirium is not steady, and because his policy, being a moral one, forces him to exterminate on a grander scale.

But he is a discreet Marat, of a timid temperament, anxious, keeping his thoughts to himself, made for a schoolmaster or a pleader; but not for taking the lead or for governing, always acting hesitatingly, and ambitious to be rather the Pope, than the dictator of the revolution. He would prefer to remain a political Grandison; he keeps the mask on to the very last, not only to the public and to others, but to himself and in his inmost conscience. The mask, indeed, has adhered to his skin; he can no longer distinguish one from the other; never did impostor more carefully conceal intentions and acts under sophisms, and persuade himself that the mask was his face, and that in telling a lie, he told the truth.

When nature and history combine to produce a character, they succeed better than even man's imagination. Neither Molière in his "Tartuffe," nor Shakespeare in his "Richard III.," dared bring on the stage a hypocrite believing himself sincere, and a Cain that regarded himself as an Abel.

—H. A. TAINE.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH THE KING?

(Part of Robespierre's Address in the National Assembly).

To what punishment shall we condemn Louis Capet? "The punishment of death is too cruel," says one. "No," says another, "life is more cruel still; let him live." Advocates of the king, is it from pity or from cruelty that you wish to withdraw him from the penalty of his crimes? For my part, I abhor the punishment of death, inflicted so unsparingly by your laws, and I have for Louis neither love nor hatred; I hate only his crimes. I asked for the abolition of the punishment of death in the Assembly which you still call Constituent, and it is not my fault if the first principles of reason appeared to it moral and political heresies; but, if you never thought of renouncing them in favor of so many unfortunate men, whose offenses are less theirs than those of the govern-

ment, by what fatality do you remember them only to plead the cause of the greatest of all criminals?

You demand an exception to the punishment of death for him alone who can render it legitimate! Yes, the punishment of death, in general, is a crime; and, for this reason alone, that, according to the indestructible principles of nature, it can be justified only in the cases where it is necessary for the security of individuals or of society. Now, the public security never calls for it against ordinary offenses, because society can always prevent them by other means, and put it out of the power of the guilty to be dangerous; but a dethroned king in the bosom of a revolution, which is nothing less than cemented by laws,—a king whose name alone brings down the plague of war upon the agitated nation,—neither imprisonment nor exile can render his existence a matter of indifference to the public welfare; and this cruel exception to ordinary laws, which justice avows, can only be imputed to the nature of his crimes. I pronounce with regret this fatal truth; but Louis must die, because the country must live. A people at peace, free and respected within and without, might listen to the advice which is given you to be generous; but a people whose liberty is still disputed, after so many sacrifices and combats, cannot afford to do so.



RICHARD HENRY LEE.



RICHARD HENRY LEE, who made the first motion in Congress for American Independence, was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, on the 20th of January, 1732. He was the son of Thomas Lee, and his ancestors were among the early settlers of the Old Dominion, and were prominent in directing the destiny of the Colony. Richard Henry, being sent to England to be educated, entered an academy at Wakefield, in Yorkshire. When his education was finished, he made a tour of England and returned to Virginia a distinguished scholar and an accomplished gentleman.

Lee's first public act was in raising a company of men and tendering his services to General Braddock, who, underestimating the value of colonial aid, declined the offer. The British commander's fate is a matter of history. In 1757 Lee was appointed a justice of the peace and president of the Court. When elected to the House of Burgesses he, at first, took very little part in debate, being retarded by an almost unconquerable diffidence. It was not until he warmed up on a subject that his full power of elocution showed itself. He strongly opposed the party who were endeavoring to stop the passage of a measure which proposed to place an almost pro-

hibitory duty on the importation of slaves. In burning eloquence he pointed out the evils of the human traffic until his opponents trembled as they listened. His brilliant speech was loudly applauded, but his philanthropic views were voted down by the friends of the crown.

When Charles Townshend laid before the British House of Commons the odious plan of extending the taxation in the American Colonies, Mr. Lee was among the first to sound the alarm. He furnished his friends in London with a list of arguments sufficient to convince every reasonable man of the injustice and impolicy of the measure. In 1765 he aided Patrick Henry in his bold resolutions against the Stamp Act, by eloquent and unanswerable logic. Lee's pen was also not idle; his keen, patriotic, pungent essays had a salutary influence upon the public mind. According to the public documents of that eventful era, Lee was the first man who proposed the independence of the Colonies. In a letter addressed to John Dickinson, dated July 25, 1768, he writes proposing upon all seasonable occasions to impress upon the minds of the people the necessity of a struggle with Great Britain "for the ultimate establishment of independence—that private correspondence should be conducted by the lovers of liberty in every province." Dickinson, however, inclined so much the other way that his fame has been tarnished.

In 1773, as a member of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, Lee proposed the formation of that famous "Committee of Correspondence" whose investigations and appeals roused, not only the heart of Virginia, but of the whole country. In 1774 Lee took part in the First Continental Congress, and was chairman of the committee to prepare addresses to the king, the people of England, and the colonies. The last address was from his pen. In 1775 he was unanimously elected to the Virginia Legislature. In 1776 he was again a member of Congress and found the fitting opportunity to introduce that famous resolution, "That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown; and that all political connection between them and Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

This resolution he enforced by one of the most brilliant and powerful displays of refined and forcible eloquence ever exhibited in this country. When the committee to draft the Declaration of Independence was appointed, Lee was unfortunately in Virginia, having been called thither on account of the sudden illness of some member of his family, and thus Jefferson was placed at the head of that committee, which honor belonged of right to Lee, as the mover of the resolution.

Whilst Lee was in Virginia, the British authorities attempted to arrest him in his own house; but it so happened that at that time he was visiting a friend, and he thus escaped. He returned, in August, to Congress, and his name adorns that glorious state paper, the "Declaration of Independence." He remained at his post till 1777, when he returned to Virginia to confute the silly slander charging him with unfaithfulness to the American cause in consequence of having received rents in produce instead of Continental money. He was honorably acquitted by the Assembly and received a vote of thanks from that body for his fidelity and industry in the cause of freedom. He continued to serve in Congress until 1780. Entrusted with the command of the militia of his native county, he proved himself as competent to lead men in action as to command an audience by his powerful eloquence.

Lee was again elected to Congress in 1784, and chosen president of that body. He was a member of the convention that framed the Federal Constitution, and took a deep interest in its formation, yet opposed its ratification by Virginia. He was, however, a United States Senator in the first Congress that convened under it. He was obliged to retire from public life, on account of ill-health. The Senate passed a most flattering resolution of thanks to him for his numerous valuable services to his country, 22d of October, 1792. At Chantilly, in his native county, he spent the remaining two years of his life in peace and happiness. He died on the 19th of June, 1794, at the age of sixty-two.

Richard Henry Lee was an accomplished scholar, statesman and orator. On account of his refined and logical mode

of reasoning he has been called the Cicero of America. His stern integrity, untarnished virtue, and lofty patriotism, will ever command sincere respect and admiration.

The Advocate of Independence.

Mr. Lee had been an avowed advocate of independence, and spoke with great confidence of the event of a contest. His speeches in the Assembly, and to the people of Westmoreland; his conversation among all classes of people in Virginia; his opinions strongly and eloquently enforced in his intercourse with the public men of that State, all conspired to prepare, and at length to determine his countrymen of Virginia, to declare that Colony free and independent. On the 17th of May, 1776, the convention which had assembled on the sixth instant, unanimously resolved, "that the delegates appointed to represent this Colony in the General Congress, be instructed to propose to that respectable body, to declare the United Colonies free and independent States, absolved from all allegiance to, or dependence upon, the crown or Parliament of Great Britain; and to support whatever measures may be thought proper and necessary by the Congress for forming foreign alliances, and a confederation of the Colonies, at such time and in such manner, as to them may seem best—provided, that the power of forming governments for, and the regulations of the internal concerns of each colony, be left to the respective colonial legislatures." The convention proceeded to the establishment of a regular independent government.

The Continental Congress being the point of union, and the organ of efficient opposition, attracted the anxious attention of the British ministry. They watched that body with earnest attention, and in terms of haughty vengeance denounced its proceedings. They considered it the focus, to which all the heat and temerity of rebellion tended, and from which they were reflected with ten-fold intensity and power. The proceedings of the colonial assemblies and conventions had ceased to occupy their thoughts since the Congress multiplied all their apprehensions. The raising of an army, and the appointment of a Commander-in-chief with every military

power, had appeared but as the presumption of ill-advised and deluded rebels, who yet might be alarmed, or soothed into submission. But neither the ministry nor the people of Great Britain had ever entertained the apprehension that the Colonies would dare to aspire to independence. It was to be expected, therefore, that a declaration of independence would excite the astonishment of the latter, and the fiercest indignation of the former. It was then not without reason apprehended, that the person who should propose that the Colonies be declared independent, would be marked out as that daring rebel, whose spirit should be quenched, and whose condign punishment should be made a terrible warning.

Amidst the hesitation of some Colonies, the foreseen opposition of many able men of the Congress, the malice of the Tories, the perils of war with its unknown issues, and the vengeance of the ministry, Richard Henry Lee moved the resolution (in these his own words): "That these United Colonies are, and of right, ought to be, free and independent States; and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

The convention of Virginia had instructed her delegates in Congress to propose to that body to declare the Colonies independent. As soon as the instructions arrived, they appointed Mr. Lee to move a resolution conformably to it. The opinions and wishes of Mr. Lee were well known to them, the boldness and decision of his character were suited to the crisis. His eloquence and political information peculiarly fitted him for the discussions, which it was anticipated, would follow the motion.

That it was the opinion of Congress, that the member who made the first motion on the subject of independence, would certainly be exposed to personal and imminent danger, may be inferred from the manner in which that motion is entered on the Journal. In the Journal of Friday, June the seventh, it is thus stated, "Certain resolutions respecting independence being moved and seconded, *Resolved*, that the consideration of them be deferred until to-morrow morning; and that the members be enjoined to attend punctually at ten o'clock, in order to take the same into their consideration." The reader

will see that neither the name of him who moved the resolutions, nor of him who seconded them, is mentioned. Richard Henry Lee moved, and John Adams seconded them. The long debates which followed (from the 7th of June to the 4th of July), show that the measure proposed by the resolution was considered one of fearful hazard and awful responsibility.

On the eighth, the Congress resolved itself into a committee of the whole, to take into consideration the resolutions respecting independence; and after some time the president resumed the chair, and Mr. Harrison reported, that "the committee having taken into consideration the matter to them referred, but not having come to any resolutions, they directed him to move for leave to sit again on Monday." It was also resolved, "that the Congress will, on Monday next, at ten o'clock, resolve themselves into a committee of the whole, to take into further consideration the resolutions referred to them."

On Monday, June 10th, the order of the day being before the house, the Congress resolved itself into a committee of the whole, "to take into further consideration the resolution to them referred." After several hours had been spent in debate, the president resumed the chair, and the chairman of the committee reported a resolution thereon. The resolution agreed to, in the committee of the whole Congress, being read, it was resolved, "That the consideration of the *first resolution be postponed* to the first Monday in July next, and in the meanwhile, that no time be lost, *in case the Congress agree thereto*, a committee be appointed to prepare a declaration, to the effect of the first resolution, which is in these words, to wit: 'That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; and that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown; and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is, and ought to be, totally dissolved.'"

The resolution was opposed by no one, as impolitic and improper at *all times*, but as imprudent at *that time*. Some of the arguments against its present adoption were, the want of money, munitions of war, of disciplined and efficient

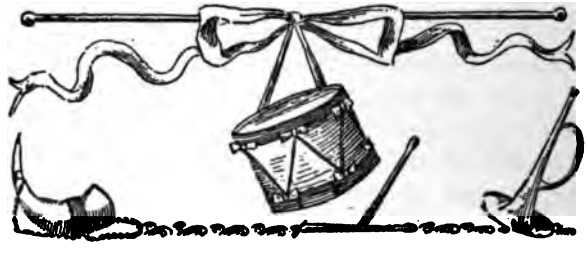
armies, on the part of the Colonies; the seeming tardiness of several Colonies in declaring their wishes on the subject; the power and strength of Britain, by sea and land; and the yet unknown course of foreign governments, during the contest which would follow. Many able and virtuous patriots urged these and similar topics, with great force.

The leading advocate of immediate adoption was R. H. Lee. Tradition still relates, that he prefaced his motion with a speech, which was the effort of a mind of transcendent powers. He reviewed, in accurate and luminous detail, the rights of the Colonies, and the violations of those rights by the mother country. He stated the resources of the Colonies, and the advantages they would derive from union amongst themselves; the extent of their territory, and its capacity of defence, with a fullness of knowledge which was at once striking and wonderful. He dwelt upon the probable conduct of the Continental powers, especially of France and Spain, with almost prophetic foresight, and demonstrated, with the skill and ability of a profound statesman, their policy in the event of a separation from Great Britain. He continued, during the debate, from the seventh to the tenth, to urge every topic, which his acute and well-stored mind could conceive, in support of his motion. He addressed, in splendid and persuasive eloquence, every patriotic and noble passion which could be felt by freemen; and in rich declamation, adorned by the finest allusions of classic story, portrayed the beauties of liberty, with her train of blessings, law, science, and glory.

Memory has preserved a faint outline of his first speech, and pronounces the following, as the concluding sentences, with which he introduced his memorable motion: "Why then, sir, do we longer delay? Why still deliberate? Let this happy day give birth to an American republic! Let her arise, not to devastate and conquer, but to re-establish the reign of peace and of law. The eyes of Europe are fixed upon us; she demands of us a living example of freedom, that may exhibit a contrast, in the felicity of the citizen, to the ever-increasing tyranny which desolates her polluted shores. She invites us to prepare an asylum, where the

unhappy may find solace, and the persecuted repose. She entreats us to cultivate a propitious soil, where that generous plant, which first sprung and grew in England, but is now withered by the poisonous blasts of Scottish tyranny, may revive and flourish, sheltering under its salubrious and interminable shade, all the unfortunate of the human race. If we are not this day wanting in our duty to our country, the names of the American legislators of 1776 will be placed by posterity at the side of those of Theseus, of Lycurgus, of Romulus, of Numa, of the three Williams of Nassau, and of all those whose memory has been, and forever will be, dear to virtuous men and good citizens."

On the evening of the tenth, Mr. Lee received, by express from Virginia, the distressing intelligence that his lady was dangerously ill. This circumstance compelled him to ask leave of absence for a short time. He left Philadelphia on the eleventh; and on that day a committee of five members were chosen to draught a declaration of independence. The members were Messrs. Jefferson, J. Adams, Franklin, Sherman, and R. R. Livingston. The absence of Mr. Lee alone deprived him of the honor of being chairman of the committee to draw a declaration of independence, according to the uniform rule in all deliberative bodies, to appoint that member chairman of the committee, which is selected to report on any motion which he has made, and which has been adopted.—R. H. LEE.



ROBERT MORRIS.



ROBERT MORRIS, the eminent financier of the American Revolution, was born at Liverpool, England, January 20, 1734. His father was a merchant, engaged in the tobacco trade with this country. The nature of his business necessitated frequent trips across the Atlantic; and on one of these occasions he brought with him his son Robert, then in his thirteenth year. He had received, in England, an elementary education; but, with a view to render it complete, his father placed him under the tutorship of the Rev. Mr. Gordon, of Maryland.

Soon after the death of his father, Robert entered the counting-house of Charles Willing, a distinguished merchant of Philadelphia. After serving an apprenticeship with this firm, his patron established him in business, in conjunction with his son, Thomas Willing. Robert, in making a business trip to the West Indies, was captured by the French, and received from their hands most cruel treatment. Having managed to secure his release, he returned once more to his business in Philadelphia. Under the supervision of Robert Morris the firm rose to the summit of commercial reputation. Their enterprise and credit have seldom been equalled.

Although against his personal interests, Morris warmly opposed the Stamp Act, and signed the Non-importation Agreement of 1765. In the same year, he was elected as a member of Congress from Pennsylvania. He continued vigorously to uphold the rights of the colonists against the encroachments of the British Parliament. In 1776 he voted,

on the 1st of July, against the Declaration of Independence, thinking that the time for such a manifesto had not arrived. When, however, he found that the Declaration was adopted, he readily signed it, and supported the war measures necessary to establish it. In 1780 General Greene was in such distress in South Carolina, that he found it almost impossible to keep his troops together: a gentleman of that State named Hall came forward and advanced the necessary sums to enable him to stem the danger. It was afterwards discovered that Hall had acted simply as the agent of Robert Morris.

When the office of Financier was, in 1781, established by Congress, Morris was elected to fill that important place. One of his first acts was to organize a national bank, the capital to be subscribed by private individuals. The Bank of North America was thus founded, he himself investing $10,000 in the institution. It was incorporated on the last day of 1781, and opened on the 7th of January, 1782. The State at this time was half a million dollars in debt. Morris, by restoring the credit of the nation and exercising proper economy, reduced the expenses of the war from $18,000,000 to about $5,000,000 per annum. He continued to superintend the finance department until September 30, 1784, when he resigned the office, pledging himself to meet all outstanding notes as they became due.

He sat in the first United States Senate, being elected as a member in 1788, and he kept his seat until 1795. His long continuance in the service of his country had caused great confusion in his private affairs. This reason he gave as an excuse to the city of Philadelphia when he declined its request to represent it in Congress. He had engaged largely in land speculations, and now lost his fortune. Thrown into the debtors' prison, the man who had saved his country by freely pledging his personal credit for army supplies to the amount of $1,400,000, languished for several years. He died on the 8th of May, 1806.

Robert Morris was a noble patriot, unselfish, sincere; in all his actions for his country's good, the native generosity of his mind constantly exhibited itself. "Like the Roman Curtius, he sacrificed himself for the safety of the Commonwealth."

The Sinews of War.

The American force with which the campaign of 1781 was opened, fell so far short of that on which the calculations had been made when the plan of operations was concerted at Wethersfield, as to excite serious doubts respecting the propriety of adhering to that plan. For this deficiency of men on the part of the States, some compensation was made by the arrival of a reinforcement of 1500 men to the army of Rochambeau under convoy of a fifty-gun frigate.

To supply even this army regularly with provisions, required exertions much greater than had ever been made since the system of requisition had been substituted for that of purchasing. The hope of terminating the war, in a great measure, produced these exertions. The legislatures of the New England States, from which country flesh, spirits and salt were to be drawn, took up the subject in earnest, and passed resolutions for the necessary supplies. In order to secure the co-operation of all, a convention of delegates from those States assembled at Providence, and agreed upon the quotas to be furnished by them, respectively, each month, throughout the campaign. But until these resolutions could be executed, the embarrassments of the army continued; and, for some time after the troops had taken the field, there was reason to apprehend, either that the great objects of the campaign must be relinquished for want of provisions, or that coercive means must still be used.

New England not furnishing flour, this important article was to be drawn from New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The first two mentioned States having been for a long time the theatre of war, and the system of impressment having fallen heavily on them, were much exhausted; and the applications to Pennsylvania did not promise to be very successful. On the subject of a supply of flour, therefore, serious fears existed. These were in a considerable degree removed, by the activity and exertions of an individual.

The management of the finances, a duty at all times intricate and difficult, but peculiarly so in the United States, at a period when without energy in government, funds were to be

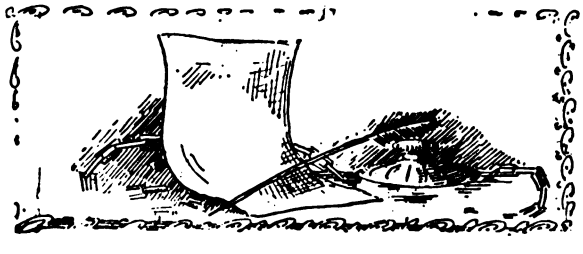
created, and a ruined credit restored, had been lately committed to Mr. Robert Morris, a delegate to Congress from the State of Pennsylvania. This gentleman, who had been very active in establishing the bank in Philadelphia, united considerable political talents with a degree of mercantile enterprise, information and credit, seldom equalled in any country. He had accepted this arduous appointment on the condition of being allowed the year 1781 to make his arrangements: during which time the department should be conducted by those already employed, and with the resources which government could command. But the critical state of public affairs, and the pressing wants of the army, obliged him to change his original resolution, and to enter immediately on the duties of his office. The occasion required that he should bring his private credit in aid of the public resources, and pledge himself personally and extensively for articles of the most absolute necessity which could not be otherwise obtained. Condemning the system of violence and of legal fraud which had too long been practiced, as being calculated to defeat its own object, he sought the gradual restoration of confidence, by the only means which could restore it,—a punctual and faithful compliance with the engagements he should make. Herculean as was this task in the existing derangement of the American finances, he entered upon it with courage, and if not completely successful, certainly did more than could have been supposed practicable with the means placed in his hands. To him, in no inconsiderable degree, it is to be attributed, that the very active and decisive operations of the campaign of 1781 were not impeded, perhaps entirely defeated, by a total failure of the means for transporting military stores and feeding the army.

On determining to undertake the management of the American finances, he laid before Congress the plan of a national bank, the capital of which was to consist of four hundred thousand dollars, to be made up by individual subscription. It was to be incorporated by government, and to be subject to the inspection of the superintendent of the finances, who was at all times to have access to the books. Their notes were to be receivable as specie, from the respec-

tive States, into the treasury of the United States. This beneficial and necessary institution received the full approbation of Congress; and the subscribers were on the last day of the present year, incorporated by an ordinance made for that purpose.

This measure was of great importance to the future operations of the army, as it enabled the superintendent of the finances to use, by anticipation, the funds of the nation; a power of infinite value when prudently and judiciously exercised. But a contract entered into by him with the State of Pennsylvania was of more immediate utility.

It will be recollected that the army was principally to rely on that State for a supply of flour, and that there was reason to apprehend a continuance of the most distressing disappointments in this essential article. After having relieved the wants of the moment by his private credit, Mr. Morris proposed to take on himself the task of complying with all the specific requisitions made by Congress on Pennsylvania for the present year, on receiving as a reimbursement, the taxes imposed by a law just enacted. This proposition being accepted, the contract was made; and in consequence of it, supplies which the government found itself incapable of furnishing, were raised by an individual.—J. MARSHALL.







AMONG the earliest of the colonial settlers of New England, was a family named Adams. The name of one of this family appears on the charter of Charles the First, granted to the London Company. From this ancestor was descended John Adams, the Revolutionary patriot, who became second President of the United States.

John Adams was born October 19th, 1735, in Braintree, on the south shore of Boston harbor. His father, who bore the same Christian name, was one of the small farmers who got a living out of the rugged New England soil. His mother was Susanna, daughter of Peter Boylston, and niece of Dr. Zabdiel Boylston, who first introduced inoculation for the small-pox in British dominions. John Adams, having received his elementary education from Mr. Marsh, a schoolmaster of Braintree, was admitted, at the age of sixteen, as a student at Harvard University, and graduated Bachelor of Arts in 1755. He had intended to study for the ministry, but the orthodox teaching of that day drove him from the profession of divinity. Leaving Harvard, he immediately took charge of the grammar school at Worcester.

At this time, France and Great Britain were struggling for the mastery of North America. Braddock's defeat and death made politics the speculation of every mind. After a year's work at the grammar school, John Adams determined to commence the study of law, and entered the office of

Colonel James Putnam, at Worcester. On November 6, 1758, "he was recommended to the court for the oath, and shook hands with the Bar." He opened a law office in his native town, and commenced practice. On October 25, 1764, he wedded Abigail Smith, the young daughter of a Weymouth clergyman, who made a most excellent wife.

In 1765 an act was passed in the British Houses of Parliament to tax certain papers and parchments used in America. The reason given was the heavy expenditure of England in defence of the Colonies against the French. The colonists replied that as they had no member in the British Parliament, they would pay no such taxes, and would buy no stamped paper. They had raised and sent their own troops to the war, and had thus borne their share of the expense. John Adams was from the beginning, one of the most outspoken and insistent opponents of the Stamp Act. Before a literary circle in Boston, he read a short paper on the Feudal and Canon Law. It attracted notice, and was re-published in London. "For the profession of the law," says his grandson, "John Adams had been pre-eminently gifted with the endowments of nature; a sound constitution of body, a clear and sonorous voice, a quick conception, a discriminating judgment, a ready execution." In 1768 he removed to Boston as a better field for his abilities.

The resignation of the Commissioner of Stamps had led to the closing of the Superior Court, of which Hutchinson was Chief Justice, much to the grievance of suitors and their counsel. At a town meeting in Boston, John Adams, together with James Otis and Jeremiah Gridley, was selected to present the case before the Governor and his council. The Governor reserved his decision, and just then the Stamp Act was repealed. But the occasion exercised an important influence on Adams' subsequent career. It was his introduction to the patriotic forum, and from that time he became something more than a lawyer adjusting individual rights. About this time, efforts were made to detach him from the patriotic side. The Attorney-General of the province, a Crown officer, tendered him the post of Advocate-General to the Court of Admiralty. He considered this offer too much like a bribe,

and promptly declined it. The British cabinet had resigned on the repeal of the Stamp Act, and the Duke of Grafton, and Pitt, now Earl of Chatham, were called to the office. In spite of the warnings of the latter statesman, new taxes on tea, lead, glass, paper, etc., were levied on America. Although the repeal of the Stamp Act had somewhat quieted the storm which its passage had aroused, that fatal measure had a lasting influence on the old traditional sentiment of loyalty to Great Britain.

In 1770 Adams, in conjunction with Josiah Quincy, Jr., was selected as counsel for Captain Preston and the soldiers who had fired the fatal shots in the so-called "Boston Massacre," which had made the presence of English soldiers insupportable to the American people. It seems that Adams and Quincy were retained by the suggestion of Hutchinson, for the reason that they were the most prominent of the lawyers who opposed the government policy. This selection was judicious; inasmuch as the people had faith in John Adams, whom they knew to hold popular opinions. Neither he nor his younger colleague refused the duty thrust upon them, though it might prove dangerous to their reputation and prospects. Captain Preston and six of the soldiers were discharged. The other two were convicted of manslaughter. By craving benefit of clergy, their punishment was commuted to burning in the hand. The immediate result was not unfavorable to John Adams, for during the trial he had increased his former professional reputation, and the cooler judgment of the people distinguished between the duty of the lawyer and the sentiments of the man.

Within two months after the trial of the soldiers, he received a new testimonial of the favor and confidence of his fellow-townsmen by their election of him as one of their representatives in the General Court or Colonial Legislature. In this body the conflict of principles between the absolute authority of the mother country and British colonial liberty was pertinaciously maintained. In 1772, having removed back to Braintree, he ceased to represent Boston in the Legislature. In 1774 he was elected one of the members from the Colony of Massachusetts Bay to the Continental Congress in

Philadelphia. Before setting out to take his seat in that body, he wrote "Vapors, avaunt! I will do my duty and leave the event. If I have the approbation of my own mind, whether applauded or censured, blessed or cursed by the world, I shall not be unhappy." So imbued was Adams with the necessity of independence, that he insisted on it in the Congress. So advanced was he in his opinions, that he shocked the loyal and terrified the timid of his countrymen. Ready and strong in debate, uncompromising in support of his propositions, rather hasty in temper, he urged with a restless energy the importance of the step. When open hostilities began in the spring of 1775, Adams secured the appointment of George Washington as commander-in-chief of the Continental Army.

On the 11th of June, 1776, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman and Robert R. Livingston were appointed a committee to prepare the Declaration of Independence. Thomas Jefferson drafted this greatest state paper of American history; Franklin and Adams made a few alterations. The debate was resumed on July the 1st. On this occasion Adams made a great speech, no record of which now remains; but Webster has reproduced its substance. On the 4th of July the Declaration was finally adopted. After the passing of the Declaration, John Adams was chosen President of the Board of War. He was a member of no less than ninety committees, and was chairman of twenty-five.

Adams' service in Congress continued until 1777, when he was chosen in November, by that body, a joint commissioner with Franklin and Deane at the Court of France. He embarked for that country on the 13th of February, 1778, and after a forty-five days' passage, landed at Bourdeaux. Between his appointment and his arrival in France, the independence of the United States had been recognized by that country, and treaties of commerce and alliance concluded between the two nations. Congress, following Adams' advice, now appointed a single minister plenipotentiary to the Court of France. Dr. Benjamin Franklin was chosen.

John Adams, thus left idle, wrote to his wife, "I cannot

eat pensions and sinecures: they would stick in my throat." Without waiting for a letter of recall, he returned in the summer of 1779 to America. The first French minister to the United States sailed on the same vessel with him.

Adams soon received from Congress a new commission for the negotiation of peace with Great Britain. On the 14th of November, he sailed for Brest; but the ship having sprung a leak on the passage, made the first European port possible, which was Ferrol in Spain, and thence he traveled by land to Paris. He found that the results of the Revolutionary war were not yet sufficiently assured for the negotiation of peace. In 1780 John Adams left Paris and went to Holland, where, as a preliminary to the negotiation of a treaty of amity and commerce, it was necessary to procure the recognition of the United States as an independent power. The negotiation for a loan included a separate power to contract with individuals. In both these negotiations he was eminently successful.

The definitive treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain was signed at Paris on the 3d of September, 1783. In the following month John Adams visited England for the first time. In 1784 he negotiated in Holland a new loan of two millions of florins. In the Spring of 1785, Dr. Franklin, on account of illness, returned to America, and Jefferson was appointed his successor at the Court of France, while Adams was made first minister plenipotentiary of the United States to England. In May, 1785, he arrived in London. He was the first American to appear before George III., and was therefore, in the king's eyes, the personification of successful rebellion. His reception was attended with the usual diplomatic courtesy, and was more gracious than might have been expected. The English people were not disposed to be cordial, and the American minister held an uncomfortable, yet honorable situation. After a residence in England of three years, Mr. Adams returned to the United States in June, 1788, when the ratification, by nine States, of the Federal Constitution, had established the present form of government for the Union. Already, whilst in London, he published his "Defence of the Constitution and Government of the United States."

In December, 1788, George Washington was unanimously chosen first President of the United States, and John Adams was elected Vice-President, and four years later both were re-elected to the same offices. During these eight years, Mr. Adams presided in the Senate. The long feud between himself and Alexander Hamilton appears to have had its beginning in events connected with the second election. Hamilton, usually generous and magnanimous, entertained one of those inveterate prejudices against Mr. Adams, which men of strong, autocratic nature often exhibit toward those whom they cannot influence. Pliancy was not in the Adams fibre. The Vice-President was as thorough and outspoken in his enmities as he was in everything else.

At the close of Washington's second term, John Adams was nominated by the Federal party, and was elected President of the United States. Jefferson, the candidate of the opposite party, then called Republican, became, by the usage of the time, Vice-President. During Adams' administration, every act of his was performed in accordance with his standard of duty. Perplexed by a factious opposition and betrayed by some of his advisers, he steered with difficulty through the dangers which surrounded him. He lacked the faculty of conciliation. His administration was greatly occupied with the trouble caused by the French Directory, and by its partisans in the United States. While the President was endeavoring to preserve neutrality, the Directory was seizing and confiscating American vessels. The American envoys sent to France were refused satisfaction unless they would guarantee a loan to the French Republic and give bribes to the Directory. Their memorable reply, "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute," became a popular cry when they returned to America. To this time also belongs R. T. Paine's spirited song, "Adams and Liberty." And yet the Republican party, led and stimulated by Jefferson, grew daily stronger. The Federalists still controlled Congress, and passed laws giving the President power to order aliens whom he should deem dangerous to depart from the country, and imposing fine and imprisonment on conspirators against the government and those who should libel the President or Con-

gress. These Alien and Sedition laws aggravated the evils they were intended to remedy, and the reaction drove the Federal party from power.

On the 3rd of March, 1801, the official term of Mr. Adams expired. He hastened from the city of Washington, to which the capital had been removed during his administration. The remainder of his life was passed at his country place in Massachusetts quietly and peacefully. His domestic affections were strong, and he found in his family, and in the companionship and sympathy of his wife, a solace for all public ingratitude. John Adams died on the 4th of July, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the Nation's independence. By a remarkable coincidence, Thomas Jefferson, his former associate and rival, died on the same memorable day.

John Adams was singularly adapted for times of storm and revolution. He had an earnest, unconquerable spirit, an intrepidity that shrunk from no danger, and an integrity of wonderful pureness. He had clear views, vigorous sense, and a power of expression strong and striking. His faults of vanity, obstinacy and bluntness may well be forgotten, when we remember how consistently this true patriot served America.

The Declaration of Independence.

While danger was gathering round New York, and its inhabitants were in mute suspense and fearful anticipations, the General Congress at Philadelphia was discussing, with closed doors, what John Adams pronounced "the greatest question ever debated in America, and as great as ever was or will be debated among men." The result was a resolution, passed unanimously, on the 2d of July, "that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States." "The 2d of July," adds the same patriotic statesman, "will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports,

guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forth for evermore."

The glorious event has, indeed, given rise to an annual jubilee; but not on the day designated by Adams. The 4th of July is the day of national rejoicing, for on that day the "Declaration of Independence," that solemn and sublime document, was adopted. Tradition gives a dramatic effect to its announcement. It was known to be under discussion, but the closed doors of Congress excluded the populace. They awaited, in throngs, an appointed signal. In the steeple of the State House was a bell, imported twenty-three years previously from London by the Provincial Assembly of Pennsylvania. It bore the portentous text from Scripture: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof." A joyous peal from that bell gave notice that the bill had been passed. It was the knell of British domination.

No one felt the importance of the event more deeply than John Adams, for no one had been more active in producing it. We quote his words, written at the moment: "When I look back to the year 1761, and recollect the argument concerning writs of assistance in the Superior Court, which I have hitherto considered as the commencement of the controversy between Great Britain and America, and run through the whole period from that time to this, and recollect the series of political events, the chain of causes and effects, I am surprised at the suddenness, as well as the greatness, of this Revolution; Great Britain has been filled with folly, America with wisdom."

His only regret was that the Declaration of Independence had not been made sooner. "Had it been made seven months ago," said he, "we should have mastered Quebec, and been in possession of Canada, and might before this hour have formed alliances with foreign States. Many gentlemen in high stations, and of great influence, have been duped by the ministerial bubble of commissioners to treat, and have been slow and languid in promoting measures for the reduction of that province."—W. IRVING.

The American People.

(Extract from the Inaugural Address of John Adams, President of the United States, March 4, 1797).

The zeal and ardor of the people, during the Revolutionary War, supplying the place of government, commanded a degree of order, sufficient at least for the temporary preservation of society. The Confederation, which was early felt to be necessary, was prepared from the models of the Batavian and Helvetic confederacies—the only examples which remain, with any detail and precision, in history, and certainly the only ones which the people at large had ever considered. But, reflecting on the striking difference, in so many particulars, between this country and those where a courier may go from the seat of government to the frontier in a single day, it was then certainly foreseen, by some who assisted in Congress at the formation of it, that it could not be durable.

Negligence of its regulations, inattention to its recommendations, if not disobedience to its authority, not only in individuals, but in States, soon appeared, with their melancholy consequences: universal languor; jealousies and rivalries of States; decline of navigation and commerce; discouragement of necessary manufactures; universal fall in the value of lands and their produce; contempt of public and private faith; loss of consideration and credit with foreign nations; and, at length, in discontents, animosities, combinations, partial conventions, and insurrection, threatening some great national calamity.

In this dangerous crisis, the people of America were not abandoned by their usual good sense, presence of mind, resolution, or integrity. Measures were pursued to concert a plan to form a more perfect union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty. The public disquisitions, discussions and deliberations issued in the present happy constitution of government.

Employed in the service of my country abroad during the whole course of these transactions, I first saw the Constitution of the United States in a foreign country. Irritated by no literary altercation, animated by no public debate, heated by

no party animosity, I read it with great satisfaction, as the result of good heads, prompted by good hearts—as an experiment, better adapted to the genius, character, situation, and relations, of this nation and country, than any which had ever been proposed or suggested. In its general principles and great outlines, it was conformable to such a system of government as I had ever most esteemed, and in some States, my own native State in particular, had contributed to establish. Claiming a right of suffrage, in common with my fellow-citizens, in the adoption or rejection of a Constitution which was to rule me and my posterity, as well as them and theirs, I did not hesitate to express my approbation of it, on all occasions, in public and in private. It was not then, nor has been since, any objection to it, in my mind, that the Executive and Senate were not more permanent. Nor have I ever entertained a thought of promoting any alteration in it, but such as the people themselves, in the course of their experience, should see and feel to be necessary or expedient, and, by their representatives in Congress and the State Legislatures, according to the Constitution itself, adopt and ordain.

Returning to the bosom of my country, after a painful separation from it, for ten years, I had the honor to be elected to a station under the new order of things, and I have repeatedly laid myself under the most serious obligations to support the Constitution. The operation of it has equalled the most sanguine expectations of its friends; and, from an habitual attention to it, satisfaction in its administration, and delight in its effects upon the peace, order, prosperity and happiness of the nation, I have acquired an habitual attachment to it and veneration for it. What other form of government, indeed, can so well deserve our esteem and love?

The existence of such a government as ours for any length of time, is a full proof of a general dissemination of knowledge and virtue throughout the whole body of the people. And what object or consideration more pleasing than this can be presented to the human mind? If national pride is ever justifiable, or excusable, it is when it springs, not from power or riches, grandeur or glory, but from conviction of national innocence, information, and benevolence.

ADAMS AND LIBERTY.

Ye Sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought
For those rights, which unstained from your sires had descended,
May you long taste the blessings your valor has bought,
And your sons reap the soil which your fathers defended;
'Mid the reign of mild Peace,
May your nation increase,
With the glory of Rome and the wisdom of Greece:
And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

In a clime whose rich vales feed the marts of the world,
Whose shores are unshaken by Europe's commotion,
The trident of Commerce should never be hurled,
To increase the legitimate powers of the Ocean.
But should pirates invade,
Though in thunder arrayed,
Let your cannon declare the free charter of trade:
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

The fame of our arms, of our laws the mild sway,
Had justly ennobled our nation in story,
Till the dark clouds of faction obscured our young day,
And enveloped the sun of American glory.
But let traitors be told,
Who their country have sold,
And bartered their God for his image in gold,
That ne'er will the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

While France her huge limbs bathes recumbent in blood,
And society's base threats with wide dissolution;
May peace, like the dove who returned from the flood,
Find an ark of abode in our mild Constitution.
But, though peace is our aim,
Yet the boon we disclaim,
If bought by our sovereignty, justice, or fame:
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

'Tis the fire of the flint each American warms;
Let Rome's haughty victors beware of collision;
Let them bring all the vassals of Europe in arms,
We're a world by ourselves, and disdain a division.
While with patriot pride,
To our laws we're allied,
No foe can subdue us, no faction divide:
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;
For, unmoved at its portal would Washington stand,
And repulse with his breast the assaults of the thunder.
His sword from the sleep
Of its scabbard would leap,
And conduct, with the point, every flash to the deep:
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

Let Fame to the world sound America's voice;
No intrigues can her sons from their Government sever;
Her pride are her statesmen; their laws are her choice,
And shall flourish till liberty slumbers forever.
Then unite heart and hand,
Like Leonidas's band,
And swear to the God of the ocean and land,
That ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

—R. T. PAINE.



JOHN JAY.



PIERRE JAY was one of those persecuted Huguenots who were driven from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He fled to England, and his son, Augustus, barely escaping with his life, came to America, and settled in New York. Here, in 1697, Augustus married Ann Maria, the daughter of Balthazar Bayard, another of the refugees. He lived in prosperity, and, dying in 1751, left one son and three daughters. This son, named Peter, became the father of John. He was a very successful merchant in New York, and, having acquired a large fortune, purchased an estate at Rye, in the county of Westchester, on the shores of Long Island Sound, to which he retired with his family.

John Jay was born in the city of New York, on the 12th day of December, 1745. His early education was conducted by his mother, after which he was sent to the grammar school at New Rochelle. He was of a studious disposition, and he went to Columbia College, from which he graduated on the 15th of May, 1764, with the highest honors of his class.

For nearly two years he was a fellow-student with the grammarian Lindley Murray, in the law office of Mr. Kissam, an eminent counselor. He was admitted to the bar in 1768,

and immediately entered into partnership with Robert R. Livingston, the cousin of his future wife; but this business connection was soon dissolved, though they always remained warm and attached friends. Mr. Jay's talents and virtues gave at that period pleasing indications of future eminence. He was remarkable for strong reasoning powers, comprehensive views, indefatigable application, and uncommon firmness of mind. In 1774 he married Sarah Livingston, the youngest daughter of William Livingston, a delegate to the first Continental Congress from New Jersey, and afterwards Governor of that State for many years. His wife, kind, gentle, tender and affectionate, was a most fitting helpmate. She participated in his counsels; she shared his vicissitudes; and joy and happiness borrowed half their charms from her presence and participation. In the year of his marriage, John Jay was elected one of the Delegates to the first Congress, and, when he took his seat, was the youngest member but one on the floor of that House.

In the early movements of the Colonists in opposition to British tyranny and taxation, John Jay took a deep interest. On behalf of Congress, he wrote the "Address to the People of Great Britain," which Jefferson pronounced to be "the production of the finest pen in America." The purity of its style, its loftiness of sentiment, and its earnest and impressive eloquence deserved this commendation. Jay assisted in preparing other addresses adopted by Congress, all of which bear the stamp of true genius, burning patriotism, and great comprehensiveness. They are as elegant as they are methodical and profound.

At the crisis, in 1775, when the question of a separation from Great Britain began to be soberly and seriously discussed, Jay, though apprehensive of the worst, still hoped that redress might be obtained. Upon his motion, a committee was appointed to draft a second petition to George III. This measure was carried only after long debate, for many insisted that forbearance had already ceased to be a virtue. The sequel proved that they were correct. Many who had previously doubted and hesitated, were induced, by the rejection of this second petition, to admit the propriety and necessity of a

resort to arms. Notwithstanding the adoption of the second petition, Congress did not neglect any of the preparations necessary for putting the country in a state of defence. Jay was now completely enlisted in the cause, and held himself in readiness to obey the call of his country, whenever she might need his services. He received and accepted a colonelcy of the Second Regiment of Militia of the city of New York, tendered him by the Provincial Congress. He never joined his regiment, however, as his eloquent pen, his keen sagacity, his prudence and discrimination were required in the councils of that body, whose deliberations at this period were fraught with momentous consequences.

In April, 1776, he was elected a representative from the city and county of New York to the Provincial Convention. He was the means of pledging New York to the support of the Declaration of Independence, though by his absence from Philadelphia he had been denied the privilege of voting in its favor. In 1777 the Convention adopted a constitution for the State of New York, suited to the new order of things, which had been chiefly written by Jay, and he was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Between his election to the Congress of 1774 and this appointment, we find him constantly and actively employed in the most important public duties, and in rendering very essential aid to his country. On the special occasion of the controversy between New York and Vermont, Jay was elected to Congress, and took his seat in December, 1778. He was immediately called to preside over its deliberations. Believing that his protracted absence from the State was not consistent with his position as Chief Justice, Jay resigned that office in the fall of 1779. Whilst acting as President of Congress, he was selected to prepare a circular letter to the States, urging them to furnish the funds required for a vigorous prosecution of the war. In the close of this letter he laments "that America had no sooner become independent than she became insolvent, and that her infant glories and growing fame were obscured and tarnished by broken contracts and violated faith, in the hour when all the nations of the earth were admiring and almost adoring the splendor of her rising."

Jay resigned his seat in Congress in September, 1779, having received the appointment of Minister Plenipotentiary to Spain, on which mission he sailed in the same year. Its chief object was to obtain a loan from that country, but he was only partially successful. In 1782 he was appointed Commissioner to negotiate peace with England, in company with Dr. Franklin, John Adams, and Henry Laurens. In all these duties, most of which were delicate and difficult, and many of which were exceedingly vexatious and annoying, Jay acquitted himself with great credit and patriotism. His firmness assisted in obtaining from Great Britain the recognition of the independence of the United States. His health having become impaired, Jay resigned his commission, and, after recruiting it somewhat at the watering-places of England, and in Parisian society, he returned home in May, 1784.

On his arrival, Jay found that he had been elected by Congress, on the 7th of May previous, to the responsible office of Secretary for Foreign Affairs. The post was in every respect the most important in the country, as the whole correspondence with foreign governments and with the States was conducted by him. He was foremost in advocating the formation of a central government possessing more power than had been given to the Continental Congress. When the new Federal Constitution was framed in 1787, it found no warmer supporter than John Jay. Of those brilliant papers written in its favor under the collective appellation of "The Federalist," he contributed Numbers 2, 3, 4 and 5. They are still regarded as safe guides in the determination of constitutional questions. Jay's contributions in defence of the proposed Constitution were interrupted by injuries received in the riot in New York City, known as "The Doctors' Mob." He labored in the office of Secretary for Foreign Affairs until the adoption of the Federal Constitution, when George Washington asked him to accept any office he might desire. He selected that of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and was duly appointed to that office September 26, 1790.

In 1794 Jay was appointed Envoy Extraordinary to Great

Britain, to remonstrate with that government against its repeated violations of the Treaty of 1783, and its efforts to monopolize the trade of America. He was instructed, if possible, to negctiate a treaty of commerce. He left New York on the 12th of May, 1794, and the result of his mission was the celebrated treaty which bears his name, concluded on the 19th of November, 1794. Ill health prevented Jay's return to America until the Spring of 1795. Although a fierce and factious opposition assailed the treaty and denounced it as sacrificing American interests, President Washington approved it and the Senate ratified it. Its practical operation proved highly beneficial, but other points of dispute, left unsettled by this treaty, led eventually to a second war with Great Britain.

In April Jay was elected Governor of New York by a majority of nearly 1,600 votes. In this office he identified himself with the first effort towards the abolition of slavery in the State of New York. He served until 1801, when he retired from public life, firmly resisting all overtures from Congress and his friends. He continued to be active in religious and philanthropic movements, and was made president of the American Bible Society in 1821. He expired at Bedford on the 17th of May, 1829, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

John Jay was of great service in rousing the people of New York and the other Colonies to a sense of their true interests. As a speaker, he was easy and fluent. He was slow in judgment, but clear-headed and accurate. Honest and true, faithful and prompt in the discharge of every duty, his integrity was unimpeachable. As a judge, he was distinguished for his firmness, impartiality and integrity. His name and fame are properly associated with the Supreme Court of the United States. "Ripe in experience and thoroughly tried in many responsible and conspicuous positions, in all of which he had conducted himself with lofty disinterestedness and unyielding integrity, his calmness of temperament, accuracy of judgment, unblemished character and sound views upon public questions, commended him to the sagacious choice of Washington as a publicist and jurist best fitted to elevate and adorn the judiciary of the nation and to preside over the deliberations of its supreme tribunal."

JAY'S TREATY.

On his arrival in England, Jay had been treated with great courtesy. Every disposition had been expressed by Lord Grenville, then at the head of foreign affairs, to bring the negotiation to a successful issue; but so opposite on several points were the views entertained by the two nations as to their rights and interests, that to accomplish this result was no easy matter.

The Americans complained that, contrary to an express provision of the treaty of peace, a large number of negroes had been carried off by the evacuating British armies; and for the loss thus inflicted on the owners compensation was demanded. They complained, also, of the detention of the Western posts, to which mainly the protracted hostility of the Northern Indians was ascribed. They alleged numerous invasions of their neutral rights, not only under the orders of council, issued as instructions to the British cruisers, but in the capture, and condemnation by the local admiralty courts, of numerous vessels upon pretenses false or frivolous. Other topics of complaint, not less serious, were the impressment of seamen from on board American vessels, and the exclusion of American shipping from the trade to the British West Indies.

According to the British interpretation of the treaty of peace, the prohibition as to the negroes did not apply to any such as had been set at liberty in the course of the war under proclamations of the British commanders, and as those carried away were all of that sort, any compensation for them was refused.

The subject of impressment was found exceedingly difficult on more accounts than one. The only adequate security to American sailors against the danger of impressment seemed to be a renunciation on the part of the British of the right to press anybody from American vessels. But this the British would not agree to. The number of British sailors in the American merchant service was already large. Such a provision would greatly increase it. Obliged as she was, in the present struggle, to make the greatest efforts, Great Britain could not, at least would not, give up so important a resource

for manning her fleet. It was maintained on the American side that naturalized citizens had the same rights with native-born Americans, and ought equally to be protected against impressment. According to the British doctrine, no man had a right to renounce his allegiance, nor could British-born sailors thus withdraw themselves from the service of their country. The claim of the Americans to an equal participation in the trade of the British West Indies was regarded by England as quite unreasonable, calling upon her, as it did, to renounce the long-settled principles of her commercial system; nor could Jay obtain any concessions on this point except under very onerous conditions.

But the matters more immediately threatening to the peace of the two countries were the disputed questions of neutral rights and the detention of the Western posts. Judging it best to arrange these points, though obliged to yield as to the others, or to leave them for future negotiation, Jay was induced to sign a treaty, defective in some points and objectionable in others, but the best that could be obtained.

This treaty provided for constituting three boards of commissioners: one to determine the eastern boundary of the United States, by fixing on the river intended by the treaty of peace as the St. Croix; another, to ascertain the amount of losses experienced by British subjects in consequence of legal impediments to the recovery of British ante-Revolutionary debts, which amount, so ascertained, was to be paid by the Government of the United States; and a third, to estimate the losses sustained by American citizens in consequence of irregular and illegal captures by British cruisers, for which there existed no adequate remedy in suits at law, these losses to be paid by the British Government. In consideration of the arrangement of the question of British debts, the Western posts were to be surrendered on the first of June, 1796; the present residents in the neighborhood to have the option of removing or of becoming American citizens. To give both nations an equal chance of the Indian traffic, there was to be a mutual reciprocity of inland trade and intercourse between the North American territories of the two nations (including the navigation of the Mississippi), the British also to be

admitted into all the American harbors, with the right to ascend all the rivers to the highest port of entry. But this reciprocity did not extend to the territory of the Hudson Bay Company, nor to the admission of American vessels into the harbors of the British North American colonies, nor to the navigation of the rivers of those colonies below the highest port of entry. No objection of alienage was to interfere with the possession of land within the dominions of either power, by subjects or citizens of the other, as existing at the date of the treaty, nor with its regular descent; nor, in the event of any war or rupture, was there to be any confiscation by either party of debts, or of public or private stocks, due to or held by the citizens or subjects of the other.

These first ten articles were declared to be perpetual; the other eighteen, in the nature of a treaty of commerce and navigation, were limited to two years after the termination of the existing war. . . .

After a fortnight's debate in secret session, the Senate, by a vote of twenty to ten, precisely a constitutional majority, advised the ratification of the treaty, that article excepted which related to the West India trade. Apart from the very questionable policy of purchasing so limited a concession at so great a sacrifice, there was a particular objection to the terms of that arrangement which made it wholly inadmissible. Among the articles the transportation of which to Europe the Americans were required to renounce, besides sugar, molasses, coffee, and cocoa, was cotton. Neither Jay nor Grenville seems to have been aware that cotton had lately become an article of export from the Southern States.

Though well aware of the deficiencies of the treaty, the President, before submitting it to the Senate, had made up his mind in favor of ratifying. All the members of the Cabinet, Randolph excepted, who seemed somewhat doubtful, were very decidedly of the same opinion. But the recommendation of the Senate, that a clause be added suspending the operation of the West India article, raised some nice questions and led to some delay.

The Senate had removed the seal of secrecy from their proceedings, but had forbidden any publication of the treaty

itself. Statements, however, as to its contents had begun to appear, accompanied by very malignant comments. In order to prevent hasty conclusions, founded on partial views, and wishing to hear the opinions of the people, Washington had directed the whole treaty to be published. But in this he had been anticipated. On the same day that this direction was given, a full abstract had appeared in the *Aurora*, followed, a day or two after, by a perfect copy, furnished by Mason, of the Senate, under his own name.

Ever since the arrival of news that a treaty had been formed, there had not been wanting strong symptoms in certain quarters of a disposition to condemn it beforehand and at all events. The violent partisans of France looked with very jealous eyes upon any arrangement whatever with Great Britain. No sooner did the abstract of the treaty make its appearance than a loud outcry was raised against it, as no better than a pusillanimous surrender of American rights, and a shameful breach of obligations to France. . . .

On August 12th, a Cabinet council was held, at which the question, What should be done with the treaty? was discussed, not without some warmth. Not content with insisting upon the repeal of the provision order as a preliminary to ratification, Randolph now took the ground that the treaty ought not to be ratified at all, pending the present war between England and France. The other members of the Cabinet insisted upon immediate ratification, with a strong memorial against the provision order. In favor of this course Washington decided, and the ratification was signed two days after.—R. HILDRETH.



ALEXANDER HAMILTON.



ALEXANDER HAMILTON was the most brilliant of the statesmen concerned in the formation of the present government of the United States. Though the youngest of all, he was among the most conservative. His intuitive appreciation of the rational liberty already attained in the development of the British Constitution, in spite of the accidental effects of unwise administration, led him to urge that model for America, instead of venturing into a wilderness in search of impracticable ideals.

Alexander Hamilton was born on the Island of Nevis, in the British West Indies, on the 11th of January, 1757. Little is known about his parentage or birth ; but his father was of Scotch descent, whilst French blood flowed through the veins of his mother. The general opinion seems to have been that he was not born in lawful wedlock. His early education was entrusted to a Presbyterian minister, named Knox. At the early age of twelve he was placed in the office of a merchant on the island of St. Croix, where his talents and ambition soon displayed themselves. Writing to a friend of his, who had already gone to New York, he says, "I contemn the groveling condition of a clerk or the like, to which my fortune condemns me, and would willingly risk my life, though not my character, to exalt my station. . . . . I mean to prepare the way for futurity." In October, 1772, Hamilton

landed in Boston and from thence proceeded to New York. At the age of sixteen he entered Columbia College, where he made "extraordinary displays of richness of genius and energy of mind."

The contest between British oppression and American liberty called forth the best talent on each side, and young Hamilton's pen answered a paper by Rev. Samuel Seabury, "Free Thoughts on the Proceedings of a Continental Congress." The reply, published anonymously, was called "A Full Vindication of Congress." In reply to another pamphlet of Seabury's published over the signature, "A Westchester Farmer," he wrote a second and far stronger paper entitled "The Farmer Refuted." Hamilton's papers exhibited such evidences of intellect and wisdom that they were at first ascribed to John Jay, then the leading advocate of the rights of the Americans.

At the age of eighteen Hamilton entered the army, and on March the 14th, 1776, he was made a captain of the artillery. After a year's arduous service, he attracted the attention of General Washington, who selected him as his aid, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and made him his confidential secretary. His thorough knowledge of the French language made him very useful in communicating with the French generals, and his clear literary style made his services particularly acceptable to the commander-in-chief. Hamilton was present with Washington when the dastardly treason of Benedict Arnold was discovered, and his humane heart prompted him to intercede that the unfortunate André might be shot, as he requested, instead of being hanged. On the 14th of December, 1780, Hamilton married Elizabeth, the second daughter of Major-General Philip Schuyler.

In February of the following year, Hamilton was so imprudent as to quarrel with Washington; but their friendship was afterwards fully restored. In 1781, at the siege of Yorktown, to avoid jealousies, the attack on one of the redoubts was committed to the Americans, and that on the other to the French. The Marquis de La Fayette commanded the American detachment, and Colonel Hamilton, at his own request, led the advanced corps, consisting of two battalions. Towards

the close of the day, October 14th, the troops rushed to the charge without firing a single gun. The works were carried with but little loss.

At the age of twenty-five Hamilton retired from the army and took up the study of law. He rose rapidly in his profession, and still took an active part in public affairs. He proposed schemes for placing the finances of the country on a firm footing. The chief were these,—a foreign loan; taxes in kind; a bank founded on public and private credit, and taxes in money. He complained that in the Confederation the States had too much power. He claimed that Congress, as the central power, should have complete control of the army, navy, commerce and diplomacy; that there should be a single head to each department; and he desired that a Convention should be called to reorganize the Confederation. He wrote to Laurens that to make independence a blessing "we must secure our union on solid foundations,—a herculean task, and to effect which mountains of prejudice must be levelled."

When Hamilton took his seat in Congress, in 1782, he had a better opportunity to advocate these views, and "the proceedings of Congress immediately assumed a more vigorous tone and character." He wrote, "The road to popularity in each State is to inspire jealousies of Congress, though nothing can be more apparent than that they have no power." He earnestly advocated the right of Congress to collect its own taxes. After a year's service he retired from that body and resumed the practice of law in New York. In 1786 he was sent to the General Assembly of New York, in which he introduced and ably supported the bill for acceding to the assumed independence of Vermont. He was chosen by that body one of the three New York delegates to the General Convention recommended by Congress to be held at Philadelphia, in May, 1787.

Hamilton's services in forming the Constitution of this country were invaluable, and although the finished work did not completely meet his wishes, yet believing that it was superior in every way to the old Confederation, he exerted all his talents in its support. What Hamilton feared was that it did not contain sufficient means of strength for its own preser-

vation. He favored a more permanent Executive and Senate than it called for. "He wished for a strong government, which would not be shaken by the conflict of different interests through an extensive territory, and which would be adequate to all the forms of national exigency." In his paper, however, signed "Publius," and by his oratorical efforts in the New York convention, he largely contributed to its adoption. In conjunction with Jay and Madison, Hamilton completed that celebrated series of essays, known as "The Federalist," as profound in their logic as they are brilliant in their execution and patriotic in spirit. There were eighty-five papers: Jay contributed five, Madison perhaps twenty, and Hamilton the large remainder. This work alone is sufficient to immortalize his name.

The adoption of the Constitution in 1788 was followed by the election of Washington to the Presidency in 1789. Hamilton was then called to take charge of the Treasury Department. Here for five years he displayed those remarkable talents which mark his whole career; but, while he opened sources of wealth to thousands by establishing public credit, he did not enrich himself. He did not take advantage of his position, nor improve the opportunity he enjoyed for acquiring a fortune. Hamilton always maintained that taxation on goods was divided between the buyer and seller according to supply and demand. He wrote: "The real wealth of a nation, consisting in its labor and commodities, is to be estimated by the sign of that wealth, its circulating cash;" and again—"The tendency of a national bank is to increase public and private credit."

Hamilton and Jefferson were diametrically opposed to one another. The former was apprehensive of danger from the encroachment of the States, and wished to add strength to the general government; while the latter favored the State sovereignties as closer to the people governed, and was desirous of checking and limiting the exercise of the national authority, particularly the power of the executive. Jefferson accused Hamilton of having said that a monarchical form of government was to be preferred, and that he considered the English government the most perfect ever devised by man. John

Adams, who was present, interposed, "but for its corruptions." Hamilton said that with these it effected its ends, and without them it would be impracticable. These statesmen also differed on the coinage question and other matters, and no reconciliation could be effected.

In 1793, when the news was received of the rupture between France and Great Britain, Hamilton, as one of the Cabinet, supported the opinion, that the treaty made with the King of France in 1778 did not now bind the United States to join the Directory in active war. A proclamation of neutrality was issued. He resigned office in January, 1795, and was succeeded by Oliver Wolcott.

When Hamilton resigned, Washington wrote to him: "In every relation which you have borne to me I have found that my confidence in your talents, exertions and integrity has been well placed. I the more freely tender this testimony of my approbation because I speak from opportunities of information which cannot deceive me, and which furnish satisfactory proof of your title to public regard." In reply to this letter, Hamilton wrote: "Whatsoever may be my destination hereafter, I entreat you to be persuaded (not the less from my having been sparing in professions) that I shall never cease to render a just tribute to those eminent and excellent qualities which have been already productive of so many blessings to your country; that you will always have my fervent wishes for your public and personal felicity, and that it will be my pride to cultivate a continuance of that esteem, regard and friendship of which you do me the honor to assure me."

When a provisional army was raised in 1798, in consequence of the injuries and demands of France, Washington was called from his retirement to take the chief command, but with his acceptance joined the condition that Hamilton should be his associate and the second in command. This arrangement was accordingly made. On the settlement of the dispute, when the army was disbanded, Hamilton returned again to his profession in New York.

In 1804, Aaron Burr sought Federalist aid against the regular Republican nominee, for the position of Governor of New

York. Hamilton opposed him on the ground that Burr was a Republican, and moreover a man without principle. Burr demanded an apology from Hamilton for having expressed "a despicable opinion" of him. The demand was deemed inadmissible, and a duel ensued. The opponents met at Weehawken, above Hoboken, on July 11, 1804. Hamilton fell on the same spot where, three years previously, his only son Philip, nineteen years old, had lost his life in a similar encounter. In a letter of farewell to his wife he wrote that he could not have avoided the duel without sacrifices which would have rendered him unworthy of her esteem. On the following day he died.

In the portico of Trinity Church in New York, Gouverneur Morris delivered a brief address on the dead statesman. He said: "Hamilton disdained concealment. Knowing the purity of his heart, he bore it, as it were, in his hand, exposing to every passenger its inmost recesses. The generous indiscretion subjected him to censure from misrepresentation. His speculative opinions were treated as deliberate designs."

Bancroft says of Hamilton: "He was fond of authority; had creative power; had in his nature nothing mean or low; was disinterested. . . . He had a good heart. . . . Bold in the avowal of his own opinions, he was fearless to provoke, and prompt to combat opposition. It was not his habit to repine over lost opportunities. His nature inclined him rather to prevent what seemed to him coming evils by timely action."

Alexander Hamilton was not only an earnest patriot, but a constructive statesman; his aim was to found a stable national government. Events since his day have proved his far-sighted political wisdom, and the eternal obligation of the American people to his labors in the formation of the Constitution, in the Cabinet, and in the Treasury.

The National Debt.

(Hamilton's Report, January 9, 1791.)

Hamilton's report estimated the foreign debt, due to the Court of France and to private lenders in Holland, with a small sum to Spain, at $11,710,378. This included the arrears of interest, to the amount of upward of a million and

a half, which had accumulated on the French and Spanish loans since 1786, and also several installments of the French loan, already overdue.

The domestic debt, registered and unregistered, including interest to the end of the current year, and an allowance of two millions for unliquidated claims, principally the outstanding Continental money, was reckoned at $42,414,085, of which nearly a third part was arrears of interest. Notwithstanding the attempts of the Continental Congress to keep down the interest by calling on the States for an annual contribution in indents or interest certificates, those calls had been but very imperfectly met. Out of a total interest accumulating on the domestic debt, since its first contraction to the amount of eighteen millions of dollars, less than five millions had been paid in any shape, thus leaving an undischarged balance of more than thirteen millions.

With respect to the debt due abroad, there was no difference of opinion; all agreed that it must be met in the precise terms of the contract. With respect to the domestic debt, very different notions prevailed. A large proportion of the certificates of that debt had passed out of the hands of the original holders, and to a considerable extent had accumulated in the possession of a comparatively few, who had purchased them on speculation at very low rates, or had received them at like rates in payment of debts or in lieu of money. The idea had, therefore, been suggested, and had found many advocates, of applying to these certificates the principle of a scale of depreciation, as had been done in the case of the paper money, paying them, that is, at the rates at which they had been purchased by the holders; and this idea was especially urged as to the arrears of interest, accumulated to an amount equal to nearly half the principal.

Against both these projects, that of "scaling down the principal," as it was called, and of a discrimination as to the interest, the report of the Secretary of the Treasury took decided ground. Without overlooking the moral obligation to pay, the satisfaction of the public creditors, to the full extent of their claims, was treated mainly as a matter of policy. Public credit was essential to the new Federal Government.

There was no other way of meeting those sudden emergencies to which, in the vicissitudes of affairs, all nations are alike exposed, and for which, according to the modern expensive method of conducting military operations, the resources of immediate taxation must always prove insufficient. But public credit could only be established by the faithful payment of public debts, according to the terms of the contract. The original contract was to pay so much money to the holders of the certificates, or to their assignees. The assignees stood, therefore, precisely in the place of the original holders, and, so far as payment was concerned, must be regarded as original holders. These assignees had exhibited their faith in the nation, had preserved the public credit from total extinction, and had relieved the pressing wants of the holders by giving ready money in exchange for a doubtful and uncertain claim. If the sums thus paid had been far less in amount than the claims purchased, that had been a natural and inevitable consequence of the financial position of the United States, making it a matter of great uncertainty when the certificates would be paid, or, indeed, if they would ever be paid at all. The equality of the claim of the assignee with that of the original holder was a most important element in the value of public securities, and any attack upon that equality would be a departure from that policy of establishing the public credit, which formed the great political motive for paying the debt at all. If any compensation was to be made to the unfortunate persons who had sold at a loss, it ought not to come out of the pockets of the assignees, but should be made up by the Government, through whose fault the loss had occurred.

The case of the overdue interest was put with equal force. That interest ought to have been paid at the time. It stood, therefore, on even stronger ground than the principal, which the creditor had no right to demand so long as the interest was paid; whereas the accumulated unpaid interest was already due, and now demandable. If to make instant payment of the whole were impracticable, the creditor ought at least to receive a fair and substantial equivalent by having his overdue interest converted into a principal debt.

In addition to the sums due from the Federal Government,

somewhat exceeding fifty-four millions of dollars, there were also large State debts, estimated by the Secretary to amount, in the whole, overdue interest included, to about twenty-five millions of dollars. The assumption of these debts by the Federal Government was strongly recommended. They had been incurred in the common cause; no more money would be required to pay them as Federal than as State debts; that money might be much more conveniently raised by the Federal Government than by the States; and, what was a matter of much importance, all clashing and jealousy between State and Federal debtors would thus be prevented.

If the State debts were assumed, the whole amount to be provided for would fall not much short of eighty millions of dollars, the annual interest exceeding four millions and a half. This was, perhaps, a greater sum than could be raised without the risk of dangerous discontents, such as would put the whole system at hazard; and hence it became the interest of the public creditors to consent to any arrangement which, in yielding them a fair equivalent, tended also to reduce the amount to be annually paid. The domestic debt bore, at present, an annual interest of six per cent.; but as it was redeemable at the pleasure of the Government, whenever the credit of the United States became sufficiently established to enable them to borrow money at five per cent. or less, the public creditors might be obliged to accept that diminished rate of interest, or, if they declined, might be paid off by means of new loans contracted at that rate. The Secretary assumed, as the basis of his calculations, the probability that in five years the United States might be able to borrow at five per cent., and in fifteen years at four per cent. To assure the public creditors a permanent rate of six per cent. for a certain fixed period might, therefore, constitute an equivalent for a reduction of the principal, or for a postponement of interest as to a part of it, thereby reducing the immediate burden. Thus reduced, the interest might be met, as the Secretary thought, by certain additions to the duties on wines, spirits, tea and coffee, with an excise tax on spirits distilled at home.

For the purpose of carrying out this arrangement, it was proposed to open new loans, subscriptions to be received in

certificates of the old stock of the domestic debt, principal and interest to stand on the same footing. To meet the various views of creditors, different offers were suggested, all founded, however, on the above assumption as to the probable future ability of the United States to borrow at a reduced interest. Thus the public creditor might receive two-thirds of his subscription in a six per cent. stock redeemable at the pleasure of the Government, and the balance in land, at the rate of twenty cents the acre; or, instead of the land, stock to the amount of $26.88 on every hundred, to begin to bear interest at six per cent. at the end of ten years, both stocks, in that case, to be irredeemable by any payment exceeding eight dollars annually on the hundred for principal and interest. Another proposed alternative was to allow a four per cent. stock, redeemable only at the rate of five dollars annually for principal and interest, to the amount of the whole subscription, with a bonus of $15.80 on every hundred, payable in land. A third proposal was payment of the subscriptions in a deferred annuity for life, or an immediate annuity on the survivorship of two lives, to be calculated on a rate of interest at four per cent.—these annuities, by their expiration, to discharge the principal—the only scheme, in fact, upon which public debts ought ever to be contracted.

Upon the economical, as well as the political, benefits to be expected from this funding of the public debt, with a regular provision for paying the interest, the Secretary dwelt with a good deal of animation. The stock thus created might and would serve, to a great extent, in the place of money, and would thus furnish a capital to the holders almost equivalent to cash. Such a creation of capital would give a new impulse to industry, and, by increasing the means of purchase, would tend to raise the price of cultivated lands, which, in consequence of the immense amounts thrown upon the market to pay the debts of the owners, and the facility of obtaining new lands on the frontiers, had fallen, in most of the old settlements, to less than half the price which the same lands would have brought before the Revolution.

But while he regarded as certain the benefits of a judicious funding system, the doctrine that a national debt is a national

blessing was esteemed by the Secretary to be sound only within very narrow limits. He suggested, therefore, the appropriation of the surplus proceeds of the post-office as a sinking fund for the gradual extinction of the debt.

There was one other reason not dwelt upon in this report, but which had great weight with Hamilton and many others, in favor of a liberal provision for the public creditors, including the assumption of the State debts. It would be a politic means of strengthening the new government, by attaching to it, by the powerful ties of pecuniary interest, a large body of influential men, and of reinforcing, in that way, national feeling as a counterbalance to the preponderating power of the States.—R. HILDRETH.

THE DUEL OF HAMILTON AND BURR.

In the evening before the duel, both the principals were engaged, to a late hour, in making their final preparations, and writing what each felt might be his last written words. The paper prepared by Hamilton on that occasion, in the solitude of his library, reveals to us the miserable spectacle of an intelligent and gifted man who had, with the utmost deliberation, made up his mind to do an action which his intellect condemned as absurd, which his heart felt to be cruel, which his conscience told him was wrong. He said that he had shrunk from the coming interview. His duty to his religion, his family, and his creditors forbade it. He should hazard much, and could gain nothing by it. He was conscious of no ill-will to Colonel Burr, apart from political opposition, which he hoped had proceeded from pure and upright motives. But there were difficulties, intrinsic and artificial, in the way of an accommodation, which had seemed insuperable;—*intrinsic*, because he really *had* been very severe upon Colonel Burr; *artificial*, because Colonel Burr had demanded too much, and in a manner that precluded a peaceful discussion of the difficulty.

"As well," this affecting paper concluded, "because it is possible that I may have injured Colonel Burr, however convinced myself that my opinions and declarations have been well founded, as from my general principles and temper in

relation to similar affairs, I have resolved, if our interview is conducted in the usual manner, and it pleases God to give me the opportunity, to reserve and throw away my first fire, and I have thoughts even of reserving my second fire, and thus giving a double opportunity to Colonel Burr to pause and to reflect. It is not, however, my intention to enter into any explanations on the ground. Apology, from principle, I hope, rather than pride, is out of the question. To those who, with me, abhorring the practice of duelling, may think that I ought on no account to have added to the number of bad examples, I answer that my relative situation, as well in public as in private, enforcing all the considerations which constitute what men of the world denominate honor, imposed on me (as I thought) a peculiar necessity not to decline the call. The ability to be in the future useful, whether in resisting mischief or in effecting good, in those crises of our public affairs which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with public prejudice in this particular." Doing evil that good may come, though not the crime it is to do good that evil may come, is a dreadful error. It was the vice of Hamilton's otherwise worthy life. It proved fatal to him at last. . . . . .

Few of the present generation have stood upon the spot, which was formerly one of the places that strangers were sure to visit on coming to the city, and which the events of this day rendered forever memorable. Two miles and a half above the city of Hoboken the heights of Weehawken rise, in the picturesque form so familiar to New Yorkers, to an elevation of a hundred and fifty feet above the Hudson. These heights are rocky, very steep, and covered with small trees and tangled bushes. Under the heights, at a point half a mile from where they begin, there is, twenty feet above the water, a grassy ledge or shelf, about six feet wide and eleven paces long. This was the fatal spot. Except that it is slightly encumbered with underbrush, it is, at this hour, precisely what it was on the 11th of July, 1804. There is an old cedar-tree at the side, a little out of range, which must have looked then very much as it does now. The large rocks which partly hem in the place are, of course, unchanged, except that they are decorated with the

initials of former visitors. One large rock, breast-high, narrows the hollow in which Hamilton stood to four feet or less. . . . .

For the very purpose of preventing suspicion, it had been arranged that Colonel Burr's boat should arrive some time before the other. About half-past six Burr and Van Ness landed, and, leaving their boat a few yards down the river, ascended over the rocks to the appointed place. It was a warm, bright, July morning. The sun looks down, directly after rising, upon the Weehawken heights, and it was for that reason that the two men removed their coats before the arrival of the other party. There they stood carelessly breaking away the branches of the underwood, and looking out upon as fair, as various, as animated, as beautiful a scene as mortal eyes in this beautiful world ever beheld. The haze-crowned city; the bright, broad, flashing, tranquil river; the long reach of waters, twelve miles or more, down to the Narrows; the vessels at anchor in the harbor; misty, blue Staten Island swelling up in superb contour from the lower bay; the verdant, flowery heights around; the opposite shore of the river, then dark with forest or bright with sloping lawn; and, to complete the picture, that remarkably picturesque promontory called Castle Point, that bends out far into the stream, a mile below Weehawken, and adds a peculiar beauty to the foreground—all these combine to form a view, one glance at which ought to have sent shame and horror to the duelist's heart, that so much as the thought of closing a human being's eyes forever on so much loveliness had ever lived a moment in his bosom.

Hamilton's boat was seen to approach. A few minutes before seven it touched the rocks, and Hamilton and his second ascended. The principals and seconds exchanged the usual salutations, and the seconds proceeded immediately to make the usual preparations. They measured ten full paces; cast lots for the choice of position, and to decide who should give the word. The lot in both cases fell to General Hamilton's second, who chose the upper end of the ledge for his principal, which, at that hour of the day, could not have been the best, for the reason that the morning sun and the flashing of the river would both interfere with the sight.

The pistols were then loaded and the principals placed,

Hamilton looking over the river toward the city, and Burr turned toward the heights under which they stood. As Pendleton gave Hamilton his pistol, he asked, "Will you have the hair-spring set?" "Not *this time*," was the quiet reply. Pendleton then explained to both principals the rules which had been agreed upon with regard to the firing; after the word *present* they were to fire as soon as they pleased. The seconds then withdrew to the usual distance. "Are you ready?" said Pendleton. Both answered in the affirmative. A moment's pause ensued. The word was given. Burr raised his pistol, took aim, and fired.

Hamilton sprang upon his toes with a convulsive movement, reeled a little toward the heights, at which moment he involuntarily discharged his pistol, and then fell forward headlong upon his face, and remained motionless on the ground. His ball rustled among the branches, seven feet above the head of his antagonist and four feet wide of him. Burr heard it, looked up, and saw where it had severed a twig. Looking at Hamilton, he beheld him falling, and sprang toward him with an expression of pain upon his face. But at the report of the pistols, Dr. Hosack, Mr. Davis, and the boatman hurried anxiously up the rocks to the scene of the duel; and Van Ness, with presence of mind, seized Burr, shielded him from observation with an umbrella, and urged him down the steep to the boat. It was pushed off immediately, and rowed swiftly back to Richmond Hill, where Swartwout, with feelings that may be imagined, received his unhurt chief—a chief no more!

Mr. Pendleton raised his prostrate friend. Dr. Hosack found him sitting on the grass, supported in the arms of his second, with the ghastliness of death upon his countenance. "This is a mortal wound, doctor," he gasped; and then sunk away into a swoon. The doctor stripped off his clothes, and saw at a glance that the ball, which had entered his right side, must have penetrated a mortal part. Scarcely expecting him to revive, they conveyed him down among the large rocks to the shore, placed him tenderly in the boat, and set off for the city. The doctor now used the usual restoratives, and the wounded man gradually revived. "He breathed," to quote the doctor's words; "his eyes, hardly opened, wandered with-

out fixing upon any object; to our great joy, he at length spoke. 'My vision is indistinct,' were his first words. His pulse became more perceptible, his respiration more regular, his sight returned. Soon after recovering his sight, he happened to cast his eye upon the case of pistols, and observing the one that he had had in his hand lying on the outside, he said: 'Take care of that pistol; it is undischarged and still cocked; it may go off and do harm. Pendleton knows (attempting to turn his head toward him) that I did not intend to fire at him.'

"Then he lay tranquil till he saw that the boat was approaching the wharf. He said: 'Let Mrs. Hamilton be immediately sent for; let the event be gradually broke to her, but give her hopes.' Looking up, he saw his friend, Mr. Bayard, standing on the wharf in great agitation. He had been told by his servant that General Hamilton, Mr. Pendleton, and myself, had crossed the river in a boat together; and too well he conjectured the fatal errand, and foreboded the dreadful result. Perceiving, as we came nearer, that Mr. Pendleton and myself only sat up in the stern-sheets, he clasped his hands together in the most violent apprehensions; but when I called to him to have a cot prepared, and he, at the same moment, saw his poor friend lying in the bottom of the boat, he threw up his eyes, and burst into a flood of tears and lamentations. Hamilton alone appeared tranquil and composed. We then conveyed him as tenderly as possible up to the house. The distress of his amiable family was such that, till the first shock had abated, they were scarcely able to summon fortitude enough to yield sufficient assistance to their dying friend."

By nine in the morning the news began to be noised about in the city. A bulletin soon appeared on the board at the Tontine Coffee-House, and the pulse of the town stood still at the shocking intelligence. People started and turned pale as they read the brief announcement: "GENERAL HAMILTON WAS SHOT BY COLONEL BURR THIS MORNING IN A DUEL. THE GENERAL IS SAID TO BE MORTALLY WOUNDED."

Bulletins, hourly changed, kept the city in agitation. All the circumstances of the catastrophe were told and retold, and exaggerated at every corner. The thrilling scenes that were

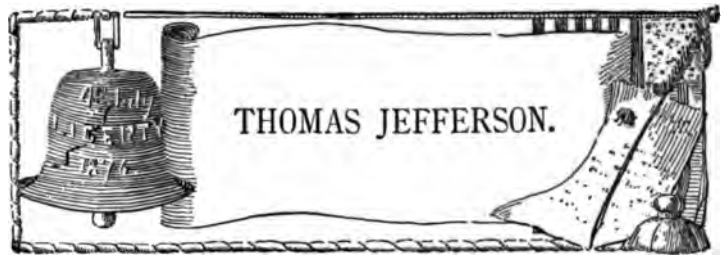
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passing at the bedside of the dying man—the consultations of the physicians—the arrival of the stricken family—Mrs. Hamilton's overwhelming sorrow—the resignation and calm dignity of the illustrious sufferer—his broken slumbers during the night—the piteous spectacle of the *seven* children entering together the awful apartment—the single look the dying father gave them before he closed his eyes—were all described with amplifications, and produced an impression that can only be imagined. He lingered thirty-one hours. The duel was fought on Wednesday morning. At two o'clock on Thursday afternoon, Hamilton died.

The newspapers everywhere broke into declamation upon these sad events. I suppose that the "poems," the "elegies," and the "lines" which they suggested would fill a duodecimo volume of the size usually appropriated to verse. In the chief cities, the character of the deceased was made the subject of formal eulogium. The popular sympathy was recorded indelibly upon the ever-forming map of the United States, which bears the name of Hamilton forty times repeated.

—JAMES PARTON.







JEFFERSON, more than other leaders of the American Revolution, was a lover of generalities. While others sought merely to preserve to the American Colonists the full enjoyment of the liberty of British freemen, he declared their proper aim to be the assertion of the rights of man. He became the exponent of this idea, the leader of disciples, and finally the founder of a great party in the Republic.

Thomas Jefferson was born in Shadwell, Albermarle County, Virginia, April 2, 1743. His father, Peter Jefferson, was of Welsh descent, and with the aid of thirty slaves tilled a tobacco and wheat farm of 1900 acres. He was a man of good physical strength and stature, and skillful as a surveyor, all of which qualities were transmitted to his son Thomas.

The father died in 1757, leaving an injunction that the education of his son should be completed at the College of William and Mary, Williamsburg. His schoolmates described Thomas as a tall, rawboned, sandy-haired youth, with no very attractive features, a good scholar and industrious, but very shy, with an air of rusticity about him. He completed his course of education at the College of William and Mary as enjoined by his father, and afterwards referred to this circumstance with gratitude, saying that if he had to choose between the education and the estate left to him by his father, he would choose the education. He also refers gratefully to his connection with Dr. William Small, professor of mathematics in the college.

Among others who contributed to the forming of Jefferson's mind, may be mentioned Francis Fauquier and George Wythe. The former was lieutenant-governor, and gave musical parties at the "palace," to which the guests were invited to bring their instruments. Jefferson was an able performer on the violin. From Fauquier, himself a musician and a man of the world, Jefferson learned much of the social, political and parliamentary life of Europe. George Wythe, afterwards chancellor, was one of the gifted men that frequented the governor's table, and under his guidance Jefferson entered upon the study of law. About his twenty-fourth birth-day he was admitted to the bar. Being well-connected on both sides of his family, he had not long to wait for business. His first account-book shows a record of sixty-eight cases in which he was engaged in the course of the year. This number soon rose to five hundred, for though he was neither a fluent nor a forcible speaker, he was accurate, painstaking and laborious. His legal training was based on the works of Lord Coke, and he claims that the early drill of the colonial lawyers in "Coke upon Lyttleton" prepared them for the part they took in resisting the unconstitutional acts of the British government.

In 1769, at the age of twenty-six, Jefferson entered upon public life as a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses. It was there that he formed the resolution "never to engage, while in public office, in any kind of enterprise for the improvement of my fortune, nor to wear any other character than that of a farmer." After nearly half a century of public life, he could say he had kept this resolution, and found the benefit of it in being able to consider public questions free from all bias of self-interest. The House of Burgesses, after a short session, passed resolutions enunciating the principle that "there could be no taxation without representation," and was, therefore, summarily dissolved by the royal governor; but the members quickly met and passed other and more pointed resolutions.

On January 1, 1772, Jefferson married Mrs. Martha Skelton, a beautiful and childless young widow, daughter of a Williamsburg lawyer. About a year after his marriage his

estate was nearly doubled by the death of his wife's father, by which she received over 40,000 acres of land and 135 slaves. He now began to lead the actual life of a farmer, still, however, continuing his law practice. He was soon widely known as a leader in the patriotic movements against England, and his name was inserted in a long list of proscriptions enrolled in a bill of attainder. He had already prepared the radical "Draught of Instructions," asking why 160,000 electors in Great Britain should give law to 4,000,000 people in the States of America.

The affair at Lexington having convinced the convention of the gravity of the situation, a committee of thirteen, including Washington, Jefferson, Patrick Henry and Richard Henry Lee, was appointed to arrange a plan of defence. In 1775 Jefferson was a delegate to the Continental Congress, where his readiness in composition, his profound knowledge of British law, and his innate love of freedom made him a power. When it was decided that independence should be declared, a committee of five was appointed to draft the Declaration. Jefferson was the chairman of this committee, and being well known for his skill with the pen, was called upon to make a rough draft of what became an immortal document. The paper was written in the second story of a house at the corner of Seventh and Market Streets, Philadelphia, on a small desk which is still in existence. A few days later Jefferson was one of a committee appointed to devise a seal for the new-born nation. From the devices suggested, this was selected, "E Pluribus Unum."

Meantime Jefferson had been re-elected a member of the Virginia Legislature, and anxious to return to his home, he resigned his seat in Congress, and went back to Monticello. Soon after he went to Williamsburg, where he devoted himself to the task of improving the Virginia statutes on the basis of knowledge he had acquired of the excellence of the New England governments. He was offered the office of joint-commissioner with Franklin and Silas Deane to represent the United States in Paris, but declined the appointment. In reorganizing Virginia, Jefferson and his friends abolished the system of entail, brought about the separation of church and

state, drew a bill for establishing courts of law and prescribing their powers and methods, made earnest efforts to establish a system of public education, and proposed many measures which were passed at a later period.

In 1779 Jefferson succeeded Patrick Henry as state governor, and was re-elected in 1780, but declined re-election for a third term, and induced his friends to elect General Gates. As governor of the State, it fell to his lot to support the Virginia quota in the army of Washington, and send supplies to General Gates in his Southern campaign. On the last day of 1780 Arnold sailed up the Chesapeake and penetrated as far as Richmond almost unresisted, but the traitor held the city for only one day. In the following spring the British Colonel Tarleton dispersed the Legislature and nearly captured the governor. Jefferson declined a re-election, on the ground that a military man was then needed for the post. Shortly after his wife's death in 1782, Jefferson was chosen plenipotentiary to France; but before he was ready to sail the preliminaries of peace had been agreed to, and he returned to Monticello.

In 1783 he was elected to Congress and took his seat at Annapolis. It was here that, as chairman of a committee on currency, he devised the decimal system now in use. In May, 1784, he was again chosen plenipotentiary to France to act with Franklin and Adams in arranging treaties with foreign powers, and afterwards received from Mr. Jay his commission appointing him sole minister plenipotentiary to the King of France for three years. When the French government instructed its minister at Philadelphia to forward to Paris full information concerning the States of the American Confederacy, the secretary of the French legation forwarded to Jefferson a series of questions to answer on this subject. From this resulted his "Notes on Virginia," published in 1784.

During his five years' residence in France, although his official duties were arduous, he found time for the study of science; became acquainted with Buffon, and was the means of inducing him to reconstruct his theory on American animals. He traveled over Europe and supplied American

colleges and institutions with books, accounts of new discoveries and inventions, seeds, roots and nuts for trial in American soil.

In 1789 Jefferson, receiving six months' absence, returned to find that he had been selected by President Washington for the office of Secretary of State. In March, 1790, he entered the Cabinet with Hamilton, Knox and Edmund Randolph as colleagues. Hamilton and Jefferson represented the two extremes of different parties, and there existed between them much personal and political animosity which tended to increase after Washington's second election. Jefferson wrote to Mazzei, an Italian who had visited America to examine the workings of the new Republic, a letter lamenting the decay of the spirit of liberty, and laying much blame on the government. When this letter was published in 1794, Jefferson was obliged to resign.

In 1796 he was named by the Anti-Federal party as a candidate for the presidency, and fell only a few votes behind John Adams. He thus, according to the constitutional regulation then existing, became vice-president. This office pleased him, as he was not required to advise Mr. Adams on political matters. For the regulation of debates in Congress he now prepared his "Manual of Parliamentary Practice."

In 1800 Jefferson, being the leader of what was called the Republican party, was again a candidate for the presidency. Having received seventy-three votes, the precise number recorded for Aaron Burr, the election was thrown into the House of Representatives, and the result, after an animated struggle, was that Jefferson became president and Burr vice-president. Jefferson, on coming to the presidency, endeavored to assuage the violence of party spirit, and his inaugural address was composed with that view. He removed from office some who had been hostile to him, yet declared that difference of politics was not a reason for removing from office any one who had proved himself competent. Among his first acts were, pardoning all who had been imprisoned under the Sedition law, and sending friendly letters to the chief victims of the Alien law. His Cabinet consisted of Madison, Gallatin, Dearborn, Smith and Gran-

ger, all men of liberal education. Jefferson, in his desire to introduce simplicity into the White House, abolished the formalities established by Washington, the weekly levees, the system of precedence, and everything that savored of European courts. He also substituted the written message to Congress instead of the speech formerly delivered. Among the acts of Jefferson's administration, which includes a good part of the history of the United States for eight years, the most important was his purchase from Napoleon, at an opportune moment, of the whole of the Territory of Louisiana for $15,000,000. This act was contrary to his theory of the national government, but its advantages were such as to override all scruples. The treasonable projects of Aaron Burr in the Southwest, though frustrated without difficulty, gave Jefferson much anxiety. In his desire for peace he reduced the navy to six vessels; yet glory was conferred on his administration by a successful war on the Barbary pirates. But the embargo of 1807, which was also part of his peace policy, was fraught with disaster to the commerce of the country.

On March 4, 1809, after a public career of nearly forty-four years, Jefferson retired to private life. The last seventeen years of his life he spent at Monticello among his children and grandchildren, endeavoring to establish a system of complete education in his native State. His proposed system of common schools in Virginia was not put in practice; but the University which was to crown that system was fairly begun. Towards the end of his life he became greatly embarrassed in circumstances, and sold his library to Congress. Having been induced to endorse very largely for a friend who became bankrupt, he came very near losing Monticello; but this calamity was averted by friends in New York and Philadelphia. Jefferson died on the 4th of July, 1826, a few hours before John Adams, half a century after signing the Declaration of Independence which he had composed. He was buried in his own graveyard beneath a stone on which was engraved the inscription prepared by his own hand: "Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, Author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia."

JEFFERSON'S TEN RULES.

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap; it will be dear to you.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst and cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain have cost us the evils which never happened!
9. Take things always by the smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; when very angry, a hundred.

THE FOUNDATION OF AMERICAN LIBERTY.

(Extract from the Inaugural Address of Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States, March 4, 1801.)

During the contest of opinion through which we have passed, the animation of discussions and of exertions has sometimes worn an aspect which might impose on strangers, unused to think freely, and to speak and to write what they think; but, this being now decided by the voice of the nation, announced according to the rules of the Constitution, all will, of course, arrange themselves under the will of the law, and unite in common efforts for the common good. All, too, will bear in mind this sacred principle, that, though the will of the majority is in all cases to prevail, that will, to be rightful, must be reasonable; that the minority possesses their equal rights, which equal laws must protect, and to violate which would be oppression.

Let us, then, fellow-citizens, unite with one heart and one mind; let us restore to social intercourse that harmony and affection without which liberty and even life itself are but dreary things. And let us reflect, that, having banished from our land that religious intolerance under which mankind so long bled and suffered, we have yet gained little, if we countenance a political intolerance as despotic, as wicked, and

capable of as bitter and bloody persecutions. During the throes and convulsions of the ancient world; during the agonizing spasms of infuriated man, seeking, through blood and slaughter, his long-lost liberty, it was not wonderful that the agitation of the billows should reach even this distant and peaceful shore; that this should be more felt and feared by some, and less by others, and should divide opinions as to measures of safety: but every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle. We have called by different names brethren of the same principle. We are all Republicans: we are all Federalists. If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand, undisturbed, as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated, where reason is left free to combat it. . . .

About to enter, fellow-citizens, on the exercise of duties which comprehend everything dear and valuable to you, it is proper you should understand what I deem the essential principles of our Government, and, consequently, those which ought to shape its administration. I will compress them within the narrowest compass they will bear — stating the general principle, but not all its limitations. Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none; the support of the State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the General Government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; a jealous care of the right of election by the people; a mild and safe corrective of abuses which are lopped by the sword of revolution, where peaceable remedies are unprovided; absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of republics, from which is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism; a well-disciplined militia, our best reliance in peace, and for the first moments of war, till regulars may relieve them; the supremacy of the civil over the military

authority; economy in the public expense, that labor may be lightly burdened; the honest payment of our debts, and sacred preservation of the public faith; encouragement of agriculture, and of commerce as its handmaid; the diffusion of information, and arraignment of all abuses at the bar of the public reason; freedom of religion, freedom of the press, and freedom of person, under the protection of the habeas corpus; and trial by juries impartially selected. These principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us, and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation. The wisdom of our sages and blood of our heroes have been devoted to their attainment. They should be the creed of our political faith, the text of our civic instruction, the touchstone by which to try the services of those we trust; and should we wander from them in moments of error or of alarm, let us hasten to retrace our steps, and to regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty, and safety.

Foreign Affairs in Jefferson's Administration.

Although peace was one of the professed objects of his administration, Jefferson had to conduct the first foreign war of the United States, and must have been very glad that his predecessor had created to his hand that navy, against the cost of which he and his party had clamored. The war in question was one with the Barbaresque State of Tripoli. There was a naval action or two, a bombardment, a land expedition, a pretender set up, and then discarded, and lastly a peace (1805), which left things much as they were, although it was considered more honorable than any concluded for a century by a Christian power with the Barbaresques.

But a more formidable contest was looming in the distance. The wars of the first French empire were at their height. America was the only maritime nation of the civilized world that was beyond the reach of coercion, or of an influence equivalent to coercion, on the part of the two great belligerents. Her trade was enormously increasing, and she was fast becoming the foremost carrier of the world, whilst her production was increasing in like manner. South Carolina

alone, in 1801, exported 14,304,045 dollars' worth, including 8,000,000 lbs. of cotton. American ships were the natural refuge, not only of almost all the peaceful commerce of Europe, but of all seamen,—including of course, many English—who preferred peace to war, and sought to escape the English press-gang.

As early as 1793 (December 22d) we find Washington, always moderate toward England, complaining of her for having violated American rights "by searching vessels and impressing seamen within our acknowledged jurisdiction," and even "by entire crews in the West Indies." In the short period of nine months, from July, 1796, to April 13, 1797, Mr. King, the American minister in London, had 271 applications from seamen claiming to be Americans, of whom eighty-six were actually discharged as such, thirty-seven had been detained as British, and no answer had been returned as to the remaining 148. Two nephews of Washington himself were impressed on their return from England. Altogether, it was reckoned that before the end of the great Continental war, more than 1,000 American-born seamen were serving as pressed men on board English ships.

But the event which brought this question home to the feelings of the whole American people, was the unfortunate affair of the "Leopard" and "Chesapeake." On June 22, 1807, the American frigate "Chesapeake," imperfectly armed and equipped, was standing off to sea from Hampton Roads for a cruise in the Mediterranean. The commander of the British brig "Leopard," under orders from Vice-Admiral Berkeley, Commander-in-Chief of the North American station, to search all American vessels for deserters from certain specified frigates, sent to request leave to search the "Chesapeake" accordingly, offering at the same time equal facilities for searching his own ship. The American Commodore, Barron, replied that he had no knowledge of having any English deserters; that particular instructions had been given not to ship any, and that he could not allow his crew to be mustered by any other officer.

The "Leopard" now engaged the "Chesapeake," which offered but slight resistance. Three men were killed on

board of her, the commodore, a midshipman, eight seamen and marines slightly, and eight severely wounded, whilst no blood was spilt on the "Leopard;" and Commodore Barron struck his flag. The commander of the "Leopard" boarded this too easy prize, took out four men as deserters, and left her. Of the four men thus taken, one was really an Englishman, and was hanged; one was a Marylander born, another from Massachusetts, a third claimed also to be from Maryland: all the three latter were men of color; one had been a slave; two had been pressed from an American brig in the Bay of Biscay, one from an English Guineaman (slaver) off Cape Finisterre. There was thus a complication of outrages—in the original impressment of the men, in the second seizure of them, in the insult offered to a vessel of war.

The British government acted promptly and handsomely in the matter. The news reached London on the 26th of July, and on the 2d of August, before any formal demand for redress by the American minister, the government disavowed the right to search ships in the national service of any state for deserters, and promised reparation; Vice-Admiral Berkeley was recalled.

But, meanwhile, the indignation in America was intense. President Jefferson, by a proclamation countersigned by his then Secretary of State and immediate future successor, Mr. Madison, interdicted the American harbors and waters to British armed vessels, dwelling on the fact that "it had been previously ascertained that the seamen demanded were native citizens of the United States;" a point which was again insisted on in Mr. Madison's instructions to Mr. Monroe, then United States minister in London, and afterward President, who in turn, with his formal demand upon the British government for restoration of the men, transmitted documents which, he presumed would satisfy it, "that they were American citizens." Two of the men eventually were restored; one seems to have died.

Ample amends were thus done for this particular outrage. But there can be little doubt that it was one of the chief events which inflamed the minds of the American people against England, and made them ripe for the war which

broke out under Jefferson's successor. Yet it was only one in a chain of complications.

The time had come when the two giant combatants on the European battle-field could no longer abide the goings and comings of neutrals. In May, 1806, an English Order in Council had declared a blockade of all ports and rivers from the Elbe to Brest. In November, 1806, Napoleon retorted by his Berlin decree, blockading all the British Islands and forbidding all intercourse with them. The British government informed the Americans, that if they should submit to this decree, it would retaliate upon them. By fresh Orders in Council, November 11, 1807, it placed in a state of blockade the whole of France, and all her dependent powers. Napoleon's answer was by the Milan decree (17th of December), declaring that every vessel searched or visited against her will by a British cruiser, or proceeding to or returning from England, should be a good prize.

In self-defence, and indeed before even the news of the decree had reached America, Congress laid a general embargo (recommended by Jefferson) on American trade (22d of December). Napoleon met this measure by a more open attack, the Bayonne decree (17th of April, 1808), rendering every American vessel found on the ocean liable to seizure and condemnation. There was no alternative but to continue the embargo, and to strengthen the navy. Two hundred gun-boats were already deemed requisite, and in his eighth and last annual message (November 8, 1808), Jefferson was able to state that 103 of these were completed. He had recommended the army and militia to be again increased; the manufacture of arms was improving; military stores had been increased; internal manufactures, fostered by the European war, were growing apace. In a word, Jefferson had come in a peace President; he left his country well-nigh ready for war.

—J. M. LUDLOW.

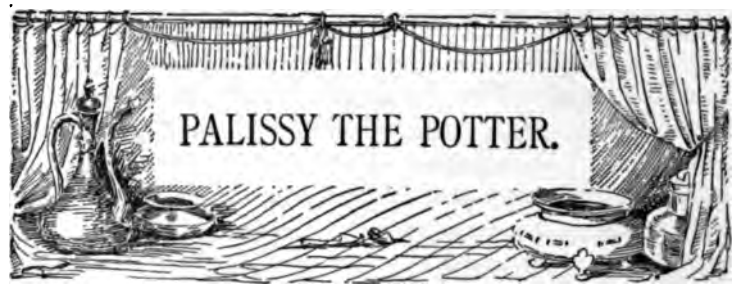
THE DEATH OF JEFFERSON AND ADAMS.

The jubilee of America is turned into mourning. Its joy is mingled with sadness; its silver trumpet breathes a mingled strain. Henceforth, while America exists among the nations

of earth, the first emotion on the Fourth of July will be of joy and triumph in the great event which immortalizes the day; the second will be one of chastened and tender recollection of the venerable men, who departed on the morning of the jubilee. This mingled emotion of triumph and sadness has sealed the beauty and sublimity of our great anniversary. In the simple commemoration of a victorious political achievement, there seems not enough to occupy our purest and best feelings. The Fourth of July was before a day of triumph, exultation, and national pride; but the Angel of Death has mingled in the glorious pageant to teach us we are men. Had our venerated fathers left us on any other day, it would have been henceforth a day of mournful recollection. But now the whole nation feels, as with one heart, that since it must sooner or later have been bereaved of its revered fathers, it could not have wished that any other day had been the day of their decease.

Our anniversary festival was before triumphant; it is now triumphant and sacred. It before called out the young and ardent, to join in the public rejoicings; it now also speaks in a touching voice to the retired, to the gray-headed, to the mild and peaceful spirits, to the whole family of sober freemen. It is henceforth, what the dying Adams pronounced it, "a great and a good day." It is full of greatness and full of goodness. It is absolute and complete. The death of the men who declared our independence—their death on the day of the jubilee—was all that was wanting to the Fourth of July. To die on that day, and to die together, was all that was wanting to Jefferson and Adams.—E. EVERETT.







BERNARD PALISSY was born in 1510, in the province of Perigord, in France. His father was a brickmaker, and Palissy first worked at making tiles, bricks, and earthenware. He quitted his father's kiln and apprenticed himself to some glass-workers. The glass manufacture then included, not only melting the glass, and cutting it into panes, but also covering them with paintings for the cathedral windows. In his desire for improvement, he spent all his leisure time in reading such instructive books as he could get, studying geometry, botany and other branches of natural history.

Palissy, according to the custom of the time, worked his way from town to town until he reached Tarbes, built on a plateau facing the Pyrenees, in which glass-painting then flourished. A mere artisan when he entered the labyrinth of the Pyrenees, he left it a painter and a poet. He soon tired of the dull routine of the workshop at Tarbes, and traveled as a draughtsman and modeler of images through all the provinces of France from Marseilles to Flanders. His wanderings over the Alps and Pyrenees, and the interest he took in the various qualities of the earths, rocks, sands, and waters in their relation to his business, had made him a naturalist. To the solitary man of genius, nature was both a teacher and

a treasury. Palissy returned home, married and established his family on a little property acquired by persevering labor. In a few years he was under the necessity of obtaining further employment, and became a land-surveyor under the government in 1543.

One day there was shown to him a richly enameled cup of Italian manufacture, perhaps the work of one of the successors of Luca della Robbia. The art of enameling was at that time entirely unknown in France, and the idea occurred to Palissy that if he could discover the secret of making these cups he would gain a fortune. He already knew something of the methods of painting and firing colors in glass, and he had learned something of the potter's art. But how to produce that white enamel to cover the clay vessel and form the ground for the ornamental designs was a hidden mystery.

For several years Palissy toiled at this problem, and in spite of successive failures, gradually became more absorbed in his search. At first he still provided food and necessaries for his family; but afterward he seemed not to care that they were in rags and starving. His wife reproached him for his neglect; but his mind was so infatuated with his experiments that he broke up his furniture to supply the fuel for the kilns. He has written the pathetic story of his struggles, failures, destitution and final triumph. It forms one of the most thrilling autobiographies in any language. After sixteen years of painful devotion to this research, Palissy's blind gropings were rewarded with success; he was able to make the simple white enamel on earthenware. With this foundation he was soon able to execute artistic designs which secured the approval of the best judges.

Then came the reward for his long years of toil and dogged perseverance. Fortune smiled upon his labors, and fashion made his works desired by the wealthy. The price that he received for his enameled ware, his sculpture in clay, raised his family from their misery to comfort and wealth. His productions, imperfect at first, but in which was seen the vigor of a new art, original and untrammeled by traditions, soon adorned mansions and palaces. Great men received him; little men envied him. Catharine de Medici gave him a site

for his furnaces on the ground since occupied by the palace of the Tuileries. Like the princes of her family at Florence, who spent much of their time in the studios and society of artists, she used to visit him at his work.

At this happy period of his life Palissy made his numberless masterpieces of porcelain in relief, which, after the lapse of three centuries, sell for their weight in gold. One room in the Louvre is almost entirely devoted to the delicate wonders of Palissy. The neighborhood of the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo does not eclipse the glory of the potter. Other masterpieces of Palissy adorn the private collections of such connoisseurs as Prince Soltikoff and Baron Rothschild.

There is another aspect of the character and acquirements of Palissy which must be mentioned—his success in the world of literature. The first of his works was published anonymously about 1545; his second about 1560, and the third and last about 1580. They have given the poor potter rank as one of the greatest writers of French prose; he is classed with Montaigue, Rousseau, Bossuet, and Lamartine.

As he advanced in years, Palissy gave thought more to the future life than to the present. Heretofore the love of nature had filled his soul; he enjoyed the solitude of the forest, the mountain-peak, and the sea-shore. He had learned the wonderful secrets of nature, to the glory of Him whom he calls "the Great Mechanician," the great Constructor of the universe. He thought he had found God, and he lived in perpetual converse with the Invisible Creator of all things visible. A great religious interest spread over Europe, stirring the hearts of all who were earnest in seeking after God. The faith proclaimed by Luther and Calvin became the life-principle of men of all degrees. Amid the sanguinary conflicts which soon were aroused by the struggle of the New Faith with the Old, Palissy adhered to the Reformation.

Of the massacre he says, "I retired secretly to my house that I might not see the murders and the robberies which took place. Nevertheless, for two days it seemed to me as if hell were loose and all the demons had gone abroad to ravage the earth. From my house I saw soldiers running through the streets sword in hand, crying 'Where are they?'" Pal-

issy's workshop was broken into by the rabble, and he was compelled to hide. Had not his death involved the extinction of a new valuable art, he would undoubtedly have perished. In 1555 he was saved by the king's lieutenant, who communicated to the Marshal de Montmorenci the peril of the ingenious artist. An edict was issued in the king's name, appointing Palissy maker of rustic figulines to the queen. Jean Goujon, the Michael Angelo of France, more envied because then more celebrated though now less mentioned, was struck down while working on the Caryatides of the Louvre; with his chisel yet in his hand, he fell a corpse at the foot of the marble to which he was giving life. The protection of the court saved Palissy.

In the Bastile, in which De Montmorenci and his other patrons among the Catholic party had confined him, Palissy was safe, although the Duke of Mayenne had to resort to the strategy of delaying his trial, for which an informer, a creature of the Duke of Guise, was urgent (1589). His patron, the King, took pity on the aged man who was about to die in his fetters. Henry III. visited him in prison and said to him, "I am compelled, my worthy friend, in spite of myself, to imprison you. You have been now forty-five years in the service of my mother and myself; we have suffered you to retain your religion amid fire and slaughter. Pressed as I am by the Guises and my own people, I cannot prevent them from putting you to death unless you will be converted." "Sire," the aged man replied, "I am ready to give up the remainder of my life for the honor of God. You say you pity me; it is for me to pity you who have said 'I am compelled.' It was not spoken like a king, sire; and they are the words which neither you, nor the Guises, nor the people shall ever make me utter. I can die!" The king's courtiers were angry. "Here is insolence!" they exclaimed; "one would suppose he had read Seneca and was parodying the words of the philosopher, 'He who can die need never be constrained.'" Henry Valois would not give up Palissy to the Guises, but permitted the voluntary martyr to end his days in the Bastile (1589).

"Bernard de Palissy is the most perfect model of a work-

man. It is by his example, rather than by his works, that he has deserved a place for himself among the men who have ennobled humanity. . . . . In seeking the perfection of Art, which hides itself that it may be discovered, and which holds itself back that it may be mastered by force, he meets with misery, unbelief, and the scorn of his neighbors; . . . . he burns his house to feed his last furnace; he forces his inventive genius; finally, he triumphs, he becomes illustrious. He devotes his youth to trade; he sacrifices his house for his art; he gives up his old age, his liberty and his life to his God; he flies from his dungeon to heaven on the wings of celestial hope; he leaves behind him masterpieces, and bequeathes immortal examples of patience, of perseverance, of gentle dignity and virtue to workmen of all professions."

PALISSY'S ACCOUNT OF HIS STRUGGLES.

I had no means of learning the art of pottery in any shop. I began to search for enamels without knowing of what materials they were composed, as a man that gropes his way in the dark. . . . I pounded all the materials I could think of. . . . I bought a quantity of earthen pots, and breaking them to pieces, I covered them with the substances I had ground, making a memorandum of the drugs that I had used in each; then, having built a furnace according to my fancy, I put these pieces to bake, to see if my drugs would give any color. But because I had never seen earthenware baked, I never could succeed. . . . So, being oftentimes thus disappointed, with great cost and labor, I was all day pounding and grinding new materials, and building new furnaces at a great expense in money. . . .

When I spent several years in these attempts . . . I again bought earthen vessels, and, having broken them up, covered three or four hundred of the pieces with experimental enamels, and carried them to a pottery . . . with a request to the potters to allow me to bake these experiments therein. I was beginning to lose courage, and, as a last attempt, had gone to a glass-house with more than three hundred different samples; there was found one of these samples which became melted within four hours after being in the furnace; which gave me

such joy, that I thought I had . . . then discovered the perfection of white enamel. . . .

I was so foolish in those days, that, as soon as I had produced the white [enamel], I set about making earthen vessels, although I had never learned the earthenware manufacture; and having spent months in constructing these vessels, I began to build a furnace like a glass-furnace, which I built with unspeakable toil, for I had to do the masonry by myself, and to mix my mortar, and even draw the water for tempering it. . . .

I baked my ware for the first firing; but at the second firing . . . I had to work for the space of more than a month, night and day, to grind the materials of which I had made this beautiful white [enamel] at the glass-house; and when I had ground these, I covered therewith the vessels that I had made; which done, I lighted my furnace at the two doors, as I had seen the glassmen do; but it was unfortunate for me, because, although I was six days and six nights at the furnace without ceasing to throw wood in at the two mouths, I could not make the enamel melt, and I was reduced to despair. Yet, although I was exhausted with fatigue. . . . I began to grind . . . material, without, however, allowing my furnace to cool. . . .

When I had thus mixed my enamel, I was obliged to go and purchase more pots, inasmuch as I had consumed all the vessels I had made; and having covered the pots with the enamel, I put them into the furnace, still keeping up the full heat of the fire. . . . My wood having run short, I was obliged to burn the stakes from my garden fence, which being consumed, I had to burn the tables and boards of my house, in order to melt my second composition. I was in such anguish as I cannot describe, for I was exhausted with the work and heat of the furnace. It was more than a month since I had a dry shirt on. Then . . . my neighbors laughed at me, and reported about the town that I burned my flooring-boards, and by such means they made me lose my credit and pass for a fool.

Others said that I sought to coin false money, which was an evil report that made me shake in my shoes. . . . I was in

debt in several places. . . . No person helped me; but, on the contrary, they laughed at me, saying, 'serve him right to die of hunger, for he neglects his business.' . . . Nevertheless, there remained some hope which sustained me, inasmuch as the last trials had turned out pretty well; and I then thought that I knew enough to gain my livelihood at it, although I was very far therefrom.

When I had rested some time, regretting that no one had pity upon me; and, having thought that I should be too long in making the whole charge for the furnace with my own hands, I hired a common potter, and gave him some drawings for him to make vessels from to my order. When we had worked for the space of six months, and the work we had got through was ready to be fired, it became necessary to build a furnace and dismiss the potter, to whom, for want of money, I had to give some of my clothes by way of payment.

Now, as I had nothing with which to build my oven, I set to work pulling down the one I had made after the fashion of a glass-furnace, that the materials might serve for the new one. But this furnace had been so very hot for six days and nights, the bricks and mortar thereof had fused and vitrified in such manner that, in breaking it down, my fingers were cut and gashed in so many places that I was obliged to eat my porridge with my hands wrapped in a cloth. When I had pulled down the furnace, I had to build the other. . . . This done, I gave the work the first firing, and then, by borrowing and otherwise, I found means to procure the materials for the enamels to cover it, as it had borne the first firing well. . . . The desire which I felt to succeed in my undertaking made me do things which I should have otherwise thought impossible.

When the colors were ground I covered all my vessels and medallions with the enamel; then, having arranged the whole of it in my furnace, I began to heat it, expecting to make a fortune by the charge. I continued the firing until I had some sign that my enamels had melted. The next day, when I came to draw the charge, having first extinguished the fire, my grief and sadness were so increased that I lost all command. Although my enamels were good and the work sound, nevertheless an accident had happened to the furnace

which had spoiled all.—It was because the mortar with which I had cemented my furnace was full of pebbles, which, feeling the heat of the fire, split into several pieces. . . . Now when the splinters of said stones flew against my work, the enamel, which had already melted and become sticky, held these stones, and fastened them all over the vases and medallions, which would otherwise have been beautiful. . . .

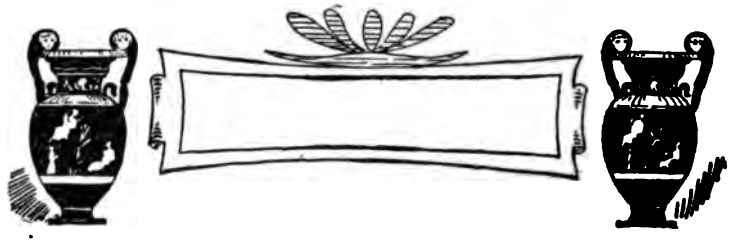
My charge cost me more than six score crowns. I had borrowed wood and the materials. . . . I kept off my creditors with the hope of payment from the money to arise from the sale of the goods. Several of them came in the morning when I was going to take the goods out of the oven, thereby redoubling my vexation. . . . Every article was sprinkled with little bits of flint; and although the work was in this manner spoiled, yet some desired to purchase it at a low price. But because this would have been a cheapening of my credit, I completely destroyed the whole of the said articles, and went to bed for very sadness, seeing that I had no means of supporting my family. I met with nothing but reproaches at home. . . . My neighbors, who had heard of the business, said I was a madman.

When I had lain some time in bed, and had considered with myself that, if a man falleth into a ditch, it is his duty to try to get out of it, I said to myself that all of my losses and risks were past, and that there was no longer anything to prevent my producing good articles; so I set to work, as before, at the former art.

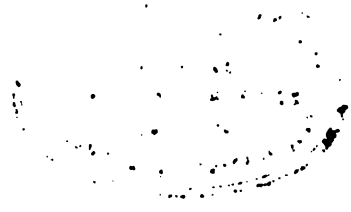
I had a great number of earthen crocks made by certain potters to enclose my vases when I put them into the oven; the idea proved a good one, and I have adhered to it. But I was such a novice that I could not distinguish between too much and too little firing; when I had learned to guard against one danger, another presented itself, which I should never have thought of. At length I found out how to cover vessels with divers enamels mixed like jasper. But when I had discovered the means of making rustic pieces, I was more confounded than before; for, having made a certain number of basins, and fired them, some of my enamels turned out beautiful, others badly fused, and others burnt, because they

were composed of various materials which were fusible at different heats.

All these defects caused me so much labor and sadness that, before I could make my enamels fusible at the same degree of heat, I thought I should have passed even the doors of the grave; for, from working at such matters, in the space of more than ten years I had so fallen away that I could meet with no peace in my own house, or do anything that was thought right. Nevertheless, I always contrived to make some ware of diverse colors which afforded me some sort of a living. The hope which supported me gave me such courage for my work, that oftentimes, to entertain persons who came to see me, I would endeavor to laugh, although within me I felt very sad. . . . . And it has happened to me several times, that, having left my work, and having nothing dry about me, I would go staggering about like one drunk with wine.



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